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THIRD EDITION

REVISED IN CONFERENCE BY

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
PRESIDENT WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER,
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, HENRY VAN DYKE, NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

TWENTY VOLUMES *RICHLY ILLUSTRATED*

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"Maggie Obeyed and Took the Open Book."

Young Folks' Library in Twenty Volumes
Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Editor-in-Chief

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS

EDITED BY
KIRK MUNROE
AND
MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

VOLUME VII.

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EARLY STRUGGLES AND JOYS

BY

KIRK MUNROE.

How many first things; — impressions and experiences, joys, sorrows and triumphs come to us with our school days. How important they all seem, and how important they really are. In after years how fondly we recall them! It is at school that a boy takes his first independent step into the real world; here he makes his first friends, fights his first battles, achieves his first substantial successes, and wins the first of his life's prizes. Also, with the beginning of his school-going he becomes a personage at home, one for whom especial lunches must be prepared, and especial books procured. To a certain extent his taste in dress must now be consulted, while even the household meal hours are more or less regulated by his outgoings and incomings. He must be considered in plans for the summer vacations. In fact, with his going to school a new element, not to be ignored, is introduced into the family affairs.

What a vital importance now attaches to all that he

does! With what absorbed interest do his friends watch each upward and onward step in his career! How they sympathize with him in his times of trial, delight in his progress, and triumph in his successes! How proud they are of each graduation from kindergarten through to college, and when the lad finally reaches that pinnacle of earthly fame, a university seniorship, with perchance the added lustre of a place on the team, the eleven, or the crew, are they not ready to adore him as a being of almost superhuman merit? And does he not enjoy all this? Of course he does, and rightly; for never again will he attain — in his own estimation — an eminence equal to the one he has now reached. All future triumphs will pale when compared with those achieved in the first flush of his youth.

I suppose it is because we expect so much from a man that whatever he accomplishes is apt to prove disappointing, while from a boy we anticipate so little, that his every achievement is a matter for wondering admiration.

Human life may be divided into the three periods of preparation, accomplishment and realization, and the last two depend wholly upon the first. Student days therefore form the most important part of one's lifetime. In them tastes are developed that will decide a career, habits are formed that can never be changed, and friendships are cemented that will endure to the end. The actual book knowledge acquired during this

period is of small account as compared with the other gains of student life. Most of it will be soon forgotten. In fact, beyond the rudiments, a lad graduating from college has stored up but little practical knowledge. He has merely learned what it is that he wants to know and how to come at it. In other words, he has learned the all-important lesson of how to study. His chief gain from all his years of preparation lies in the forming of a character that shall determine the measure of his future success.

Nothing, then, is more important than a close study of the student life of famous men; for in it is hidden the key with which they have unlocked the door to success. Many of them will prove to have been dullards at their books; but always they have shown and cultivated other qualities by which their subsequent careers have been dominated.

It is better to graduate from college with a high ideal of honor than with honors, and with a reputation for honesty, pluck, and the prompt meeting of obligations, than with a record for scholarship. These are the things that count, and a clear title to them is beyond price. The gold of the world could not buy it, nor might it be obtained through the favor of kings. And yet, priceless as it is, such a reputation may be earned by any schoolboy; but, once gained, it must ever be guarded as something more precious than life itself.

This is the lesson taught by such tales as "Tom Brown's School Days," the finest story of English school life ever written, and one that no boy can read without being stimulated to higher thoughts and purer ambitions. The same lesson is taught, though more indirectly, by "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green," a tale of university life that bubbles with wholesome laughter from cover to cover. Aldrich tells it, and so do Dudley Warner, George Eliot, William Black, and a score of others who have contributed to the following pages of this book. Under numberless guises, through tales of hardship and sorrow, pluck and endeavor, fun and adventure, the lesson presented is always the same.

Be true to the best that is in you, from the day of entering school to the day of leaving it, and the future may be confidently faced with life's chief battles already won.

LITERARY VISTAS

BY

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

My dear hundreds of girls, who have written me letters asking advice about historical reading, and my dear thousands who have not, the editors of this compilation have endeavored to open literary vistas to you. A glimpse is offered here; a valley there; in another place the environment of a bit of human talk; some face you will love to know more intimately; some book girl who will be your devoted friend if you will be hers.

The pleasure of reading cannot be overestimated. Books open so many lives to you, who can live but one.

The editors know you are the severest critics in the world. A girl's sense of the ridiculous and outspoken condemnation of what is untrue, operate without mercy. However fashions change, girls are much the same through the generations; and they demand the vital output of authors. I have noticed they are less sensitive to form and literary touch than to a certain throb

and swing of life in a book. If the inquests, lately so frequent, held to determine what was not literature in libraries, had been conducted by keen, unbiased young girls, they might be final. Not that the immature mind is better equipped for judgment; but the quality of its judgment is just. These fresh critics puncture bathos and pretence. They look a thing through and over, detecting its secret weakness.

When a girl enters a strange school, she looks about, holding herself receptive, an unproven friend or adversary. She says to herself, "I like this one, or that one," or, "I don't like that other." Or, being sensitive, she reverses the process, "Will this one — will that one — like me?" — and "I am afraid that other detests me." It is a taking stock of the unknown. And so she will enter these imaginary girlhoods, familiar to the reading world but new to her. There is such a thing as dreading that a book will not like you, though it has liked many of your friends.

Dear to experience are Jane Eyre's hardships and friend-makings in the charity school at Lowood. The Anglo-Saxon strenuously develops hardihood in his own young. And at the beginning of the past century he had no sentiment to waste on the poor. A pampered American reads this chapter of suffering with astonishment; detecting the broad lines of emphasis and irony; for Charlotte Brontë could not help bear-

ing down on her pen, remembering it was her sick sister who was taunted and used hardly. My dears, I will own I am fond of "Jane Eyre." Somebody who could not do a bit of contemporary life with anything like the touch of Charlotte Brontë's fine genius has recently assailed this old idol. But do you choose for yourselves. A book which has stood the test of half a century must bring us something worth carrying.

"Jane Eyre" will always smell of sweet-williams to me. I am again a small girl with a lapful of sweet-williams, lodged in the fork of a sycamore-tree, listening to one who reads aloud the story of Lowood school. I sneer at the sanctimonious Mr. Brocklehurst, and tremble at Helen Burns's cough, and am as crushed by misfortune and as militant in rising from it, as Jane herself. This also is a good test of a book — that you put yourself in the heroine's place.

We outgrow some of our literary loves. "Once I took such delight in Montaigne," says Emerson, "that I thought I should not need any other book; before that, in Shakespeare; then in Plutarch. . . . But now I turn the pages of either of them languidly, while I still cherish their genius."

"I can be happy anywhere," said one of the latest batch of girls, "if I have something I love to read."

Reading is the travel of those who cannot travel; and books which really present life give us experiences of other times and environments that we could

not acquire ourselves. All of us like to be where things happen. A lively story sweeps us through mental happenings. Though really, my dear girls, it does not seem advisable to keep three or four puppet-shows of serials running, as I have heard some of you do!

The shock of discovering things for ourselves in literature is a pleasure so sacred that it should be guarded like individuality. There was once a young schoolgirl who won her choice of two prizes. The book recommended by both teacher and guardian, on account of its vogue and its safe ethics, was a fat volume by an author whose name has since passed away. But the other prize, compiled from many sources, was the schoolgirl's choice, to her elders' disgust. Some sure instinct, that braved disapproval, guided her thus to bits of Hawthorne in his most delicious vein, to folk-stories of value, and drift from Scotch shores — scraps of real literature. In her less fortunate days, when books were not plentiful, that little compilation was read over and over with increasing zest: and to this hour she cherishes it in her library, seeing in its tarnished blue and gold a dear old friend whose services will not be forgotten.

The way you read Shakespeare when you are ten years old — and I trust somebody introduced you to him then — is not the way you will read him when you are twenty, or when you are forty. He turns

different sides to our growing minds. So when you begin to make Maggie Tulliver's acquaintance in one of her many flights from the beaten path, her winsome foolishness and characteristic strength will not take hold of you with the reality they gain from your own experience. We love to read about people who actually existed: and next to that, about people who might have existed, so distinct is the author's presentation of them. Maggie Tulliver, a noble atom struggling against adverse currents, often swept away, but as often returning — how human, how faulty — how dear, how upright she is! Maggie Tulliver is ourselves!

Bear in mind, I do not expect you to see her as I see her. Discover her for yourself.

There are some dear girls, shut in from the active world, showing their patient invalid faces at windows. To them this collection will be a sheaf for many fields that they can hold on their laps and unbind, separating poppies from wheat in the vacant hours which pain leaves. And these will enjoy the humor of Dickens whether they entirely like him or not.

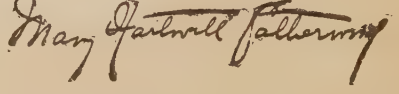
As promoters of Dickens the elders are gradually failing with the youngsters. You never see a knot of young girls reading "Nicholas Nickleby" or "David Copperfield" now. "Dombey and Son" is a sealed book to many of them. Why this is so, we who consider "Pickwick" immortal, and read about Christmas at Dingley Dell regularly as the season comes around

— cannot understand. Joseph Jefferson has kept the "Cricket on the Hearth" before our young people's eyes.

Courses of literature keep Dickens in their minds. But he is not in their hearts as he was in the hearts of their fathers and mothers, and almost never in their mouths.

On the other hand, Thackeray, who was behind Dickens in life, seems to hold better with the generations after death. And girls, when you become well acquainted with Amelia Sedley, and Becky Sharp, don't be afraid to defend Amelia against a scoffing world, if you see fit. There is nothing more touching in literature than her motherhood.

As we used to quote from one of the authors here presented to you, "You pays your money and you takes your choice" among them. Many hands are extended, to lead you in different directions. Yourself alone can elect your favorites. A thousand admonitions would not help you to divine what is true and worth while in the printed word, half as well as your own inward light. You owe it to your time, as far as your own influence goes, to help your country and your race build and maintain a true literature.



SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS

THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHIN[1]

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

EVERY Rivermouth boy looks upon the sea as being in some way mixed up with his destiny. While he is yet a baby lying in his cradle, he hears the dull, far-off boom of the breakers; when he is older, he wanders by the sandy shore, watching the waves that come plunging up the beach like white-maned sea-horses, as Thoreau calls them; his eye follows the lessening sail as it fades into the blue horizon, and he burns for the time when he shall stand on the quarter-deck of his own ship, and go sailing proudly across that mysterious waste of waters.

Then the town itself is full of hints and flavors of the sea. The gables and roofs of the houses facing

[1] An episode from *The Story of a Bad Boy*, the narrator being Tom Bailey, the hero of the tale. The captain Nutter mentioned is his grandfather.

eastward are covered with red rust, like the flukes of old anchors; a salty smell pervades the air, and dense gray fogs, the very breath of Ocean, periodically creep up into the quiet streets and envelop everything. The terrific storms that lash the coast; the kelp and spars, and sometimes the bodies of drowned men, tossed on shore by the scornful waves; the shipyards, the wharves, and the tawny fleet of fishing-smacks yearly fitted out at Rivermouth — these things, and a hundred other, feed the imagination and fill the brain of every healthy boy with dreams of adventure. He learns to swim almost as soon as he can walk; he draws in with his mother's milk the art of handling an oar: he is born a sailor, whatever he may turn out to be afterwards.

To own the whole or a portion of a rowboat is his earliest ambition. No wonder that I, born to this life, and coming back to it with freshest sympathies, should have caught the prevailing infection. No wonder I longed to buy a part of the trim little sailboat Dolphin, which chanced just then to be in the market. This was in the latter part of May.

Three shares, at five or six dollars each, I forget which, had already been taken by Phil Adams, Fred Langdon, and Binny Wallace. The fourth and remaining share hung fire. Unless a purchaser could be found for this, the bargain was to fall through.

I am afraid I required but slight urging to join in the investment. I had four dollars and fifty cents on hand, and the treasurer of the Centipedes advanced me the balance, receiving my silver pencil-case as ample security. It was a proud moment when I stood

on the wharf with my partners, inspecting the Dolphin, moored at the foot of a very slippery flight of steps. She was painted white with a green stripe outside, and on the stern a yellow dolphin, with its scarlet mouth wide open, stared with a surprised expression at its own reflection in the water. The boat was a great bargain.

I whirled my cap in the air, and ran to the stairs leading down from the wharf, when a hand was laid gently on my shoulder. I turned, and faced Captain Nutter. I never saw such an old sharp-eye as he was in those days.

I knew he would not be angry with me for buying a rowboat; but I also knew that the little bowsprit suggesting a jib and the tapering mast ready for its few square feet of canvas were trifles not likely to meet his approval. As far as rowing on the river, among the wharves, was concerned, the Captain had long since withdrawn his decided objections, having convinced himself, by going out with me several times, that I could manage a pair of sculls as well as anybody.

I was right in my surmises. He commanded me, in the most emphatic terms, never to go out in the Dolphin without leaving the mast in the boat-house. This curtailed my anticipated sport, but the pleasure of having a pull whenever I wanted it remained. I never disobeyed the Captain's orders touching the sail, though I sometimes extended my row beyond the points he had indicated.

The river was dangerous for sailboats. Squalls, without the slightest warning, were of frequent occur-

rence; scarcely a year passed that three or four persons were not drowned under the very windows of the town, and these, oddly enough, were generally sea-captains, who either did not understand the river, or lacked the skill to handle a small craft.

A knowledge of such disasters, one of which I witnessed, consoled me somewhat when I saw Phil Adams skimming over the water in a spanking breeze with every stitch of canvas set. There were few better yachtsmen than Phil Adams. He usually went sailing alone, for both Langdon and Binny Wallace were under the same restrictions I was.

Not long after the purchase of the boat, we planned an excursion to Sandpeep Island, the last of the islands in the harbor. We purposed to start early in the morning, and return with the tide in the moonlight. Our only difficulty was to obtain a whole day's exemption from school, the customary half-holiday not being long enough for our picnic. Somehow, we could not work it; but fortune arranged it for us. I may say here, that, whatever else I did, I never played truant ("hookey" we called it) in my life.

One afternoon the four owners of the Dolphin exchanged significant glances when Mr. Grimshaw announced from the desk that there would be no school the following day, he having just received intelligence of the death of his uncle in Boston. I was sincerely attached to Mr. Grimshaw, but I am afraid that the death of his uncle did not affect me as it ought to have done.

We were up before sunrise the next morning, in order to take advantage of the flood-tide which waits

for no man. Our preparations for the cruise were made the previous evening. In the way of eatables and drinkables, we had stored in the stern of the Dolphin a generous bag of hard tack (for the chowder), a piece of pork to fry the cunners in, three gigantic apple pies (bought at Pettingil's), half a dozen lemons, and a keg of spring water — the last-named article we slung over the side, to keep it cool, as soon as we got under way. The crockery and the bricks for our camp-stove we placed in the bows with the groceries, which included sugar, pepper, salt, and a bottle of pickles. Phil Adams contributed to the outfit a small tent of unbleached cotton cloth, under which we intended to take our nooning.

We unshipped the mast, threw in an extra oar, and were ready to embark. I do not believe that Christopher Columbus, when he started on his rather successful voyage of discovery, felt half the responsibility and importance that weighed upon me as I sat on the middle seat of the Dolphin, with my oar resting in the rowlock. I wonder if Christopher Columbus quietly slipped out of the house without letting his estimable family know what he was up to? Charley Marden, whose father had promised to cane him if he ever stepped foot on sail or row boat, came down to the wharf in a sour-grape humor, to see us off. Nothing would tempt *him* to go out on the river in such a crazy clam-shell of a boat. He pretended that he did not expect to behold us alive again, and tried to throw a wet blanket over the expedition.

"Guess you'll have a squally time of it," said Charley, casting off the painter. "I'll drop in at old

Newbury's" (Newbury was the parish undertaker) "and leave word, as I go along!"

"Bosh!" muttered Phil Adams, sticking the boat-hook into the string-piece of the wharf, and sending the Dolphin half a dozen yards towards the current.

How calm and lovely the river was! Not a ripple stirred on the glassy surface, broken only by the sharp cutwater of our tiny craft. The sun, as round and red as an August moon, was by this time peering above the water-line.

The town had drifted behind us, and we were entering among the group of islands. Sometimes we could almost touch with our boat-hook the shelving banks on either side. As we neared the mouth of the harbor, a little breeze now and then wrinkled the blue water, shook the spangles from the foliage, and gently lifted the spiral mist-wreaths that still clung alongshore. The measured dip of our oars and the drowsy twitterings of the birds seemed to mingle with, rather than break, the enchanted silence that reigned about us.

The scent of the new clover comes back to me now, as I recall that delicious morning when we floated away in a fairy boat down a river like a dream!

The sun was well up when the nose of the Dolphin nestled against the snow-white bosom of Sandpeep Island. This island, as I have said before, was the last of the cluster, one side of it being washed by the sea. We landed on the river-side, the sloping sands and quiet water affording us a good place to moor the boat.

It took us an hour or more to transport our stores to the spot selected for the encampment. Having pitched our tent, using the five oars to support the canvas, we got out our lines, and went down the rocks seaward to fish. It was early for cunners, but we were lucky enough to catch as nice a mess as ever you saw. A cod for the chowder was not so easily secured. At last Binny Wallace hauled in a plump little fellow clustered all over with flaky silver.

To skin the fish, build our fireplace, and cook the chowder kept us busy the next two hours.

The fresh air and the exercise had given us the appetites of wolves, and we were about famished by the time the savory mixture was ready for our clam-shell saucers.

I shall not insult the rising generation on the seaboard by telling them how delectable is a chowder compounded and eaten in this Robinson Crusoe fashion. As for the boys who live inland, and know not of such marine feasts, my heart is full of pity for them. What wasted lives! Not to know the delights of a clambake, not to love chowder, to be ignorant of lobscouse!

How happy we were, we four, sitting cross-legged in the crisp salt grass, with the invigorating sea-breeze blowing gratefully through our hair! What a joyous thing was life, and how far off seemed death — death, that lurks in all pleasant places, and was so near!

The banquet finished, Phil Adams drew from his pocket a handful of sweet-fern cigars; but as none of the party could indulge without imminent risk of

becoming ill, we all, on one pretext or another, declined, and Phil smoked by himself.

The wind had freshened by this, and we found it comfortable to put on the jackets which had been thrown aside in the heat of the day. We strolled along the beach and gathered large quantities of the fairy-woven Iceland moss, which at certain seasons is washed to these shores; then we played at ducks and drakes, and then, the sun being sufficiently low, we went in bathing.

Before our bath was ended a slight change had come over the sky and sea; fleecy-white clouds scudded here and there, and a muffled moan from the breakers caught our ears from time to time. While we were dressing, a few hurried drops of rain came lisping down, and we adjourned to the tent to wait the passing of the squall.

"We're all right, anyhow," said Phil Adams. "It won't be much of a blow, and we'll be as snug as a bug in a rug, here in the tent, particularly if we have that lemonade which some of you fellows were going to make."

By an oversight, the lemons had been left in the boat. Binny Wallace volunteered to go for them.

"Put an extra stone on the painter, Binny," said Adams, calling after him; "it would be awkward to have the Dolphin give us the slip and return to port minus her passengers."

"That it would," answered Binny, scrambling down the rocks.

Sandpeep Island is diamond-shaped — one point running out into the sea, and the other looking towards

the town. Our tent was on the river-side. Though the Dolphin was also on the same side, she lay out of sight by the beach at the farther extremity of the island.

Binny Wallace had been absent five or six minutes when we heard him calling our several names in tones that indicated distress or surprise, we could not tell which. Our first thought was, "The boat has broken adrift!"

We sprung to our feet and hastened down to the beach. On turning the bluff which hid the mooring-place from our view, we found the conjecture correct. Not only was the Dolphin afloat, but poor little Binny Wallace was standing in the bows with his arms stretched helplessly towards us—*drifting out to sea!*

"Head the boat inshore!" shouted Phil Adams.

Wallace ran to the tiller; but the slight cockle-shell merely swung round and drifted broadside on. Oh, if we had but left a single scull in the Dolphin!

"Can you swim it?" cried Adams desperately, using his hand as a speaking-trumpet, for the distance between the boat and the island widened momently.

Binny Wallace looked down at the sea, which was covered with white caps, and made a despairing gesture. He knew, and we knew, that the stoutest swimmer could not live forty seconds in these angry waters.

A wild, insane light came into Phil Adams's eyes, as he stood knee-deep in the boiling surf, and for an instant I think he meditated plunging into the ocean after the receding boat.

The sky darkened, and an ugly look stole rapidly over the broken surface of the sea.

Binny Wallace half rose from his seat in the stern, and waved his hand to us in token of farewell. In spite of the distance, increasing every moment, we could see his face plainly. The anxious expression it wore at first had passed. It was pale and meek now, and I love to think there was a kind of halo about it, like that which painters placed around the forehead of a saint. So he drifted away.

The sky grew darker and darker. It was only by straining our eyes through the unnatural twilight that we could keep the Dolphin in sight. The figure of Binny Wallace was no longer visible, for the boat itself had dwindled to a mere white dot on the black water. Now we lost it, and our hearts stopped throbbing; and now the speck appeared again, for an instant, on the crest of a high wave.

Finally it went out like a spark, and we saw it no more. Then we gazed at one another, and dared not speak.

Absorbed in following the course of the boat, we had scarcely noticed the huddled inky clouds that sagged heavily all around us. From these threatening masses, seamed at intervals with pale lightning, there now burst a heavy peal of thunder that shook the ground under our feet. A sudden squall struck the sea, ploughing deep white furrows into it, and at the same instant a single piercing shriek rose above the tempest — the frightened cry of a gull swooping over the island. How it startled us!

It was impossible any longer to keep our footing on

Drifting out to Sea!

the beach. The wind and the breakers would have swept us into the ocean if we had not clung to one another with the desperation of drowning men. Taking advantage of a momentary lull, we crawled up the sands on our hands and knees, and, pausing in the lee of the granite ledge to gain breath, returned to the camp, where we found that the gale had snapped all the fastenings of the tent but one. Held by this, the puffed-out canvas swayed in the wind like a balloon. It was a task of some difficulty to secure it, which we did by beating down the canvas with the oars.

After several trials, we succeeded in setting up the tent on the leeward side of the ledge. Blinded by the vivid flashes of lightning, and drenched by the rain, which fell in torrents, we crept, half dead with fear and anguish, under our flimsy shelter. Neither the anguish nor the fear was on our own account, for we were comparatively safe, but for poor little Binny Wallace, driven out to sea in the merciless gale. We shuddered to think of him in that frail shell, drifting on and on to his grave, the sky rent with lightning over his head, and the green abysses yawning beneath him. We suddenly fell to crying, and cried I know not how long.

Meanwhile the storm raged with augmented fury. We were obliged to hold on to the ropes of the tent to prevent it blowing away. The spray from the river leaped several yards up the rocks and clutched at us malignantly. The very island trembled with the concussions of the sea beating upon it, and at times I fancied that it had broken loose from its foundation

and was floating off with us. The breakers, streaked with angry phosphorus, were fearful to look at.

The wind rose higher and higher, cutting long slits in the tent, through which the rain poured incessantly. To complete the sum of our miseries, the night was at hand. It came down abruptly, at last, like a curtain, shutting in Sandpeep Island from all the world.

It was a dirty night, as the sailors say. The darkness was something that could be felt as well as seen — it pressed down upon one with a cold, clammy touch. Gazing into the hollow blackness, all sorts of imaginable shapes seemed to start forth from vacancy — brilliant colors, stars, prisms, and dancing lights. What boy, lying awake at night, has not amused or terrified himself by peopling the spaces around his bed with these phenomena of his own eyes?

"I say," whispered Fred Langdon, at last, clutching my hand, "don't you see things — out there — in the dark?"

"Yes, yes — Binny Wallace's face!"

I added to my own nervousness by making this avowal; though for the last ten minutes I had seen little besides that star-pale face with its angelic hair and brows. First a slim yellow circle, like the nimbus round the moon, took shape and grew sharp against the darkness; then this faded gradually, and there was the Face, wearing the same sad, sweet look it wore when he waved his hand to us across the awful water. This optical illusion kept repeating itself.

"And I too," said Adams. "I see it every now and then, outside there. What wouldn't I give if it really was poor little Wallace looking in at us? O boys,

how shall we dare to go back to the town without him? I've wished a hundred times, since we've been sitting here, that I was in his place, alive or dead!"

We dreaded the approach of morning as much as we longed for it. The morning would tell us all. Was it possible for the Dolphin to outride such a storm? There was a lighthouse on Mackerel Reef, which lay directly in the course the boat had taken when it disappeared. If the Dolphin had caught on this reef, perhaps Binny Wallace was safe. Perhaps his cries had been heard by the keeper of the light. The man owned a life-boat, and had rescued several persons. Who could tell?

Such were the questions we asked ourselves again and again, as we lay huddled together waiting for daybreak. What an endless night it was! I have known months that did not seem so long.

Our position was irksome rather than perilous; for the day was certain to bring us relief from the town, where our prolonged absence, together with the storm, had no doubt excited the liveliest alarm for our safety. But the cold, the darkness, and the suspense were hard to bear.

Our soaked jackets had chilled us to the bone. In order to keep warm we lay so closely that we could hear our hearts beat above the tumult of sea and sky.

After a while we grew very hungry, not having broken our fast since early in the day. The rain had turned the hard-tack into a sort of dough; but it was better than nothing.

We used to laugh at Fred Langdon for always carry-

ing in his pocket a small vial of essence of peppermint or sassafras, a few drops of which, sprinkled on a lump of loaf-sugar, he seemed to consider a great luxury. I do not know what would have become of us at this crisis if it had not been for that omnipresent bottle of hot stuff. We poured the stinging liquid over our sugar, which had kept dry in a sardine-box, and warmed ourselves with frequent doses.

After four or five hours the rain ceased, the wind died away to a moan, and the sea — no longer raging like a maniac — sobbed and sobbed with a piteous human voice all along the coast. And well it might, after that night's work. Twelve sail of the Gloucester fishing fleet had gone down with every soul on board, just outside of Whale's-Back Light. Think of the wide grief that follows in the wake of one wreck; then think of the despairing women who wrung their hands and wept, the next morning, in the streets of Gloucester, Marblehead, and Newcastle!

Though our strength was nearly spent, we were too cold to sleep. Once I sunk into a troubled doze, when I seemed to hear Charley Marden's parting words, only it was the Sea that said them. After that I threw off the drowsiness whenever it threatened to overcome me.

Fred Langdon was the earliest to discover a filmy, luminous streak in the sky, the first glimmering of sunrise.

"Look, it is nearly daybreak!"

While we were following the direction of his finger, a sound of distant oars fell upon our ears.

We listened breathlessly; and as the tip of the

blades became more audible, we discerned two foggy lights, like will-o'-the-wisps, floating on the river.

Running down to the water's edge, we hailed the boats with all our might. The call was heard, for the oars rested a moment in the row-locks, and then pulled in towards the island.

It was two boats from the town, in the foremost of which we could now make out the figures of Captain Nutter and Binny Wallace's father. We shrunk back on seeing *him*.

"Thank God!" cried Mr. Wallace fervently, as he leaped from the wherry without waiting for the bow to touch the beach.

But when he saw only three boys standing on the sands, his eye wandered restlessly about in quest of the fourth; then a deadly pallor overspread his features.

Our story was soon told. A solemn silence fell upon the crowd of rough boatmen gathered round, interrupted only by a stifled sob from one poor old man who stood apart from the rest.

The sea was still running too high for any small boat to venture out; so it was arranged that the wherry should take us back to town, leaving the yawl, with a picked crew, to hug the island until daybreak, and then set forth in search of the Dolphin.

Though it was barely sunrise when we reached town, there were a great many persons assembled at the landing eager for intelligence from missing boats. Two picnic parties had started down river the day before, just previous to the gale, and nothing had been heard of them. It turned out that the pleasure-seekers saw their danger in time, and ran ashore on one of the least

exposed islands, where they passed the night. Shortly after our own arrival they appeared off Rivermouth, much to the joy of their friends, in two shattered, dismasted boats.

The excitement over, I was in a forlorn state, physically and mentally. Captain Nutter put me to bed between hot blankets, and sent Kitty Collins for the doctor. I was wandering in my mind, and fancied myself still on Sandpeep Island: now we were building our brick stove to cook the chowder, and, in my delirium, I laughed aloud and shouted to my comrades; now the sky darkened, and the squall struck the island; now I gave orders to Wallace how to manage the boat, and now I cried because the rain was pouring in on me through the holes in the tent. Towards evening a high fever set in, and it was many days before my grandfather deemed it prudent to tell me that the Dolphin had been found, floating keel upwards, four miles southeast of Mackerel Reef.

Poor little Binny Wallace! How strange it seemed, when I went to school again, to see that empty seat in the fifth row! How gloomy the playground was, lacking the sunshine of his gentle, sensitive face! One day a folded sheet slipped from my algebra: it was the last note he ever wrote me. I could not read it for the tears.

What a pang shot across my heart that afternoon it was whispered through the town that a body had been washed ashore at Grave Point — the place where we bathed! We bathed there no more! How well I remember the funeral, and what a piteous sight it was afterwards to see his familiar name

on a small head-stone in the Old South Burying-Ground!

Poor little Binny Wallace! Always the same to me. The rest of us have grown up into hard, worldly men, fighting the fight of life; but you are forever young, and gentle, and pure; a part of my own childhood that time cannot wither; always a little boy, always poor little Binny Wallace!

THE TURNING-POINT IN TOM'S SCHOOL CAREER

(From Tom Brown's School Days.)

By THOMAS HUGHES.

"Once to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side:
. . . . . .
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified."

Lowell.

THE turning-point in our hero's school career had now come, and the manner of it was as follows. On the evening of the first day of the next half-year, Tom, East, and another Schoolhouse boy, who had just been dropped at the Spread Eagle by the old Regulator, rushed into the matron's room in high spirits, such as all real boys are in when they first get back, however fond they may be of home.

"Well, Mrs. Wixie," shouted one, seizing on the methodical, active little dark-eyed woman, who was busy stowing away the linen of the boys who had

already arrived into their several pigeon-holes, "here we are again, you see, as jolly as ever. Let us help you put the things away."

"And Mary," cried another (she was called indifferently by either name), "who's come back? Has the Doctor made old Jones leave? How many new boys are there?"

"Am I and East to have Gray's study? You know you promised to get it for us if you could," shouted Tom.

"And am I to sleep in Number 4?" roared East.

"How's old Sam, and Bogle, and Sally?"

"Bless the boys!" cries Mary, at last getting in a word. "Why, you'll shake me to death. There, now do go away up to the housekeeper's room and get your suppers; you know I haven't time to talk — you'll find plenty more in the house. Now, Master East, do let those things alone — you're mixing up three new boys' things." And she rushed at East, who escaped round the open trunks holding up a prize.

"Hullo, look here, Tommy," shouted he, "here's fun!" and he brandished above his head some pretty little night-caps, beautifully made and marked, the work of loving fingers in some distant country home. The kind mother and sisters, who sewed that delicate stitching with aching hearts, little thought of the trouble they might be bringing on the young head for which they were meant. The little matron was wiser, and snatched the caps from East before he could look at the name on them.

"Now, Master East, I shall be very angry if you don't go," said she; "there's some capital cold beef

and pickles up-stairs, and I won't have you old boys in my room first night."

"Hurrah for the pickles! Come along, Tommy; come along, Smith. We shall find out who the young Count is, I'll be bound: I hope he'll sleep in my room. Mary's always vicious first week."

As the boys turned to leave the room, the matron touched Tom's arm, and said, "Master Brown, please stop a minute, I want to speak to you."

"Very well, Mary. I'll come in a minute, East; don't finish the pickles —"

"Oh, Master Brown," went on the little matron, when the rest had gone, "you're to have Gray's study, Mrs. Arnold says. And she wants you to take in this young gentleman. He's a new boy, and thirteen years old, though he don't look it. He's very delicate, and has never been from home before. And I told Mrs. Arnold I thought you'd be kind to him, and see that they don't bully him at first. He's put into your form, and I've given him the bed next to yours in Number 4; so East can't sleep there this half."

Tom was rather put about by this speech. He had got the double study which he coveted, but here were conditions attached which greatly moderated his joy. He looked across the room, and in the far corner of the sofa was aware of a slight pale boy, with large blue eyes and light fair hair, who seemed ready to shrink through the floor. He saw at a glance that the little stranger was just the boy whose first half-year at a public school would be misery to himself if he were left alone, or constant anxiety to any one who meant to see him through his troubles. Tom was too honest

to take in the youngster and then let him shift for himself; and if he took him as his chum instead of East, where were all his pet plans of having a bottled-beer cellar under his window, and making night-lines and slings, and plotting expeditions to Brownsover Mills and Caldecott's Spinney? East and he had made up their minds to get this study, and then every night from locking-up till ten they would be together to talk about fishing, drink bottled-beer, read Marryat's novels, and sort birds' eggs. And this new boy would most likely never go out of the close, and would be afraid of wet feet, and always getting laughed at, and called Molly, or Jenny, or some derogatory feminine nick-name.

The matron watched him for a moment, and saw what was passing in his mind, and so, like a wise negotiator, threw in an appeal to his warm heart. "Poor little fellow," said she in almost a whisper, "his father's dead, and he's got no brothers. And his mamma, such a kind sweet lady, almost broke her heart at leaving him this morning; and she said one of his sisters was like to die of decline, and so—"

"Well, well," burst in Tom, with something like a sigh at the effort, "I suppose I must give up East. Come along, young 'un. What's your name? We'll go and have some supper, and then I'll show you our study."

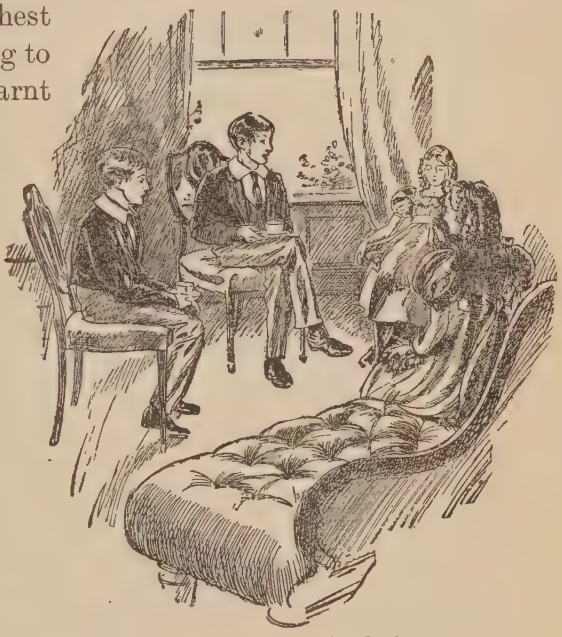
"His name's George Arthur," said the matron, walking up to him with Tom, who grasped his little delicate hand as the proper preliminary to making a chum of him, and felt as if he could have blown him away. "I've had his books and things put into the study,

which his mamma has had new papered, and the sofa covered, and new green-baize curtains over the door" (the diplomatic matron threw this in, to show that the new boy was contributing largely to the partnership comforts). "And Mrs. Arnold told me to say," she added, "that she should like you both to come up to tea with her. You know the way, Master Brown, and the things are just gone up, I know."

Here was an announcement for Master Tom! He was to go up to tea the first night just as if he were a sixth or fifth-form boy, and of importance in the school world, instead of the most reckless young scapegrace amongst the fags. He felt himself lifted on to a higher social and moral platform at once. Nevertheless he couldn't give up without a sigh the idea of the jolly supper in the housekeeper's room with East and the rest, and a rush round to all the studies of his friends afterwards, to pour out the deeds and wonders of the holidays, to plot fifty plans for the coming half-year, and to gather news of who had left and what new boys had come, who had got who's study, and where the new prepostors slept. However, Tom consoled himself with thinking that he couldn't have done all this with the new boy at his heels, and so marched off along the passages to the Doctor's private house with his young charge in tow, in monstrous good humor with himself and all the world.

It is needless, and would be impertinent, to tell how the two young boys were received in that drawing-room. The lady who presided there is still living, and has carried with her to her peaceful home in the North the respect and love of all those who ever felt and

shared that gentle and high-bred hospitality. Ay, many is the brave heart, now doing its work and bearing its load in country curacies, London chambers, under the Indian sun, and in Australian towns and clearings, which looks back with fond and grateful memory to that Schoolhouse drawing-room, and dates much of its highest and best training to the lessons learnt there.



Besides Mrs. Arnold and one or two of the elder children, there were one of the younger masters, young Brooke, who was now in the sixth, and had succeeded to his brother's position and influence, and another sixth-form boy, talking together before the fire. The master and young Brooke, now a great strapping fellow six feet high, eighteen years old, and powerful as a coal-heaver, nodded kindly to Tom, to his intense glory, and then went on talking, the other did not notice them. The hostess, after a few kind words, which led the boys at once and insensibly to feel at their ease and to begin talking to one another, left them with her own children

while she finished a letter. The young ones got on fast and well, Tom holding forth about a prodigious pony he had been riding out hunting, and hearing stories of the winter glories of the lakes, when tea came in and immediately after the Doctor himself.

How frank and kind and manly was his greeting to the party by the fire! It did Tom's heart good to see him and young Brooke shake hands, and look one another in the face; and he didn't fail to remark that Brooke was nearly as tall and quite as broad as the Doctor. And his cup was full when in another moment his master turned to him with another warm shake of the hand, and, seemingly oblivious of all the late scrapes which he had been getting into, said, "Ah, Brown, you here! I hope you left your father and all well at home?"

"Yes, sir, quite well."

"And this is the little fellow who is to share your study. Well, he doesn't look as we should like to see him. He wants some Rugby air, and cricket. And you must take him some good, long walks, to Bilton Grange, and Caldecott's Spinney, and show him what a pretty country we have about here."

Tom wondered if the Doctor knew that his visits to Bilton Grange were for the purpose of taking rooks' nests (a proceeding strongly discountenanced by the owner thereof) and those to Caldecott's Spinney were prompted chiefly by the conveniences for setting night-lines. What didn't the Doctor know? And what a noble use he always made of it! He almost resolved to abjure rook-pies and night-lines for ever. The tea went merrily off, the Doctor now talking of holiday

doings, and then of the prospects of the half-year, what chance there was for the Balliol scholarship, whether the eleven would be a good one. Everybody was at his ease, and everybody felt that he, young as he might be, was of some use in the little School world, and had a work to do there.

Soon after tea the Doctor went off to his study, and the young boys a few minutes afterwards took their leave, and went out of the private door which led from the Doctor's house into the middle passage.

At the fire, at the further end of the passage, was a crowd of boys in loud talk and laughter. There was a sudden pause when the door opened, and then a great shout of greeting, as Tom was recognized marching down the passage.

"Hullo, Brown, where do you come from?"

"Oh, I've been to tea with the Doctor," says Tom, with great dignity.

"My eye!" cried East. "Oh! so that's why Mary called you back, and you didn't come to supper. You lost something — that beef and pickles was no end good."

"I say, young fellow," cried Hall, detecting Arthur, and catching him by the collar, "what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you?"

Tom saw Arthur shrink back and look scared as all the group turned to him, but thought it best to let him answer, just standing by his side to support in case of need.

"Arthur, sir. I come from Devonshire."

"Don't call me 'sir,' you young muff. How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Can you sing?"

The poor boy was trembling and hesitating. Tom struck in — "You be hanged, Tadpole. He'll have to sing, whether he can or not, Saturday twelve weeks, and that's long enough off yet."

"Do you know him at home, Brown?"

"No; but he's my chum in Gray's old study, and it's near prayer time, and I haven't had a look at it yet. Come along, Arthur."

Away went the two, Tom longing to get his charge safe under cover, where he might advise him on his deportment.

"What a queer chum for Tom Brown," was the comment at the fire; and it must be confessed so thought Tom himself, as he lighted his candle, and surveyed the new green-baize curtains and the carpet and sofa with much satisfaction.

"I say, Arthur, what a brick your mother is to make us so cosy. But look here now, you must answer straight up when the fellows speak to you, and don't be afraid. If you're afraid, you'll get bullied. And don't you say you can sing; and don't you ever talk about home, or your mother and sisters."

Poor little Arthur looked ready to cry.

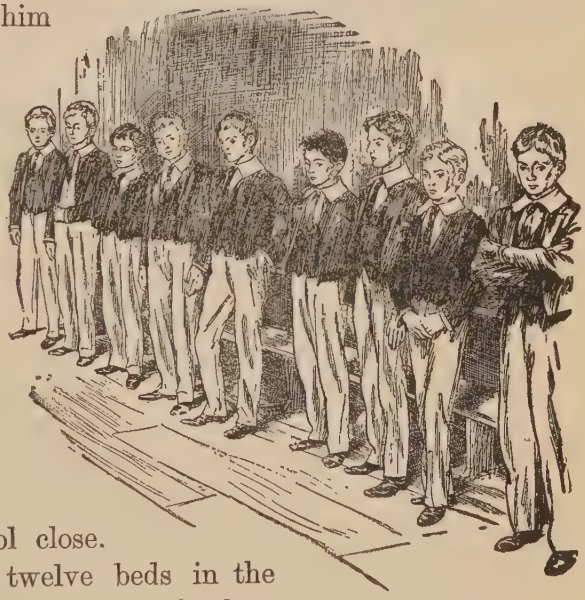
"But please," said he, "mayn't I talk about — about home to you?"

"Oh yes, I like it. But don't talk to boys you don't know, or they'll call you home-sick, or mamma's darling, or some such stuff. What a jolly desk! Is that yours? And what stunning binding! why your school-books look like novels."

"In the Face of the Whole Room Knelt Down to Pray"

And Tom was soon deep in Arthur's goods and chattels, all new, and good enough for a fifth-form boy, and hardly thought of his friends outside till the prayer-bell rang.

I have already described the Schoolhouse prayers; they were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys who stood all together at the further table — of all sorts and sizes, like young bears with all their troubles to come, as Tom's father had said to him when he was in the same position. He thought of it as he looked at the line, and poor little slight Arthur standing with them, and as he was leading him up-stairs to Number 4, directly after prayers, and showing him his bed. It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on to the School close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the furthest corner by the fireplace, occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and



the rest by boys in the lower-fifth and other junior forms, all fags (for the fifth-form boys, as has been said, slept in rooms by themselves). Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter-past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up to read.

Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entry, all the other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing, and talking to each other in whispers, while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom staring; "that's your washhand-stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washing-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees, by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed

into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good-night, gen'l'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days, my dear boys, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the School, the tables turned; before he died, in the School house at least, and I believe in the other house, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to

think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the devil showed him first of all his old friends calling him "Saint" and "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing

myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say — the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room — what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart — the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave in Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord

of men is nowhere without his witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact that Tom could probably have thrashed any boy in the room except the prepostor; at any rate, every boy knew that he would try upon very slight provocation, and didn't choose to run the risk of a hard fight because Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers. Some of the small boys of Number 4 communicated the new state of things to their chums, and in several other rooms the poor little fellows tried it on; in one instance or so, where the preposter heard of it and interfered very decidedly, with partial success; but in the rest, after a short struggle, the confessors were bullied or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer. Before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the Schoolhouse there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things has gone out forever.

HOW WE WERE TAKEN TO BE EXAMINED

(From Waldjugend.)

By Peter Rosegger. (Author of The Forest Schoolmaster, etc.)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

OFTEN enough have stories been told of the school at Krieglach-Alpel where I learnt more than at all other schools put together. The arts and sciences that I absorbed at this high school have surely never been forgotten: — Reading, writing and the absolute certainty that twice two is four! — But we all know that.

And yet will we have a little chat about it.

The woodman's cottage in which old Michel Patterer had founded the Alpel school stood three thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea and so the man who was the very farthest from being ambitious had good reason to apply the name High school to his institute. This Michel Patterer had been in times gone by the settled Teacher at Sankt Kathrein am Hauenstein; but because he had been somewhat infected with the new ideas about the year 1848,—the discreet old

man had his reasons for it, — he was deprived of his place at short notice by the Church authorities and thrown on his own resources. The old man came to Krieglach-Alpel begging his way as he went, but the peasants of Alpel stood together and said: —

"We have beggars enough anyway, but schoolmaster we have none, and never have had since the world began. Let us make him schoolmaster; our children must learn to read and write; if it doesn't do any good, it won't do any harm." So Michel stayed in Alpel, and with his sciences went from house to house to lodge. He kept his school at one place and at another for a week at a time, until he had been the round of the twenty-three houses of the hamlet; and the children all gathered in the servants' room, sitting round the great table and studying their lessons. When the peasant's wife came to knead her dough on the table, or the servants flocked in to eat their dinner, of course the table had to be vacated. The school children would troop out and eat the luncheon they had brought with them; the schoolmaster would sit down with the men servants and maid servants and do what not every schoolmaster at that time had the talent for — eat as much as he wanted. Outside of school hours he used to make himself quite useful at whatever place he happened to be staying, by helping to cut up straw, make hay, or carry manure and the like. In doing this he always wore the shabby brown woollen jacket which the Grabelbauer had given him and the tall silk hat which the old dean at Birkfeld had bestowed as a special mark of honor upon him in days gone by.

I have to laugh and weep whenever I think of the

worthy Michel Patterer, his fate was so unusual and his heart was so sound and so patient. He had no one left in this world that belonged to him except his school children, and when in the midnight hours he lay out in the hay shed, shivering with the cold, and feeling the dread of approaching helpless old age, he must have thought: "How strange everything goes in this world!"

The school stayed rather longer than usual at the above-mentioned wood cutter's cottage, and it was while there that the little incident I am going to relate took place. For many long months not a soul had shown any concern about our Alpel school; it was neither recognized, nor forbidden; and since the men of the parish were put to no expense about it, there was no reason for anyone to interfere with it.

And yet! and yet!—up there among the mountains is a man with the new fangled notions and he is instructing the children! Who knows what mischief may result? How about religion? Are the children being properly prepared for Confession? For Communion? for Confirmation? This must be looked into! And so one day it was noised abroad that a great dignitary was coming to Alpel and there was to be a severe examination!

The old schoolmaster made no comment upon it, and no one could tell whether he dreaded it or was glad.

Meantime everything went on as before and the great dignitary failed to appear. But in the early autumn of that same year something quite different took place. When at the end of the school year the examination-day approached for the village school of Krieglach, on which occasion the dean of Spital always

was accustomed to be present together with other church officers, and school inspectors, and teachers, and the neighboring clergy, word came to our Michel from the clerk of the local School-board to present himself with his school children on examination day at the schoolhouse at Krieglach.

And now there was a bother. On account of pressing labors in the fields and meadows the school in Alpel had been closed. Old Michel was obliged to go from house to house in order to look up the children, and tell them that they were to assemble on the following Tuesday at the wood-cutter's cottage, all dressed in their Sunday best, with clean hands and faces, and neatly brushed hair, just as if they were going to church on Easter Sunday; and to bring their school materials with them.

We children had not the slightest idea what this all meant or even what an examination was. Neither did our parents, but they took it for granted it would be all right, else would there be nothing said about Sunday clothes. Only an old peasant who used to climb over the roofs of cottages to mend the thatch, had his little fling at such extraordinary proceedings. An examination, forsooth! the question was whether the little rascals weren't already to be trained as soldiers against the French. One could not be too sure. Any one who had a small boy had better hide him.

But the other peasants did not share this opinion, and the Heidenbauer said very independently: —

"We of Alpel don't need to hide our youngsters, we can show our pride in them."

Nevertheless there were some among the school

children who felt a little trepidation about the examination. Still on the designated day we came together at the Holzbauer's, and there was scarcely one missing. There must have been as many as eighteen or twenty boys and girls. The schoolmaster had put on his very best attire. His boots were brightly polished; he wore a black coat which he borrowed from a former colleague, the teacher at Ratten; his cadaverous face was smoothly shaven; his thin gray locks neatly smoothed back over his head. Around his neck he had a snow white shirt collar like a clergyman's stock, and when he put his smoothly ironed tall hat on his head I said to myself: "Certainly our schoolmaster is not one to be ashamed of."

Each one of us had eaten our breakfast at home, and after the old Michel had taken his pinch from his brown horn snuff-box, we started off on the long walk to Krieglach. On the way, while still in the forest the schoolmaster gave us many instructions for our behavior: — to greet the distinguished gentlemen politely, when our names were called to stand up instantly,— for in the Alpel school we were in the habit of sitting when questions were asked of us, — to give our answers in a clear, distinct voice, if we received any presents or were invited to any house to luncheon, to be very well-mannered, and say "Thank you," and so on. Whether he gave us any instructions as to the subjects of the examination I can't remember; but the schoolmaster seemed to have no misgivings.

The weather was gloomy, foggy, and chill; the moisture dripped from the trees. At the Sandbühelkreuz, where there is a magnificent view of the valley spread

out before you, we stopped and rested. Old Michel picked some sorrel leaves, so that several of the children might clean their shoes with them; and whatever he saw might in any way improve our appearance he did for us. The most of us, especially the lassies, were for the first time issuing forth into the wide world, and were facing a very uncertain fate.

In close ranks, we marched behind our schoolmaster into the village, and through the long street up to the church, opposite which stood the schoolhouse. It was a very different kind of a school from what we had in Alpel, and it rose before us with its double row of windows like a castle, and every window was so big that a tall man on a tall horse might have easily ridden in and out without touching. But we were not allowed to pass in through the door, for in front of it stood a little old woman with glasses on her nose; and she looked at us sharply, and said that if we were the children from Alpel we were to go to the charcoal hut and wait; for the village children were going through their examinations; when they were done we should be called. As soon as we were fairly inside the hut, she closed the grated door on us, so that it seemed as if we were locked into prison. In the shed there were a number of blocks of wood, and we sat down on them and were very much subdued. The old schoolmaster stayed by us all the time. He said nothing, but every little while took a pinch of snuff from his box. After an hour or so, and after our legs had grown very stiff and our noses blue with the cold, we heard from the schoolhouse a brisk tramping of feet, as if a flock of goats were running over a flight of stairs. A moment

later, and the liberated village children began to scatter in all directions. We could see that many of them had pretty things in their hands, and were examining them and showing them to one another. Among them were pictures, little books bound in red and gilt, and silver coins in silk nets. Our schoolmaster told us that those were the prizes which were distributed among the industrious scholars at the examination. He did not tell us that anything of the kind was to be given us, but from that moment the examination assumed a very different aspect.

Now we were called.

Reverently and quietly we mounted the stairs and entered the room. It was very large and white and light, and had rows of benches and smelt of children. And against the wall stood a sort of pulpit, with lots of books; and next it, on an easel, leaned a great blackboard, on which still remained the chalk-marks of some problem. As soon as I saw the figures my heart sank within me, for while I was fond enough of letters, I preserved from my earliest years a great dread of ciphers. We were told to sit down, and we blundered into our places on the benches and undid our school-

books and slates. The old schoolmaster had remained standing near the door, watching our movements, and as the examiners came in he made a low bow. The examiners returned it, of course. There was a slender, elderly priest in a black gown — the pastor of Krieglach; then a young and equally slender clergyman with a very earnest, Saint Aloysius sort of face — that was the chaplain; next him a stout man with a round, red face and a great tonsure — that was the dean from Spital on the Semmering. There were still other gentlemen, in dark clothes, and with black and red beards and gleaming spectacles. They scrutinized us keenly, and one or two of them shrugged their shoulders slightly, as if they were sorry that such poor little wretches had been brought down from such a distance, and all for nothing. For there were very pathetic little figures and very simple-looking faces among us. "Just to think," whispered one of the examiners to his neighbor, "how these children have been growing up like the beasts of the forest, and such a teacher for them, too! Just to think of it!"

Among these worthy gentlemen was a little stout fellow with constantly blinking eyes and lips smirking with self-satisfaction. My impression is he was a master-tanner and the "School-father" of a neighboring parish who had come to lend something of his own importance to the examination. This man now came forward, and selecting a small boy on the front bench asked him: —

"How many children has your father?"

"My father has seven children," answered the lad.

"And how many fingers has your father?"

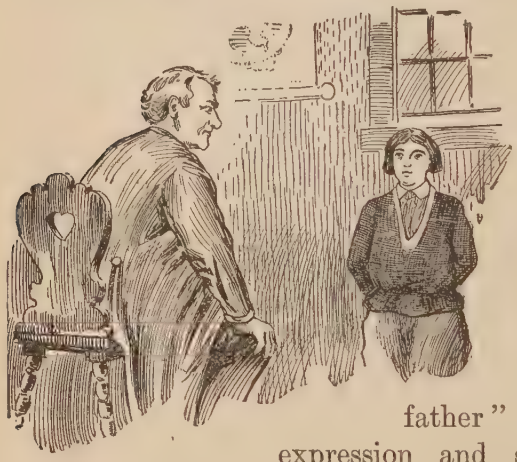
"My father has ten fingers."

"Wrong," cried the stout "School-father," "If your father has seven children then it seems to me he has eighty fingers."

Whereupon several laughed noisily, but the lad thus questioned looked confused.

The examiner turned to the second bench: —

"Now I will ask that neat little lassie over there another question. If ten bulfinches are sitting on a cherry tree and I shoot one, how many will remain on the tree?"



The little girl stood up and answered: —

"Nine will remain up in the tree."

The "School-father" put on a very sly expression and said: — "I don't think a single one would remain in the tree, for the nine others would have flown away."

At this, the old Michel stepped forward a couple of paces from his place in the background, and addressing the examiner very modestly said with folded hands: —

"Might I be allowed to ask you not to confuse the children?"

"I believe that we are in school," said the dean, seriously, "and since we have begun with numbers I

will ask that small boy with the red stomacher a question or two."

The little boy with the red stomacher was I.

"Now mind what I say, little boy," said the dean, "A peasant has a workman whom he pays thirty-six kreuzers as wages for each day's work, how many gulden in Convention money will he owe him at the end of a week?"

"If the peasant," I began, repeating the question so as to save time, "gives the laborer thirty-six kreuzers a day, he will owe him at the end of a week, he will owe him. . . ."

I can still feel how I felt at that instant. It was as if I were standing on the top of a very tall ladder which began to shake. Old Michel calls to me: — "Keep your head clear," but I can see and feel no rung at all, everything around me turns blue and seems full of sparkling stars; over I go!

When I came to myself again I heard our schoolmaster saying apologetically: —

"That is one of the weaker ones."

I sat down.

Two others loosened their teeth in biting at the same question. The one answered that the peasant would owe his workman three gulden and thirty-six kreuzers for the week; the other thought that the wages for the whole week would make four gulden, twelve kreuzers. Finally it was decided that both were right, only the second boy had not taken Sunday out. Accordingly the pastor of Krieglach asked rather sharply: —

"What are the first two commandments of the church?"

The scholar replied promptly. . . .

After several more questions, regarding religion, had been answered promptly and distinctly, the pastor required us to read aloud a passage of Old Testament history from the reading-book, each scholar taking turns with a few sentences. That went fluently and well, and the examiners exchanged glances.

"How many classes have you in your school?" asked the dean of our old Michel.

"Only one, or rather none at all," was his reply. "I do not classify them. We keep on working until they can read, write, and do some examples in arithmetic."

Now we were required to get our slates ready for writing. The dean gave the following dictation: —

"The spirit of the Lord abandoned Saul, and an evil spirit came upon him in its place which tormented him. And lo! Saul slew thousands and David tens of thousands, for with David was the Blessing of Jehovah."

This exercise in dictation was almost faultless; only instead of Jehovah I managed to write a stupidly enough J. Hofer, but again this was pardoned on the ground that I was one of the weaker scholars. The writing exercises of the others were so good that the examiners said to one another: —

"In the fourth class of a grammar school such a result would be called brilliant."

Our old schoolmaster still stood humbly in the background.

"Aha! she has done it twice!" cried the pastor suddenly as he happened to turn over one little girl's slate and handed it to the Dean. Its little owner stood up and said: —

"The one on the back side isn't to-day's; I did it at school."

"Let us see what kind of dictation exercises you give in your school," said the dean; and he read aloud what was written on the back side of the slate: — "Man is noble, helpful, and good; that alone distinguishes him from other animals."

They nodded their heads, and the dean murmured: — "Not bad! Only it is a shame that it is from the old heathen."

That brought the examination to an end. The examiners were clustered together and were talking in a low voice. The pastor shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture with his outstretched hands, and we did not understand it until he turned to us and said: —

"Dear children! We are very well satisfied with you. There are some prizes intended for you also, but you will have to wait for them as they have been all given out; they shall be sent to you. Now you are dismissed; study diligently, and do not forget the commands of God and the holy Church."

And so we were allowed to go out. Old Michel once more made his low deferential bow before the examiners and went with us. At the door as he passed by, the "School-father" whispered in his ear: — "The other children who won the prizes did not do half so well."

After that we stood round for a little while in the Church-square until our schoolmaster discovered that it was high time to be starting home. Those that had the means went into a baker's shop to buy a roll; the

rest of us refreshed ourselves on the way with spring water, and indulged in surmises as to when the prizes would be sent and what they would be. The old schoolmaster took one pinch of snuff from his box after another and said nothing.

We are still waiting for the prizes!

LEAVING SCHOOL

(From Vanity Fair.)

By WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

WHILE the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and, as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute observer might have recognized the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima.

"Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell, and the coachman has a new red waistcoat."

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?" asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady; the Semiramis of Hammersmith, the friend of Doctor Johnson, the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself.

"The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss Jemima. "We have made her a bow-pot."

"Say a bouquet, sister Jemima, 'tis more genteel."

"Well, a booky as big almost as a hay-stack; I have put up two bottles of the gillyflower-water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box."

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. That is it, is it? Very good — ninety-three pounds, four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esq., and to seal this billet which I have written to his lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of as deep veneration as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once, when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils, and it was Jemima's opinion that if anything *could* console Mrs. Birch for her daughter's loss, it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event.

In the present instance Miss Pinkerton's "billet" was to the following effect:

"The Mall, Chiswick, June 15, 18—.

"Madam, — After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honor and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents, as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterize the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose *industry* and *obedience* have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her *aged* and her *youthful* companions.

"In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needle-work, she will be found to have realized her friends' *fondest wishes*. In geography there is still much to be desired; and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified *deportment and carriage* so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*.

"In the principles of religion and morality Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honored by the presence of *The Great Lexicographer*, and the patronage of the admirable Mrs. Chapone. In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions, and the affectionate regard of her mistress, who has the honor to subscribe herself,

"Madam,

"Your most obliged humble servant,

"Barbara Pinkerton."

"P.S. — Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged, desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible."

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name, and Miss Sedley's, in the fly-leaf of Johnson's Dictionary — the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars on their departure from the Mall. On the cover was inserted a copy of "Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school, at the Mall; by the late Reverend Doctor Samuel Johnson." In fact, the Lexicographer's name was always on the lips of this majestic woman, and a visit he had paid to her was the cause of her reputation and her fortune.

Being commanded by her elder sister to get "the Dictionary" from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book from the receptacle in question. When Miss Pinkerton had finished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

"For whom is this, Miss Jemima?" said Miss Pinkerton, with awful coldness.

"For Becky Sharp," answered Jemima, trembling very much, and blushing over her withered face and neck, as she turned her back on her sister. "For Becky Sharp: she's going too."

"MISS JEMIMA!" exclaimed Miss Pinkerton, in the largest capitals. "Are you in your senses? Replace the Dictionary in the closet, and never venture to take such a liberty in future."

"Well, sister, it's only two-and-ninepence, and poor Becky will be miserable if she don't get one."

"Send Miss Sedley instantly to me," said Miss Pinkerton. And so venturing not to say another word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried and nervous.

Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London, and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articled pupil, for whom Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought quite enough, without conferring upon her at parting the high honor of the Dictionary.

Although school-mistresses' letters are to be trusted no more nor less than church-yard epitaphs; yet, as it sometimes happens that a person departs this life, who is really deserving of all the praises the stone-cutter carves over his bones; who *is* a good Christian, a good parent, child, wife, or husband; who actually *does* leave a disconsolate family to mourn his loss; so in academies of the male and female sex it occurs every now and then that the pupil is fully worthy of the praises bestowed by the disinterested instructor. Now, Miss Amelia Sedley was a young lady of this singular species; and deserved not only all that Miss Pinkerton said in her praise, but had many charming qualities which that pompous old Minerva of a woman could not see, from the differences of rank and age between her pupil and herself.

For she could not only sing like a lark, or a Mrs. Billington, and dance like Hillisberg or Parisot; and embroider beautifully; and spell as well as a Dictionary itself; but she had such a kindly, smiling, tender, gentle, generous heart of her own, as won the love of everybody who came near her, from Minerva herself down to the poor girl in the scullery, and the one-eyed tart-woman's daughter, who was permitted to vend her wares once a week to the young ladies in the Mall. She had twelve intimate and bosom friends out of the twenty-four young ladies. Even envious Miss Briggs

never spoke ill of her: high and mighty Miss Saltire (Lord Dexter's granddaughter) allowed that her figure was genteel; and as for Miss Swartz, the rich woolly-haired mulatto from St. Kitt's, on the day Amelia went away, she was in such a passion of tears, that they were obliged to send for Dr. Floss, and half tipsy her with sal-volatile. Miss Pinkerton's attachment was, as may be supposed, from the high position and eminent virtues of that lady, calm and dignified; but Miss Jemima had already whimpered several times at the idea of Amelia's departure; and, but for fear of her sister, would have gone off in downright hysterics, like the heiress (who paid double) of St. Kitt's. Such luxury of grief, however, is only allowed to parlor boarders. Honest Jemima had all the bills, and the washing, and the mending, and the puddings, and the plate and crockery, and the servants to superintend. But why speak about her? It is probable that we shall not hear of her again from this moment to the end of time, and that when the great filigree iron gates are once closed on her, she and her awful sister will never issue therefrom into this little world of history.

But as we are to see a great deal of Amelia there is no harm in saying, at the outset of our acquaintance, that she was a dear little creature; and a great mercy it is, both in life and in novels, which (and the latter especially) abound in villains of the most sombre sort, that we are to have for a constant companion so guileless and good-natured a person. As she is not a heroine, there is no need to describe her person; indeed I am afraid that her nose was rather short than otherwise, and her cheeks a great deal too round and red for

a heroine; but her face blushed with rosy health, and her lips with the freshest of smiles, and she had a pair of eyes which sparkled with the brightest and honestest good-humor, except indeed when they filled with tears, and that was a great deal too often; for the silly thing would cry over a dead canary bird or over a mouse, that the cat haply had seized upon; or over the end of a novel, were it ever so stupid; and as for saying an unkind word to her, were any persons hard-hearted enough to do so — why, so much the worse for them. Even Miss Pinkerton, that austere and god-like woman, ceased scolding her after the first time, and though she no more comprehended sensibility than she did algebra, gave all masters and teachers particular orders to treat Miss Sedley with the utmost gentleness, as harsh treatment was injurious to her.

So that when the day of departure came, between her two customs of laughing and crying, Miss Sedley was greatly puzzled how to act. She was glad to go home, and yet most wofully sad at leaving school. For three days before, little Laura Martin, the orphan, followed her about like a little dog. She had to make and receive at least fourteen presents, to make fourteen solemn promises of writing every week: "Send my letters under cover to my grandpapa, the Earl of Dexter," said Miss Saltire (who, by the way, was rather shabby): "Never mind the postage, but write every day, you dear darling," said the impetuous and woolly-headed, but generous and affectionate Miss Swartz, and the orphan little Laura Martin (who was just in round-hand), took her friend's hand and said, looking up in her face wistfully, "Amelia, when I write to you I

shall call you Mamma." All which details, I have no doubt, Jones, who reads this book at his Club, will pronounce to be excessively foolish, trivial, twaddling and ultra-sentimental. Yes; I can see Jones at this minute (rather flushed with his joint of mutton and half-pint of wine), taking out his pencil and scoring under the words, "foolish, twaddling," etc., and adding to them his own remark of "*quite true.*" Well, he is a lofty man of genius, and admires the great and heroic in life and novels, and so had better take warning and go elsewhere.

Well, then. The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks, and bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr. Sambo in the carriage, together with a very small and weather-beaten old cow's-skin trunk with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin, and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer — the hour for parting came, and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. Not that the parting speech caused Amelia to philosophize, or that it armed her in any way with a calmness, the result of argument, but it was intolerably dull, pompous and tedious, and, having the fear of her school-mistress greatly before her eyes, Miss Sedley did not venture, in her presence, to give way to any ebullitions of private grief. A seed-cake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing-room, as on the solemn occasions of the visits of parents, and these refreshments being partaken of, Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart.

"You'll go in and say good-by to Miss Pinkerton,

Becky!" said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming downstairs with her own bandbox.

"I suppose I must," said Miss Sharp calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima and the latter, having knocked at the door, and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and said in French and with a perfect accent, "*Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux.*"

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French, she only directed those who did: but biting her lips and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head (on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban) she said, "Miss Sharp, I wish you a good-morning." As the Hammersmith Semiramis spoke, she waved one hand, both by way of adieu and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very

frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honor, on which Semiramis tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. "Heaven bless you, my child," said she, embracing Amelia, and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp. "Come away, Becky," said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them forever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall, all the dear friends, all the young ladies, the dancing-master who had just arrived, and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, with the hysterical *yoops* of Miss Swartz, the parlor boarder, from her room, as no pen can depict, and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over, they parted — that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving *her*.

Sambo of the bandy legs slammed the carriage-door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage. "Stop!" cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

"It's some sandwiches, my dear," said she to Amelia. "You may be hungry, you know; and Becky, Becky Sharp, here's a book for you that my sister — that is, I — Johnson's Dictionary, you know; you mustn't leave us without that. Good-by. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!"

And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotions.

But, lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window and actually flung the book back into the garden.

This almost caused Jemima to faint with terror. "Well, I never," said she, "what an audacious"—Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. The world is before the two young ladies; and so farewell to Chiswick Mall.

When Miss Sharp had performed the heroical act mentioned in the last chapter, and had seen the Dictionary, flying over the pavement of the little garden, fall at length at the feet of the astonished Miss Jemima, the young lady's countenance, which had before worn an almost livid look of hatred, assumed a smile that perhaps was scarcely more agreeable, and she sank back in the carriage in an easy frame of mind, saying, "So much for the Dictionary: and, thank God, I'm out of Chiswick."

Miss Sedley was almost as flurried at the act of defiance as Miss Jemima had been; for, consider, it was but one minute that she had left school, and the impressions of six years are not got over in that space of time. Nay, with some persons those awes and terrors of youth last forever and ever. I know, for instance, an old gentleman of sixty-eight who said to me one morning at breakfast, with a very agitated countenance, "I dreamed last night that I was flogged by Doctor Raine." Fancy had carried him back five and fifty

years in the course of that evening. Doctor Raine and his rod were just as awful to him in his heart, then at sixty-eight, as they had been at thirteen. If the Doctor, with a large birch, had appeared bodily to him, even at the age of three-score and eight, and had said in awful voice, "Boy, take down your panta—" Well, well, Miss Sedley was exceedingly alarmed at this act of insubordination.

"How could you do so, Rebecca?" at last she said, after a pause.

"Why, do you think Miss Pinkerton will come out and order me back to the black-hole?" said Rebecca, laughing.

"No, but—"

"I hate the whole house," continued Miss Sharp in a fury. "I hope I may never set eyes on it again. I wish it were in the bottom of the Thames, I do; and if Miss Pinkerton were there, I wouldn't pick her out, that I wouldn't. O, how I should like to see her floating in the water yonder, turban and all, with her train streaming after her, and her nose like the beak of a wherry."

"Hush!" cried Miss Sedley.

"Why, will the black footman tell tales?" cried Miss Rebecca, laughing. "He may go back and tell Miss Pinkerton that I hate her with all my soul; and I wish he would; and I wish I had a means of proving it, too. For two years I have only had insults and outrage from her. I have been treated worse than any servant in the kitchen. I have never had a friend or a kind word except from you. I have been made to tend the little girls in the lower schoolroom, and to talk

"The Carriage Rolled Away."

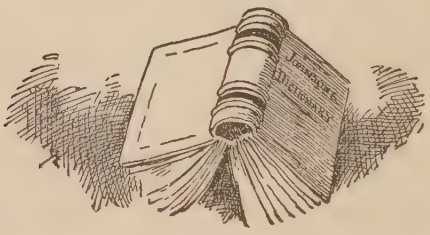
French to the Misses, until I grew sick of my mother-tongue. But that talking French to Miss Pinkerton was capital fun, wasn't it? She doesn't know a word of French, and was too proud to confess it. I believe it was that which made her part with me; and so thank Heaven for French. *Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur! Vive Bonaparte!*"

"O, Rebecca, Rebecca, for shame!" cried Miss Sedley; for this was the greatest blasphemy Rebecca had as yet uttered, and in those days, in England, to say, "Long live Bonaparte!" was as much as to say, "Long live Lucifer!" "How can you — how dare you have such wicked, revengeful thoughts?"

"Revenge may be wicked, but it's natural," answered Miss Rebecca. "I'm no angel." And to say the truth, she certainly was not.

For it may be remarked in the course of this little conversation (which took place as the coach rolled along lazily by the river side) that though Miss Rebecca Sharp has twice had occasion to thank Heaven, it has been, in the first place, for ridding her of some person whom she hated, and secondly, for enabling her to bring her enemies to some sort of perplexity or confusion; neither of which are very amiable motives for religious gratitude, or such as would be put forward by persons of a kind and placable disposition. Miss Rebecca was not, then, in the least kind or placable. All the world used her ill, said this young misanthropist, and we may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill, deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will

in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice. This is certain, that if the world neglected Miss Sharp, she never was known to have done a good action in behalf of anybody; nor can it be expected that twenty-four young ladies should all be as amiable as the heroine of this work, Miss Sedley (whom we have selected for the very reason that she was the best-natured of all, otherwise what on earth was to have prevented us from putting up Miss Swartz, or Miss Crump, or Miss Hopkins, as heroine in her place?) — it could not be expected that every one should be of the humble and gentle temper of Miss Amelia Sedley; should take every opportunity to vanquish Rebecca's hard-heartedness and ill-humor; and, by a thousand kind words and offices, overcome, for once at least, her hostility to her kind.



DOCTOR GARDE'S LITTLE GIRL AT SCHOOL

(From Rocky Fork.)

By MARY H. CATHERWOOD.

MORE than twenty years ago the morning sun looked down among the tall hills of central Ohio, and saw one little girl pattering along a path. The path wound down through a hollow, and up, up over wood-clothed heights which she thought nearly touched the sky.

At first glance this little girl appeared to be a large slat sun-bonnet taking a walk on a pair of long pantalettes. But at a second glance one brown, thin arm escaped from a short sleeve might have been seen carrying a calico bag by its drawing-string; and under the pantalettes a pair of stout-shod little feet skipped along.

It was not more than seven o'clock. The tall meadow grass was glittering, and every bird known to the State was singing with his morning voice. When she reached the small run which twisted along the hollow, and put her foot on the first of the stepping-stones which crossed it, the little girl could not help stopping to gaze in the

water. The minnows played around the stone with a quiver of their tiny bodies which fascinated the gazer. She stooped cautiously and tried to catch one in her hand, but sunshine on the pebbles was not more elusive.

"Good-morning, little girl," said a winning voice; and the little girl jumped up, reeled, set one foot in the water, and brandished her reticule in the effort to regain her balance. The sugared butter-bread and sweet cookies tumbled against currant-pie and cherries, and all settled to an upside-down condition as she finally got on the bank and saw a gentleman preparing to trip across the stones.

It was an uncommon thing to meet anyone, and especially a stranger, on that long two-mile path to school. But it was a wonderful thing to meet such a grand stranger. She dropped a bobbing curtsy, and the gentleman, having crossed, stopped and smiled. He had glittering black eyes, and curly hair and whiskers, glittering teeth and boots, fine clothes, and altogether the look of a "town gentleman."

"Whose little girl are you?" inquired this town gentleman affably, rubbing the wet soles of his boots on the grass.

Under the long slat sun-bonnet a round face blushed all about its blue eyes and quite back to its auburn hair, and a timid voice piped from the calico funnel: "I'm Doctor Garde's little girl."

"Ah! where does Doctor Garde live?"

"Right back there in that big house."

"And who lives in this house I just passed?"

"Mrs. Banks. Her little girls go to school with me."

"Yes. And where do you go to school?"

"In the schoolhouse 'way at the other side of the hills."

"Oho! many children go there?"

"All of 'em in our districk. There's Willeys', and Pancosts', and Harris', and Halls', and Banks', and Martins', and me, and my little sister's going when she gets big enough."

"Yes. Well, thank you. I may call there in the course of the day. Does that path lead back to your schoolhouse?"

"Yes, sir. But you must turn to the right at the big sand-banks, and cross the foot-log over Rocky Fork by Hall's mill."

The gentleman nodded, and passed on smiling as Doctor Garde's little girl dropped him another curtsy. She skipped across the stones and hastened up rising ground to the Banks'. Theirs was a weather-beaten domicile, part log and part frame, with a covered stoop at one door on which Tildy sat plaiting her long hair preparatory to going to school.

Tildy, it must be confessed, was a raw-boned girl, but with a low-browed, serious face. Her nature leaned to the solemn side of life, as her sister Teeny's leaned

towards what was merry. Matilda liked to sit in the grass and dress her locks, or to watch from the door-step the rocks and glooms on each side of her home.

Teeny appeared within, tying her bonnet, the string of her reticule across her arm. A bunch of old-fashioned pink roses was pinned to her dress, which hooked in front and was just long enough to sweep her heels when she walked. Teeny was a big girl who felt quite a young woman, since she was "going on" fifteen, ciphered in long division, and had finished a sampler with her name, "Christine Banks," embroidered under a beautiful piece of poetry. "We're takin' curran'-pie for our dinner to-day, Melissy," announced Tildy solemnly as Dr. Garde's little girl ran up.

"I got some, too," she responded with triumph. So little made a triumph in that region and time.

"'Tain't sweetened with sugar."

"'Tis too! I saw Liza put in heaps." She sat down on the steps and explored her reticule. There was rather a sorry mess in its depths, but the slices of bread were reduced again to their proper basis, and the other goodies piled carefully on them.

"Why don't you call me Bluebell?" she suggested with a rather hopeless accent.

"'Cause that ain't your name," said Tildy, strictly.

"I guess my father always calls me that."

"'Tain't your name, anyhow. Your name is Melissy Jane Garde, goin' on eight years old."

"It's just Melissy," cried the younger, doggedly, as if she would like to disown that.

"My mother called me Bluebell, too, and she's gone

to heaven. I sh'd think you might call me what my mother called me."

"Your name's Melissy," repeated Tildy, looking with undisturbed eyes upon the distance. Here the argument dropped, as it usually did. The defeated party turned to other things.

"I pretty near fell in the run. The' was a man come along and scared me so. He was prettier than my father!" exclaimed Melissa, pausing after this climax; "that is, dressed up prettier; and he said he was coming to school to-day. I wonder what he's coming there for?"

"Prob'ly it's somebody the directors is sending to whip us," opined Matilda with serious resignation. "They say Mr. Pitzer ain't strict enough."

"Oh, do you s'pose it is?" cried the credulous little girl beside her. "I never got whipped at school yet."

"Now, Tildy," exclaimed the pink-faced elder sister, stepping out, "if you don't hurry up we'll go on and leave you."

"I think I'll stay at home," said Tildy, reflecting on the fine stranger's probable errand.

"No, you won't," cried her mother's voice from an inner room, making a pause in the monotonous rattle of a loom; and though it was a plaintive voice and not very decided, Tildy was moved by it to get her sunbonnet and follow the other two. They were making a round of the garden, to gather pinks, hollyhocks, bouncing-betties, bachelor-buttons and asparagus sprays. Having tied up a bunch apiece, they left the house and began their root-matted and rocky ascent. There were levels above where the woods made a twilight at noon,

where ferns crowded to their knees, and some stood as high as their waists. Who could help stopping to inhale that breath which is no plant's but a fern's?

"There's vinegar-balls on this oak," remarked Tildy, casting her eyes up as they passed under a dark-leaved tree. So, sticks and climbing being brought to bear upon the tree, one or two small apple-shaped bunches were brought down to yield a tart juice to sucking lips. I do not pretend to say the balls were wholesome. But the same lips loved the white, honey-filled ends of clover-blossoms, tender sticks of sweet-brier when stripped of its skin, and they doted on "mountain-tea," a winter-green of three rich fleshy leaves, which clung all over these heights in fragrant mats. The three girls were lovers of Mother Outdoors. Melissa especially gloried in the woods. The noble tree arches, the dew, and sweet earth-smell filled her with worshipping joy. It was so nice to be a little girl with a sun-bonnet hanging off her shoulders by the strings, and the great woods cooling her face, and sighing away off as if thinking up some song to sing her!

In due course they came to three giant ridges of sand. These stood in a clear place, and nobody in that region troubled himself about the geological cause of their existence in the heart of the woods. There they were, too tempting to be resisted. Melissa dropped her reticule, Tildy seriously followed her example, and Christine forgot her dress hooking in front and her claims to big girlhood. All three mounted the dunes, sat down, gathered their clothing close about their feet, and shot down the sides as if on invisible sleds. This queer sort of coasting was

great fun. When it seemed expedient to adjourn, they shook the clean sand from their dresses, and the eldest and youngest untied their low shoes to turn them upside down. Matilda being barefoot and therefore free from such civilized cares, improved the time by taking an extra slide, which was too much for the other girls, so they tried it again.

Thus the morning waxed later. So by the time they crossed the foot-log over Rocky Fork and approached the log school-house, "books" were actually "taken up."

The schoolhouse was chinked with clay and had double doors which opened close beside a travelled road. The woods and heights rose behind it, and at one side a sweep of play-ground extended into a viney hollow where hung the grape-vine swing for which all the girls in school daily brought pocketfuls of string.

Christine stepped over the threshold and dropped a curtsy which dipped her dress in the dust. Matilda followed and was taken with a similar convulsion on the same spot. Then the smallest bobbed violently; all this homage being paid to a somewhat threadbare man who sat behind a high desk opposite the door.

Continuous high desks on a raised platform extended around the walls, and continuous benches ran in front of them. Here sat the elders of the school — the big boys and girls, with their backs to smaller fry who camped on long benches set along the middle of the floor, swinging their heels and holding spellers in their hands. The benches were made of split logs, the flat sides planed smooth, and the round sides bored with holes into which legs were stuck; as these legs were

not always even, boys at opposite ends of a bench could "teeter-totter" the whole row of urchins between them. There were no backs against which you might rest your shoulders, but any tired little fellow might lie down if he took his own risks about rolling off. There had been teachers who would not allow the muscles thus to relax. But Mr. Pitzer was a kind, soft-hearted old man, who, as Matilda has hinted, was not considered strict enough. He had taught the school many seasons.

The directors said he might do for summer, but each winter they determined to engage some strapping modern pedagogue who could control the young men and wild young women who sallied knowledge-ward during the long term. Still Mr. Pitzer was found in his place. He taught manners and morals as well as the common branches, and his sweet, severe face under iron-gray hair became stamped on every mind that entered the double doors.

The tardy pupils, unchallenged, hung their bonnets and dinner-bags on nails in the wall. Teeny took her big-girls' seat, and straightway lay flat on her desk in the agonies of writing a morning copy, while the other two sat side by side on a bench murmuring the first reading-lesson. A hum like the music of many hives sounded all over the room. "D-i-s— dis, d-a-i-n, dain, disdain," crossed "in-com-pat-i-bil-i-ty;" and the im-

portant scratching of slate-pencils in the hands of ciphering big boys, seemed to supplement a breathing and occasional sputter of quill pens.

"Second Reader may stand up!" cried the master.

Bluebell's class, including her tall friend Matilda, formed in a row in front of the master's desk, each holding his reader clinched before his face.

A polished walnut ferule lay at Mr. Pitzer's hand, and the text-book sprawled on the desk. He wore spectacles of so slight an iron frame that the glasses seemed suspended miraculously between his stern eyes and the eyes turned up to him. Like a commander giving some military order, he now cried out: "Attention!"

At the signal every girl dipped low and every boy bent forward with a bow. It would have been a misdemeanor for the girls to bow and the boys to curtsy, and they knew it. Then the boy at the top of the class began to read in a voice which could be heard on the opposite side of the road; he was followed by a timid little girl who put her nose close to the book and spelled and whispered; and she in turn by a merry girl who had been put back from the Third Reader in one of the master's pets, for pronouncing ships wrecked, "shipses rick-ed." Very little did she care, for, knowing the Second Reader by heart, it was easy for her to rattle off the story of The Three Boys and the Three Cakes, with a moral. Bluebell read in a clear, sensitive, appreciative voice, and Tildy followed. They spelled the words which the master pronounced to them, and had another lesson set. The military order was then varied:

"Obedience!"

At this they saluted as before, and took their seats.

Business went on as usual. The large girls recited in smart, high voices, and the boys blundered in monotone, excepting little Jo Hall, who was such a mite of a fellow, yet so smart he knew almost as much as the master. Jo had ciphered farther into the jungles of arithmetic than anybody else, and could parse as fast as his tongue would run. He always had his atlas lessons, and some said had been clear through the geography, while his writing was so wonderful, the master sometimes let him set copies when he himself was very busy.

"Somethin's the matter with the master this mornin'," whispered Tildy to Bluebell, as they wriggled around trying to rest their backs.

It was true. He stalked about with his hands under his coat-tails, sticking his under lip out. Even Jo Hall's grandiloquent rendering of Fourth Reader text could not draw his mind from some internal strain; and after recess the trouble came out.

Mr. Pitzer read the rules of the school. Whenever he had heard complaint, he brought out those ponderous rules and visited them upon the pupils that they might know what he required of them, even if he did not exact it. Every listener, except the new or very dull ones, knew those rules by heart. They were written on tall cap sheets in the best of flourishes, and covered the whole duty of boy and girl.

To-day the master read them with frowns and a sonorous voice.

"Article Thirteenth!" he thundered at last;

"Every boy or girl in going to or from school shall treat with civility all persons whom they meet upon the highway, he or she making a bow or a curtsy as the case may be. It shall be a high misdemeanor to treat impolitely any stranger or strangers in the schoolroom, on the play-ground, or the highway."

And here, as if to test Mr. Pitzer's pupils in their behavior, a strange man did step over the threshold, taking off his hat as he did so.

The schoolmaster stopped and glared. But Bluebell's heart came into her mouth. She felt unreasonably terrified and trapped by fate. For it was the curly, glittering gentleman who had promised to come to the schoolhouse, possibly on that dread errand suggested by Tildy — to whip the whole school!

"May I have a few minutes' conversation with you?" said the fine stranger to Mr. Pitzer. The schoolmaster bowed stiffly, said "Certainly, sir," with some pomp, and came forward. He evidently felt distrust, not to say hostility; but after ARTICLE THIRTEENTH, he was bound to set the school an example in politeness.

There was a stricture around Bluebell's heart while she watched them talking in low tones near the door. The stranger was pliant, eager and voluble. Oh, *how* he did want to get at them all with his stick! *Would* Mr. Pitzer give them over to such shame and pain! She reflected about the black ripe cherries in her reticule, and wished she had propitiated the good old man by giving them to him at recess. The school stopped droning, and held its breath, just as the earth does before a storm, to catch some hint of this colloquy.

Mr. Pitzer seemed more and more mellowed to the man's proposals. The curves of his stern face turned upwards; he nodded his head at the end of every sentence; and finally, leading the way to his high desk, he told the school that Mr. Runnels had something important to impart to them.

Bluebell shut her eyes, and cowered. Little Jo Hall sat bolt-upright, and all the big scholars turned around on their seats.

"He's going to begin with them on this bench," whispered Tildy to Bluebell. Mr. Runnels smiled with his teeth and picked up the ferule.

Oh, how earth brightened again as his business unfolded! The faint, worm-eaten odor of the glass-smooth bench which she clutched, seemed quainter to Bluebell than ever before. She had heard the Fourth Reader class sing out the tale of Ginevra; and that chest, "Carved by Antony of Trent," had just such an indescribable, pungent smell, she felt certain, as the desk and seats of this schoolhouse. It had always given her a pleasant sensation; it now added to her joy; her heart expanded; Mr. Runnels was a very nice man. He did not even hint that a school ought to be whipped wholesale; Tildy Banks didn't know anything about it. His errand was to organize a geography-school!

"The method," said Mr. Runnels, "is altogether new. I have a fine and complete set of painted maps representing every part of the earth's surface, and the exercise of storing the mind with this important science is not only vastly improving, but novel and delightful. All of you speak to your parents. The charge is trifling, but the benefit will be lasting. Every-

body is invited free to the organization of the school to-night at Harris' chapel west of this schoolhouse. All the boys and girls and young people of the next district will be there. So don't fail to urge your parents to bring you. So many bright eyes," said Mr. Runnels with a charming smile —

The school giggled with delight —

— "so many intelligent faces, instructed by a wise, kind master — "

Mr. Pitzer straightened his back and smiled around —

— "must surely take an interest in this beautiful globe on which we live."

Mr. Runnels went on and gave them a short lecture on geography. He told them anecdotes of that ignoramus who did not believe the world was round, and turned on its axis, because, if this were the case, his father's mill-pond would spill all its water. The children laughed uproariously, though few of them had ever thought of the earth except as an expanse of rocks, trees, and robe-like sward, cleft by the Rocky Fork.

Mr. Pitzer and the geography teacher parted with ceremonious bows. The schoolmaster himself made a few cautious remarks to cool his own enthusiasm; but the next class, which was the grave elders' arithmetic, constantly broke out with fractional questions about a different science.

At last the sun had retreated from the middle of the floor to the very door-sill. By this token they knew it was high noon. Spellers were laid straight on the benches around the wall, desk lids were shut down over their miscellany. Eyes look expectantly at the

master, and all arms were folded. He uttered one magic word: "Dismissed!"

The school seemed to turn a complete summersault: every child projected himself like an arrow toward the door, whooping, singing, scampering and tumbling. Chaos surged to the brown wooden joists. Some nimble little boys got on the desks and galloped around, while others slipped out through the windows, which were set sidewise instead of lengthwise in the log walls, looking like windows that had lain down to dream. The master, swinging a thick wooden cane, walked to his house which was near. It might confer distinction to go home to one's dinner, but this distinction was not courted even by children who lived in sight. Could anything be more delightful than that noon hour! Was it only an hour — that time stuffed full of events as a month! It was the kernel of all day, at any rate.

Bluebell and Tildy went to their playhouse to eat dinner. This summer residence was formed by a triplet of trees growing so close together as to form a deep alcove. The floor was carpeted thick with moss which Bluebell and Tildy changed every few days. They had some gnarly chairs, which you might have called chunks. Hanging their sun-bonnets up on scales of bark, they ate their dinners in society, much as foreign people attend the theatre. For all about them were similar boxes, or residences, whose occupants visited, and exchanged samples from each other's reticules, so what was cooked on one side of the district was tested on the other side.

Amanda Willey and Perintha Pancost knocked at

the bark door of Misses Garde and Banks, and were bidden to come right in and take chairs. The residence being already comfortably full, however, and no chairs visible, they staid outside and took grass, which was far more comfortable. Tildy and Perintha swapped a fragment of cherry-pie and a bit of rather stale cake, while Amanda gave Bluebell a piece of her cheese for some cherries. These were grave transactions, each party examining what she received with due caution, excepting Bluebell, who was willing to fling her repast right and left without considering whether she got its equivalent or not. Amanda Willey was a large-faced, smiling girl with very smooth hair cut short around her neck. Over her ordinary dress she wore a long-sleeved pink sack, and a pink apron tied about the waist like a grown woman's. The costume was most pleasing in Bluebell's eyes.

"I got a black-silk apron," she observed, smoothing and patting Amanda's drapery. "I'm going to ask Liza to let me wear it to geography-school."

"I'm going," exclaimed Perintha Pancost. "The man's to board at our house. He had his breakfast there."

"I ain't," said Tildy. "He looks like a raskil. Mebby he's come down here to rob folks."

The blue eyes, brown eyes and hazel eyes around her stood out at this suggestion. Tildy spoke as if her acquaintance with rascals was thorough.

"I don't think that's very smart of you, Till Banks," said Perintha, the "raskil's" hostess. "My pa and ma don't have robbers at our house. He's the pertiest kind of a man. I like him."

"So do I," decided Bluebell with a sigh of relief. Her credulous nature had been staggered by Matilda. "I'll take my Noey's Ark book to read in at g'ography-school."

The boys, having swallowed their dinners, were already shouting at "Bull in the Pen," when the girls gathered to take turns at the swing. How sweet these allotted ten or a dozen rushes through the air were, with some swift-footed girl running under you to send you up among the branches! The glee with which you grabbed a leaf, your slow reluctance in "letting the old cat die," and another succeed you! The number of games of "Black Man," "Poison," "Base," which can be crowded into one noon, has never been computed. Every muscle is strained, the hair clings to pink foreheads, lungs and hearts work like engines, and the outdoor world is *too* sweet to be given up when that rattle of the master's ferule against the window sash is supplemented by the stern call of "Books!"

Drenched in the dew of health, every little body rushed again to the hard benches. Bluebell told herself she always liked afternoon, it seemed so short; and as the sun stooped lower and lower, a lump of homesickness grew in her for the old weather-stained house, her father's return from his daily rounds, and the baby's tow head and black eyes which were sure to meet her at the lower bars. Then there was the spelling-class which crowned every day's labor. Orthography may not be the most important element of education, but Bluebell thought it was, and she had a genius for it. While Tildy swung sleepy legs, Bluebell mentally counted her own "head-marks," and

speculated on what the master's offered prize might be at the end of the term. Classes succeeded each other, and the sweet dream-producing hum went on, until Bluebell found herself again going triumphantly "down foot," having scored still another headmark.

Then the roll was called, white reticules, bonnets and caps were shyly gathered off their pegs and passed from hand to hand, that no one might keep the others waiting. Jo Hall responded to his name with a shout, while Amanda Willey's voice could scarcely be heard; some pupils answered "half a day;" and for others there was a hurried cry of "absent," not always correct, as in the case of John Tegarden, who shook fist and head many times at Jo Hall for shouting absent to his name when he was there in the body. Jo ducked his shoulders, and intimated by lifting his eyebrows, grimacing and nodding, that this was an oversight on his part. And John was obliged to carry his grievance outdoors, as he was the first boy on his bench. Dinner-bag and cap in hand, he stopped at the door to scrape and say "good-evening!" to the master, receiving a stately "good-evening" in return. Thus one by one they filed out, each child stopping to

make that grave salutation, until the master was free to close the double doors and fasten them with chain and padlock.

It was more than two hours till sunset; but there were long shadows in the woods, and an evening coolness was stealing over the beautiful earth.

The Rocky Fork foaming over boulders or spreading into still pools at the feet of leaning trees, shaded, variable, but clear as spring water, cut the home path in two, and was spanned by a foot-log. The wheel of Hall's mill turned lazily here, and the mill-race made Bluebell's brain unsteady. Not so the shady pebbles in the stream. She sat and watched them after crossing until Tildy's voice up the ascent gave her warning to hurry.

All the country was in that afterglow of sunset when she reached the pasture-bars behind the house. And of course there was the little sister at the bars, her curly tow hair dovetailed at the back, her black eyes spread, and both white claws clinging around the wood.

"Some tump'ny's tum!" she cried.

PARADISE

(From What Katy Did.)

By SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE place to which the children were going was a sort of marshy thicket at the bottom of a field near the house. It wasn't a big thicket, but it looked big, because the trees and bushes grew so closely that you could not see just where it ended. In winter the ground was damp and boggy, so that nobody went there, excepting cows, who don't mind getting their feet wet; but in summer the water dried away, and then it was all fresh and green, and full of delightful things — wild roses, and sassafras, and birds' nests. Narrow, winding paths ran here and there, made by the cattle as they wandered to and fro. This place the children called "Paradise," and to them it seemed as wide and endless and full of adventure as any forest of fairy land.

The way to Paradise was through some wooden bars. Katy and Cecy climbed these with a hop, skip and jump, while the smaller ones scrambled underneath. Once past the bars they were fairly in the field, and,

with one consent, they all began to run till they reached the entrance of the wood. Then they halted, with a queer look of hesitation on their faces. It was always an exciting occasion to go to Paradise for the first time after the long winter. Who knew what the fairies might not have done since any of them had been there to see?

"Which path shall we go in by?" asked Clover, at last.

"Suppose we vote," said Katy. "I say by the Pilgrim's Path and the Hill of Difficulty."

"So do I!" chimed in Clover, who always agreed with Katy.

"The Path of Peace is nice," suggested Cecy.

"No, no! We want to go by Sassafras Path!" cried John and Dorry.

However, Katy, as usual, had her way. It was agreed that they should first try Pilgrim's Path, and afterward make a thorough exploration of the whole of their little kingdom, and see all that had happened since last they were there. So in they marched, Katy and Cecy heading the procession, and Dorry, with his great trailing bunch of boughs, bringing up the rear.

"Oh, there is the dear Rosary, all safe!" cried the children, as they reached the top of the Hill of Diffi-

culty, and came upon a tall stump, out of the middle of which waved a wild rose-bush, budded over with fresh green leaves. This "Rosary" was a fascinating thing to their minds. They were always inventing stories about it, and were in constant terror lest some hungry cow should take a fancy to the rose-bush and eat it up.

"Yes," said Katy, stroking a leaf with her finger, "it was in great danger one night last winter, but it escaped."

"Oh! how? Tell us about it!" cried the others, for Katy's stories were famous in the family.

"It was Christmas Eve," continued Katy, in a mysterious tone. "The fairy of the Rosary was quite sick. She had taken a dreadful cold in her head, and the poplar-tree fairy, just over there, told her that sassafras tea is good for colds. So she made a large acorn-cup full, and then cuddled herself in where the wood looks so black and soft, and fell asleep. In the middle of the night, when she was snoring soundly, there was a noise in the forest, and a dreadful black bull with fiery eyes galloped up. He saw our poor Rosy Posy, and, opening his big mouth, he was just going to bite her in two; but at that minute a little fat man, with a wand in his hand, popped out from behind the stump. It was Santa Claus, of course. He gave the bull such a rap with his wand that he moo-ed dreadfully, and then put up his fore-paw, to see if his nose was on or not. He found it was, but it hurt him so that he moo-ed again, and galloped off as fast as he could into the woods. Then Santa Claus waked up the fairy, and told her that if she didn't take better care of Rosy Posy he should put some other fairy into her place, and set

her to keep guard over a prickly, scratchy blackberry-bush."

"Is there really any fairy?" asked Dorry, who had listened to this narrative with open mouth.

"Of course," answered Katy. Then bending down toward Dorry, she added in a voice intended to be of wonderful sweetness: "I am a fairy, Dorry!"

"Pshaw!" was Dorry's reply; "you're a giraffe — Pa said so!"

The Path of Peace got its name because of its darkness and coolness. High bushes almost met over it, and trees kept it shady, even in the middle of the day. A sort of white flower grew there, which the children called Pollypods, because they didn't know the real name. They staid a long while picking bunches of these flowers, and then John and Dorry had to grub up an armful of sassafras roots; so that before they had fairly gone through Toadstool Avenue, Rabbit Hollow, and the rest, the sun was just over their heads, and it was noon.

"I'm getting hungry," said Dorry.

"Oh, no, Dorry, you mustn't be hungry till the bower is ready!" cried the little girls, alarmed, for Dorry was apt to be disconsolate if he was kept waiting for his meals. So they made haste to build the bower. It did not take long, being composed of boughs hung over skipping-ropes, which were tied to the very poplar tree where the fairy lived who had recommended sassafras tea to the Fairy of the Rose.

When it was done they all cuddled in underneath. It was a very small bower — just big enough to hold them, and the baskets, and the kitten. I don't think

"'Or Else I'll Head a Crusade and Ride on a White Horse.'"

there would have been room for anybody else, not even another kitten. Katy, who sat in the middle, untied and lifted the lid of the largest basket, while all the rest peeped eagerly to see what was inside.

First came a great many ginger cakes. These were carefully laid on the grass to keep till wanted: buttered biscuit came next — three a piece, with slices of cold lamb laid in between; and last of all were a dozen hard-boiled eggs, and a layer of thick bread and butter sandwiched with corned-beef. Aunt Izzie had put up lunches for Paradise before, you see, and knew pretty well what to expect in the way of appetite.

Oh, how good everything tasted in that bower, with the fresh wind rustling the poplar leaves, sunshine and sweet wood-smells about them, and birds singing overhead! No grown-up dinner party ever had half so much fun. Each mouthful was a pleasure; and when the last crumb had vanished, Katy produced the second basket, and there, oh, delightful surprise! were seven little pies — molasses pies, baked in saucers — each with a brown top and crisp candified edge, which tasted like toffy and lemon-peel, and all sorts of good things mixed up together.

There was a general shout. Even demure Cecy was pleased, and Dorry and John kicked their heels on the ground in a tumult of joy. Seven pairs of hands were held out at once toward the basket; seven sets of teeth went to work without a moment's delay. In an incredibly short time every vestige of pie had disappeared, and a blissful stickiness pervaded the party.

"What shall we do now?" asked Clover, while little Phil tipped the baskets upside down, as if to make sure there was nothing left that could possibly be eaten.

"I don't know," replied Katy, dreamily. She had left her seat, and was half-sitting, half-lying on the low, crooked bough of a butternut tree, which hung almost over the children's heads.

"Let's play we're grown up," said Cecy, "and tell what we mean to do."

"Well," said Clover, "you begin. What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to have a black silk dress, and pink roses in my bonnet, and a white muslin long-shawl," said Cecy; "and I mean to look *exactly* like Minerva Clark! I shall be very good, too; as good as Mrs. Dedell, only a great deal prettier. All the young gentlemen will want me to go and ride, but I sha'n't notice them at all, because you know I shall always be teaching in Sunday-school, and visiting the poor. And some day, when I am bending over an old woman and feeding her with currant jelly, a poet will come along and see me, and he'll go home and write a poem about me," concluded Cecy, triumphantly.

"Pooh!" said Clover. "I don't think that would be nice at all. *I'm* going to be a beautiful lady — the most beautiful lady in the world! And I'm going to live in a yellow castle, with yellow pillars to the portico, and a square thing on top, like Mr. Sawyer's. My children are going to have a play-house up there. There's going to be a spy-glass in the window, to look out of. I shall wear gold dresses and silver dresses every

day, and diamond rings, and have white satin aprons to tie on when I'm dusting, or doing anything dirty. In the middle of my back-yard there will be a pond full of Lubin's Extracts, and whenever I want any I shall just go out and dip a bottle in. And I sha'n't teach in Sunday-schools, like Cecy, because I don't want to; but every Sunday I'll go and stand by the gate, and when her scholars go by on their way home, I'll put Lubin's Extracts on their handkerchiefs."

"I mean to have just the same," cried Elsie, whose imagination was fired by this gorgeous vision, "only my pond will be the biggest. I shall be a great deal beautifuller, too," she added.

"You can't," said Katy from overhead. "Clover is going to be the most beautiful lady in the world."

"But I'll be *more* beautiful than the most beautiful," persisted poor little Elsie; "and I'll be big, too, and know everybody's secrets. And everybody'll be kind, then, and never run away and hide; and there won't be any post-offices or anything disagreeable."

"What'll you be, Johnnie?" asked Clover, anxious to change the subject, for Elsie's voice was growing plaintive.

But Johnnie had no clear idea as to her future. She laughed a great deal, and squeezed Dorry's arm very tight, but that was all. Dorry was more explicit.

"I mean to have turkey every day," he declared, "and batter-puddings; not boiled ones, you know, but little baked ones, with brown shiny tops, and a great deal of pudding sauce to eat on them. And I shall be

so big then that nobody will say, 'Three helps is quite enough for a little boy.'"

"Oh, Dorry, you pig!" cried Katy, while the others screamed with laughter. Dorry was much affronted.

"I shall just go and tell Aunt Izzie what you called me," he said, getting up in a great pet.

But Clover, who was a born peacemaker, caught hold of his arm, and her coaxings and entreaties consoled him so much that he finally said he would stay; especially as the others were quite grave now, and promised that they wouldn't laugh any more.

"And now, Katy, it's your turn," said Cecy; "tell us what you're going to be when you grow up."

"I'm not sure about what I'll be," replied Katy, from overhead; "beautiful, of course, and good if I can, only not so good as you, Cecy, because it would be nice to go and ride with the young gentlemen *sometimes*. And I'd like to have a large house and a splendiferous garden, and then you could all come and live with me, and we would play in the garden, and Dorry should have turkey five times a day if he liked. And we'd have a machine to darn stockings, and another machine to put the bureau drawers in order, and we'd never sew or knit garters, or do anything we didn't want to. That's what I'd like to *be*. But now I'll tell you what I mean to *do*."

"Isn't it the same thing?" asked Cecy.

"Oh, no!" replied Katy, "quite different; for you see I mean to *do* something grand. I don't know what, yet, but when I'm grown up I shall find out." (Poor Katy always said "when I'm grown up," forgetting how very much she had grown already.) "Perhaps,"

she went on, "it will be rowing out in boats, and saving people's lives, like that girl in the book. Or perhaps I shall go and nurse in the hospital, like Miss Nightingale. Or else I'll head a crusade and ride on a white horse, with armor and a helmet on my head, and carry a sacred flag. Or if I don't do that, I'll paint pictures, or sing, or scalp — sculp — what is it? you know — make figures in marble. Anyhow it shall be *something*. And when Aunt Izzie sees it, and reads about me in the newspapers, she will say, 'The dear child! I always knew she would turn out an ornament to the family.' People very often say, afterward, that they 'always knew,'" concluded Katy, sagaciously.

"Oh, Katy! how beautiful it will be!" said Clover, clasping her hands. Clover believed in Katy as she did in the Bible.

"I don't believe the newspapers would be so silly as to print things about *you*, Katy Carr," put in Elsie, vindictively.

"Yes, they will!" said Clover; and gave Elsie a push.

By and by John and Dorry trotted away on mysterious errands of their own.

. . . . . .

The long shadows began to fall, and Mary came to say that all of them must come in to get ready for tea. It was dreadful to have to pick up the empty baskets and go home, feeling that the long, delightful Saturday was over, and that there wouldn't be another for a week. But it is comforting to remember that Paradise was always there; and that at any moment when Fate

and Aunt Izzie were willing, they had only to climb a pair of bars — very easy ones, and without any fear of an angel with flaming sword to stop the way — enter in, and take possession of their Eden.

MR. VERDANT GREEN DOES AS HE HAS BEEN DONE BY

(From the Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green an Oxford Freshman.)

By CUTHBERT BEDE.

ONE morning, Mr. Verdant Green and Mr. Bouncer were lounging in the venerable gateway of Brazenface. The former gentleman, being of an amiable, tame-rabbit-keeping disposition, was making himself very happy by whistling popular airs to the Porter's pet bullfinch, who was laboriously engaged on a small treadmill, winding up his private supply of water. Mr. Bouncer, being of a more volatile temperament, was amusing himself by asking the Porter's opinion on the foreign policy of Great Britain, and by making very audible remarks on the passers-by. His attention was at length riveted by the appearance on the other side of the street, of a modest-looking young gentleman, who appeared to be so ill at ease in his frock-coat and "stick-up" collars, as to lead to the strong presumption that he wore those articles of manly dress for the first time.

"I'll bet you a bottle of blacking, Gig-lamps," said little Mr. Bouncer, as he directed our hero's attention to the stranger, "that this respected party is an intending Freshman. Look at his customary suits of solemn black, as Othello, or Hamlet, or some other swell, says in Shakspeare. And, besides his black go-to-meeting bags, please to observe," continued the little gentleman, in the tone of a wax-work showman; "please to *h*observe the pecooliarity *h*of the hair-chain, likewise the straps of the period. Look! he's coming this way. Gig-lamps, I vote we take a rise out of the youth. Hem! Good morning! Can we have the pleasure of assisting you in anything?"

"Yes, sir! thank you, sir," replied the youthful stranger, who was flushing like a girl up to the very roots of his curly, auburn hair; "perhaps, sir, you can direct me to Brazenface College, sir?"

"Well, sir! it's not at all improbable, sir, but what I could, sir;" replied Mr. Bouncer; "but, perhaps, sir, you'll first favor me with your name, and your business there, sir."

"Certainly, sir!" rejoined the stranger; and, while he fumbled at his card-case, the experienced Mr. Bouncer whispered to our hero, "Told you he was a sucking Freshman, Gig-lamps! He has got a brand new card-case, and says 'sir' at the sight of the academicals." The card handed to Mr. Bouncer bore the name of "Mr. James Pucker"; and in smaller characters in the corner of the card, were the words, "*Brazenface College, Oxford.*"

"I came, sir," said the blushing Mr. Pucker, "to enter for my matriculation examination, and I wished

to see the gentleman who will have to examine me, sir."

"The doose you do!" said Mr. Bouncer sternly; "then, young man, allow me to say, that you've regularly been and gone and done it, and put your foot in it most completely."

"How-ow-ow, how, sir?" stammered the dupe.

"How?" replied Mr. Bouncer, still more sternly; "do you mean to brazen out your offence, by asking how? What *could* have induced you, sir, to have had printed on this card the name of this College, when you've not a prospect of belonging to it — it may be for years, it may be for never, as the bard says. You've committed a most grievous offence against the University statutes, young gentleman; and so this gentleman here — Mr. Pluckem, the junior examiner — will tell you!" and with that, little Mr. Bouncer nudged Mr. Verdant Green, who took his cue with astonishing aptitude, and glared through his glasses at the trembling Mr. Pucker, who stood blushing and bowing, and heartily repenting that his school-boy vanity had led him to invest four-and-sixpence in "100 cards, and plate, engraved with name and address."

"Put the cards in your pocket, sir, and don't let me see them again!" said our hero, in his newly-confirmed title of the junior examiner; quite rejoiced at the opportunity afforded him of proving to his friend that *he* was no longer a Freshman.

"He forgives you for the sake of your family, young man!" said Mr. Bouncer with pathos; "you've come to the right shop, for *this* is Brazenface; and you've come just at the right time, for here is the gentleman

who will assist Mr. Pluckem in examining you;" and Mr. Bouncer pointed to Mr. Four-in-hand Fosbrooke, who was coming up the street on his way from the Schools, where he was making a very laudable (but as it proved, futile) endeavor "to get through his smalls," or, in other words, to pass his Little-go examination. The hoax which had been suggested to the ingenious mind of Mr. Bouncer, was based upon the fact of Mr. Fosbrooke's being properly got-up for his sacrifice in a white tie, and a pair of very small bands, — the two articles, which, with the usual academicals, form the costume demanded by Alma Mater of all her children when they take their places in her Schools. And, as Mr. Fosbrooke was far too politic a gentleman to irritate the Examiners by appearing in a "loud" or sporting costume, he had carried out the idea of clerical character suggested by the bands and choker, by a quiet, gentlemanly suit of black, which, he had fondly hoped, would have softened his Examiners' manners, and not permitted them to be brutal.

Mr. Four-in-hand Fosbrooke, therefore, to the unsophisticated eye of the blushing Mr. Pucker, presented a very fine specimen of the Examining Tutor; and this impression on Mr. Pucker's mind was heightened by Mr. Fosbrooke, after a few minutes' private conversation with the other two gentlemen, turning to him, and saying, "It will be extremely inconvenient to me to examine you now; but as you probably wish to return home as soon as possible, I will endeavor to conclude the business at once, — this gentleman, Mr. Pluckem," pointing to our hero, "having kindly promised to assist me. Mr. Bouncer, will you have the goodness to follow with the young gentleman to my rooms?"

Leaving Mr. Pucker to express his thanks for this great kindness, and Mr. Bouncer to plunge him into the depths of trepidation by telling him terrible stories of the Examiner's fondness for rejecting the candidates for examination, Mr. Fosbrooke and our hero ascended to the rooms of the former, where they hastily cleared away cigar-boxes and pipes, turned certain French pictures with their faces to the wall, and covered over with an outspread "Times" a regiment of porter and spirit bottles which had just been smuggled in, and were drawn up rank-and-file on the sofa. Having made this preparation, and furnished the table with pens, ink and scribble-paper, Mr. Bouncer and the victim were admitted.

"Take a seat, sir," said Mr. Fosbrooke, gravely; and Mr. Pucker put his hat on the ground, and sat down at the table in a state of blushing nervousness. "Have you been at a public school?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the victim; "a very public one, sir; it was a boarding-school, sir; forty boarders, and thirty day-boys, sir; I was a day-boy, sir, and in the first class."

"First class of an uncommon slow train!" muttered Mr. Bouncer.

"And are you going back to the boarding-school?" asked Mr. Verdant Green, with the air of an assistant judge.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Pucker, "I have just done with it; quite done with school, sir, this last half; and papa is going to put me to read with a clergyman until it is time for me to come to college."

"Refreshing innocence!" murmured Mr. Bouncer;

while Mr. Fosbrooke and our hero conferred together, and hastily wrote on two sheets of the scribble-paper.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Fosbrooke to the victim, after a paper had been completed, "let us see what your Latin writing is like. Have the goodness to turn what I have written into Latin; and be very careful, sir," added Mr. Fosbrooke, sternly, "be very careful that it is Cicero's Latin, sir!" and he handed Mr. Pucker a sheet of paper, on which he had scribbled the following:

"To be Translated into Prose-y Latin, in the Manner of Cicero's Orations after Dinner.

"If, therefore, any on your bench, my luds, or in this assembly, should entertain an opinion that the proximate parts of a mellifluous mind are for ever conjoined and unconnected, I submit to you, my luds, that it will of necessity follow, that such clandestine conduct being a mere nothing,— or, in the noble language of our philosophers, bosh, —every individual act of overt misunderstanding will bring interminable limits to the empiricism of thought, and will rebound in the very lowest degree to the credit of the malefactor."

"To be Turned into Latin after the Manner of the Animals of Tacitus.

"She went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple-pie. Just then, a great she-bear coming down the street, poked its nose into the shop-window. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she (very imprudently) married the barber. And there were present at the wedding the Jobillies, and the Piccannies, and the Gobelites, and the great Panjandrum himself, with the little button on top. So they all set to playing Catch-who-catch-can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

It was well for the purposes of the hoaxers that Mr. Pucker's trepidation prevented him from making a calm perusal of the paper; and he was nervously doing his best to turn the nonsensical English word by word into equally nonsensical Latin, when his limited powers of Latin writing were brought to a full stop by the untranslatable word "Bosh." As he could make nothing of this, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and gazed appealingly at the benignant features of Mr. Verdant Green. The appealing gaze was answered by our hero ordering Mr. Pucker to hand in his paper for examination, and to endeavor to answer the questions which he and his brother examiner had been writing down for him.

Mr. Pucker took the two papers of questions, and read as follows:

"HISTORY.

"1. Draw a historical parallel (after the manner of Plutarch) between Hannibal and Annie Laurie.

"2. What internal evidence does the Odyssey afford, that Homer sold his Trojan war-ballads at three yards an obolus?

"3. Show the strong presumption there is that Nox was the god of battles.

"4. State reasons for presuming that the practice of lithography may be traced back to the time of Perseus and the Gorgon's head.

"5. In what way were the shades on the banks of the Styx supplied with spirits?

"6. Show the probability of the College Hornpipe having been used by the students of the Academia; and give passages from Thucydides and Tennyson in support of your answer.

"7. Give a brief account of the Roman Emperors who visited the United States, and state what they did there.

"8. Show from the redundancy of the word γᾶς in Sophocles, that gas must have been used by the Athenians; also state, if the expression οἱ βάρβαροι would seem to signify that they were close shavers.

"9. Show from the words 'Hoc erat in votis,' (Sat. VI., Lib. II.), that Horace's favorite wine was hock, and that he meant to say 'he always voted for hock.'

"10. Draw a parallel between the Children in the Wood and Achilles in the Styx.

"11. When it is stated that Ariadne, being deserted by Theseus, fell in love with Bacchus, is it the poetical way of asserting that she took to drinking to drown her grief?

"12. Name the *prima donnas* who have appeared in the operas of Virgil and Horace since the 'Virgilii Opera' and 'Horatii Opera' were composed."

"EUCLID, ARITHMETIC, AND ALGEBRA.

"1. 'The extremities of a line are points.' Prove this by the rule of railways.

"2. Show the fallacy of defining an angle as 'a worm at one end and a fool at the other.'

"3. If one side of a triangle be produced, what is there to prevent the other two sides from also being brought forward?

"4. Let A and B be squares having their respective boundaries in E and W ends, and let C and D be circles moving in them; the circle D will be superior to the circle C.

"5. In equal circles, equal figures from various squares will stand upon the same footing.

"6. If two parts of a circle fall out, the one part will cut the other.

"7. Describe a square which shall be larger than Belgrave Square.

"8. If the gnomon of a sun-dial be divided into two equal, and also into two unequal parts, what would be its value?

"9. Describe a perpendicular triangle having the squares of the semi-circle equal to half the extremity between the points of section.

"10. If an Austrian florin is worth 5.61 francs, what will be the value of Pennsylvanian bonds? Prove by rule-of-three inverse.

"11. If seven horses eat twenty-five acres of grass in three days, what will be their condition on the fourth day? Prove by practice.

"12. If a coach-wheel, $6\frac{5}{30}$ in diameter and $5\frac{9}{47}$ in circumference, makes $240\frac{4}{19}$ revolutions in a second, how many men will it take to do the same piece of work in ten days?

"13. Find the greatest common measure of a quart bottle of Oxford port.

"14. Find the value of a 'bob,' a 'tanner,' a 'joey,' and a 'tizzy.'

"15. Explain the common denominators 'brick,' 'trump,' 'spoon,' 'muff,' and state what was the greatest common denominator in the last term.

"16. Reduce two academical years to their lowest terms.

"17. Reduce a Christ Church tuft to the level of a Teddy Hall man.

"18. If a freshman A has any mouth x, and a bottle of wine y, show how many applications of x to y will place $y + y$ before A."

Mr. Pucker did not know what to make of such extraordinary and unexpected questions. He blushed, attempted to write, fingered his curls, tried to collect his faculties, and then appeared to give himself over to despair; whereupon little Mr. Bouncer was seized with an immoderate fit of coughing which had well nigh brought the farce to its *dénouement*.

"I'm afraid, young gentleman," said Mr. Four-in-hand Fosbrooke, as he carelessly settled his white tie and bands, "I am afraid, Mr. Pucker, that your learn-

ing is not yet up to the Brazenface standard. We are particularly cautious about admitting any gentleman whose acquirements are not of the highest order. But we will be as lenient to you as we are able, and give you one more chance to retrieve yourself. We will try a little *vivâ voce*, Mr. Pucker. Perhaps, sir, you will favor me with your opinions on the Fourth Punic War, and will also give me a slight sketch of the constitution of ancient Heliopolis."

Mr. Pucker waxed, if possible, redder and hotter than before, he gasped like a fish out of water; and, like Dryden's prince, "unable to conceal his pain," he

> "Sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
> Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again."

But all was to no purpose: he was unable to frame an answer to Mr. Fosbrooke's questions.

"Ah, sir," continued his tormentor, "I see that you will not do for us yet awhile, and I am therefore under the painful necessity of rejecting you. I should advise you, sir, to read hard for another twelvemonth, and endeavor to master those subjects in which you have now failed. For, a young man, Mr. Pucker, who knows nothing about the Fourth Punic War, and the constitution of ancient Heliopolis, is quite unfit to be enrolled among the members of such a learned college as Brazenface. Mr. Pluckem quite coincides with me in this decision." (Here Mr. Verdant Green gave a Burleigh nod.) "We feel very sorry for you, Mr. Pucker, and also for your unfortunate family; but we recommend you to add to your present stock of knowledge, and to keep those visiting-cards for another twelvemonth."

And Mr. Fosbrooke and our hero — disregarding poor Mr. Pucker's entreaties that they would consider his pa and ma, and would please to matriculate him this once, and he would read very hard, indeed he would — turned to Mr. Bouncer and gave some private instructions, which caused that gentleman immediately to vanish, and seek out Mr. Robert Filcher.

Five minutes after, that excellent Scout met the dejected Mr. Pucker as he was crossing the Quad on his way from Mr. Fosbrooke's rooms.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Filcher, touching his forehead; for, as Mr. Filcher, after the manner of his tribe, never was seen in a head-covering, he was unable to raise his hat or cap; "beg your pardon, sir! but was you a lookin' for the party as examines the young gents for their matrickylation?"

"Eh? — no! I have just come from him," replied Mr. Pucker, dolefully.

"Beg your pardon, sir," remarked Mr. Filcher, "but his rooms ain't that way at all. Mr. Slowcoach, as is the party you *ought* to have seed, has *his* rooms quite in a hopposite direction, sir; and he's the honly party as examines the matricylatin' gents."

"But I *have* been examined," observed Mr. Pucker, with the air of a plucked man; "and I am sorry to say that I was rejected, and —"

"I dessay, sir," interrupted Mr. Filcher; "but I think it's a 'oax, sir!"

"A what?" stammered Mr. Pucker.

"A 'oax — a sell;" replied the Scout, confidentially. "You see, sir, I think some of the gents have been makin' a little game of you, sir; they often does with

fresh parties like you, sir, that seem fresh and hinnocent like; and I dessay they've been makin' believe to examine you, sir, and a pretendin' that you wasn't clever enough. But they don't mean no harm, sir; it's only their play, bless you!"

"Then," said Mr. Pucker, whose countenance had been gradually clearing with every word the Scout spoke; "then I'm not really rejected, but have still a chance of passing my examination?"

"Precisely so, sir," replied Mr. Filcher; "and — hexcuse me, sir, for a hintin' of it to you, — but, if you would let me adwise you, sir, you wouldn't go for to mention anythin' about the 'oax to Mr. Slowcoach; *he* wouldn't be pleased, sir, and *you'd* only get laughed at. If you like to go to him now, sir, I know he's in his rooms, and I'll show you the way there with the greatest of pleasure."

Mr. Pucker, immensely relieved in mind, gladly put himself under the Scout's guidance, and was admitted into the presence of Mr. Slowcoach. In twenty minutes after this he issued from the examining tutor's rooms with a joyful countenance, and again encountered Mr. Robert Filcher.

"Hope you've done the job this time, sir," said the Scout.

"Yes," replied the radiant Mr. Pucker; "and at two o'clock I am to see the Vice-Chancellor; and I shall be able to come to college this time next year."

"Werry glad of it, indeed, sir!" observed Mr. Filcher, with genuine emotion, and an eye to future perquisites; "and I suppose, sir, you didn't say a word about the 'oax?"

"Not a word!" replied Mr. Pucker.

"Then, sir," said Mr. Filcher, with enthusiasm, "hexcuse me, but you're a trump, sir! and Mr. Fosbrooke's compliments to you, sir, and he'll be 'appy if you'll come up into his rooms, and take a glass of wine after the fatigues of the examination. And, — hexcuse me again, sir, for a hinting of it to you, but of course you can't be aweer of the customs of the place, unless somebody tells you on 'em, — I shall be werry glad to drink your werry good health, sir."

Need it be stated that the blushing Mr. Pucker, delirious with joy at the sudden change in the state of affairs, and the delightful prospect of being a member of the University, not only tipped Mr. Filcher a five-shilling piece, but also paid a second visit to Mr. Fosbrooke's rooms, where he found that gentleman in his usual costume, and by him was introduced to the Mr. Pluckem, who now bore the name of Mr. Verdant Green? Need it be stated that the nervous Mr. Pucker blushed and laughed, and laughed and blushed, while

his two pseudo-examiners took wine with him in the most friendly manner; Mr. Bouncer pronouncing him to be "an out-and-outer, and no mistake!" And need it be stated that, after this undergraduate display of hoaxing, Mr. Verdant Green would feel exceedingly offended were he still to be called "an Oxford Freshman"?

JANE EYRE

JANE EYRE

JANE EYRE, the heroine of Miss Brontë's most famous novel, was left an orphan when a baby, and was adopted by her aunt, Mrs. Reed, out of a mere sense of duty, but with no love. The queer, frightened, shy little thing lived unhappily for ten years with her rich relatives, snubbed by the servants, abused by her cousins, and disliked by her aunt. One day John Reed, a big boy of fourteen, knocked the child down in a fit of rage, and then lied about it, accusing her of attacking him. Mrs. Reed, misjudging Jane as usual, punished her cruelly by shutting her up alone without a light in the "red room," which the children believed to be haunted; and the sensitive, imaginative child was frightened into a fit, which led to a serious illness. Mr. Lloyd, the apothecary who attended Jane at this time, was the only person who seemed to have any pity or sympathy for the lonely little thing. He persuaded Mrs. Reed to send the child away to school. But she chose Lowood, famous for its stern, hard master, Mr. Brocklehurst. And she gave Jane into his charge with a dishonest description of the child's character, representing her as vicious-tempered, obstinate, and untruthful, a dangerous companion for other children. With this ill recommendation Jane Eyre at the age of ten went alone to Lowood, a journey of fifty miles from her aunt's house. The following extract describes her reception there and her life at the school.

AT SCHOOL AT LOWOOD

(From Jane Eyre.)

By CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

MY first quarter at Lowood seemed an age; and not the golden age either: it comprised an irksome struggle with difficulties in habituating myself to new rules and unwonted tasks. . . .

Our clothing was insufficient to protect us from the severe cold; we had no boots; the snow got into our shoes, and melted there; our ungloved hands became numbed and covered with chilblains, as were our feet. Then the scanty supply of food was distressing: with the keen appetites of growing children, we had scarcely sufficient to keep alive a delicate invalid. From this deficiency of nourishment resulted an abuse, which pressed hardly on the younger pupils: whenever the famished great girls had an opportunity they would coax or menace the little ones out of their portion. Many a time I have shared between two claimants the precious morsel of brown bread distributed at tea-time; and after relinquishing to a third half the contents of my mug of coffee, I have swallowed the remainder with an accompani-

ment of secret tears forced from me by the exigency of hunger.

Sundays were dreary days in that wintry season. We had to walk two miles to Brocklebridge Church, where our patron officiated. We set out cold, we arrived at church colder: during the morning service we became almost paralyzed. It was too far to return to dinner, and an allowance of cold meat and bread, in the same penurious proportion observed in our ordinary meals, was served round between the services.

At the close of the afternoon service we returned by an exposed and hilly road, where the bitter winter wind, blowing over a range of snowy summits to the north, almost flayed the skin from our faces.

I can remember Miss Temple walking lightly and rapidly along our drooping line, her plaid cloak, which the frosty wind fluttered, gathered close about her, and encouraging us by precept and example, to keep up our spirits, and march forward, as she said, "like stalwart soldiers." The other teachers, poor things, were generally themselves too much dejected to attempt the task of cheering others.

How we longed for the light and heat of a blazing fire when we got back! But to the little ones at least, this was denied: each hearth in the schoolroom was immediately surrounded by a double row of great girls, and behind them the younger children crouched in groups, wrapping their starved arms in their pinafores.

A little solace came at tea-time, in the shape of a double ration of bread — a whole, instead of a half, slice — with the delicious addition of a scrape of butter: it was the hebdomadal treat to which we all looked for-

ward from Sabbath to Sabbath. I generally contrived to reserve a moiety of this bounteous repast for myself; but the remainder I was invariably obliged to part with.

The Sunday evening was spent in repeating, by heart, the Church Catechism, and the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew; and in listening to a long sermon, read by Miss Miller, whose irrepressible yawns attested her weariness. A frequent interlude of these performances was the enactment of the part of Eutychus by some half dozen little girls; who overpowered with sleep, would fall down, if not out of the third loft, yet off the fourth form, and be taken up half dead. The remedy was, to thrust them forward into the centre of the schoolroom, and oblige them to stay there till the sermon was finished. Sometimes their feet failed them, and they sank together in a heap; they were then propped up with the monitors' high stools.

I have not yet alluded to the visits of Mr. Brocklehurst; and indeed that gentleman was from home during the greater part of the first month after my arrival; perhaps prolonging his stay with his friend the archdeacon; his absence was a relief to me. I need not say that I had my own reasons for dreading his coming: but come he did at last.

One afternoon (I had been three weeks at Lowood), as I was sitting with a slate in my hand, puzzling over a sum in long division, my eyes, raised in abstraction to the window, caught sight of a figure just passing; I recognized almost instinctively that gaunt outline; and when two minutes after, all the school, teachers included, rose *en masse*, it was not necessary for me to

look up in order to ascertain whose entrance they thus greeted. A long stride measured the schoolroom, and presently beside Miss Temple, who herself had risen, stood the same black column which had frowned on me so ominously from the hearth-rug at Gateshead. I now glanced sideways at this piece of architecture. Yes, I was right; it was Mr. Brocklehurst, buttoned up in a surtout, and looking longer, narrower, and more rigid than ever.

I had my own reasons for being dismayed at this apparition; too well I remembered the perfidious hints given by Mrs. Reed about my disposition, etc.; the promise pledged by Mr. Brocklehurst to apprise Miss Temple and the teachers of my vicious nature. All along I had been dreading the fulfilment of this promise —I had been looking out daily for the "coming man," whose information respecting my past life and conversation was to brand me as a bad child forever; now there he was. He stood at Miss Temple's side; he was speaking low in her ear; I did not doubt he was making disclosures of my villany; and I watched her eyes with painful anxiety, expecting every moment to see its dark orb turn on me a glance of repugnance and contempt. I listened, too; and as I happened to be seated quite at the top of the room, I caught most of what he said; its import relieved me from immediate apprehension.

"I suppose, Miss Temple, the thread I bought at Lowton will do; it struck me it would be just of the quality for the calico chemises, and I sorted the needles to match. You may tell Miss Smith that I forgot to make a memorandum of the darning-needles, but she shall have some papers sent in next week, and she is not,

on any account, to give out more than one at a time to each pupil: if they have more, they are apt to be careless and lose them. And, oh, ma'am! I wish the woollen stockings were better looked to! — when I was here last, I went into the kitchen garden and examined the clothes drying on the line; there was a quantity of black hose in a very bad state of repair: from the size of the holes in them I was sure that they had not been well mended from time to time."

He paused.

"Your directions shall be attended to, sir," said Miss Temple.

"And, ma'am," he continued, "the laundress tells me some of the girls have two clean tuckers in the week: it is too much; the rules limit them to one."

"I think I can explain that circumstance, sir. Agnes and Catharine Johnstone were invited to take tea with some friends at Lowton last Thursday, and I gave them leave to put on clean tuckers for the occasion."

Mr. Brocklehurst nodded.

"Well, for once it may pass; but please not to let the circumstance occur too often. And there is another thing which surprised me; I find, in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served out to the girls during the past fortnight. How is this? I looked over the regulations, and I find no such meal as lunch mentioned. Who introduced this innovation? and by what authority?"

"I must be responsible for the circumstance, sir," replied Miss Temple: "the breakfast was so ill-prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it; and

I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinner-time."

"Madam, allow me an instant. You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as the spoiling of a meal, the under or the over dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and obviating the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on those occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of martyrs; to the exhortations of our blessed Lord himself, calling upon his disciples to take up their cross and follow him; to his warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; to his divine consolations, 'If ye suffer hunger or thirst for my sake, happy are ye.' Oh, madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of burned porridge, into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"

Mr. Brocklehurst again paused — perhaps overcome by his feelings. Miss Temple had looked down when he first began to speak to her; but she now gazed straight before her, and her face, naturally pale as marble, appeared to be assuming also the coldness and

fixity of that material; especially her mouth, closed as if it would have required a sculptor's chisel to open it, and her brow settled gradually into petrified severity.

Meantime, Mr. Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used: "Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what — *what* is that girl with curled hair! Red hair, ma'am, curled — curled all over?" And extending his cane he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so.

"It is Julia Severn," replied Miss Temple, very quietly.

"Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other, curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world so openly — here in an evangelical, charitable establishment — as to wear her hair one mass of curls?"

"Julia's hair curls naturally," returned Miss Temple, still more quietly.

"Naturally! Yes, but we are not to conform to nature: I wish these girls to be the children of Grace: and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send a barber to-morrow: and I see others who have far too much of the excrescence — that tall girl, tell her to turn round. Tell all the first form to rise up and direct their faces to the wall."

Miss Temple passed her handkerchief over her lips, as if to smooth away the involuntary smiles that curled them; she gave the order, however, and when the first class could take in what was required of them, they obeyed. Leaning a little back on my bench I could see the looks and grimaces with which they commented on this manœuvre: it was a pity Mr. Brocklehurst could not see them too; he would perhaps have felt that whatever he might do with the outside of the cup and platter, the inside was further beyond his interference than he imagined.

He scrutinized the reverse of these living medals some five minutes, then pronounced sentence. These words fell like the knell of doom: "All those top-knots must be cut off."

Miss Temple seemed to remonstrate.

"Madam," he pursued, "I have a Master to serve whose kingdom is not of this world: my mission is to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh; to teach them to clothe themselves with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair and costly apparel; and each of the young persons before us has a string of hair twisted in plaits which vanity itself might have woven: these, I repeat, must be cut off; think of the time wasted, of —"

Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted: three other visitors, ladies, now entered the room. They ought to have come a little sooner to have heard his lecture on dress, for they were splendidly attired in velvet, silk and furs. The two younger of the trio (fine girls of sixteen and seventeen) had gray beaver hats, then in fashion, shaded with ostrich plumes, and from under

the brim of this graceful head-dress fell a profusion of light tresses, elaborately curled; the elderly lady was enveloped in a costly velvet shawl, trimmed with ermine, and she wore a false front of French curls.

These ladies were deferentially received by Miss Temple, as Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, and conducted to seats of honor at the top of the room. It seems they had come in the carriage with their reverend relative, and had been conducting a rummaging scrutiny of the rooms up-stairs, while he transacted business with the housekeeper, questioned the laundress, and lectured the superintendent. They now proceeded to address divers remarks and reproofs to Miss Smith, who was charged with the care of the linen and the inspection of the dormitories: but I had no time to listen to what they said; other matters called off and enchained my attention.

Hitherto, while gathering up the discourse of Mr. Brocklehurst and Miss Temple, I had not, at the same time, neglected precautions to secure my personal safety; which I thought would be effected, if I could only elude observation. To this end, I had sat well back on the form, and while seeming to be busy with my sum, had held my slate in such a manner as to conceal my face: I might have escaped notice, had not my treacherous slate somehow happened to slip from my hand, and falling with an obtrusive crash, directly drawn every eye upon me; I knew it was all over now, and, as I stooped to pick up the two fragments of slate, I rallied my forces for the worst. It came.

"A careless girl!" said Mr. Brocklehurst, and immediately after — "It is the new pupil, I perceive." And

before I could draw breath, "I must not forget I have a word to say respecting her." Then aloud: how loud it seemed to me! "Let the child who broke her slate come forward!"

Of my own accord I could not have stirred: I was paralyzed: but the two great girls who sat on each side of me, set me on my legs and pushed me toward the dread judge, and then Miss Temple gently assisted me to his very feet, and I caught her whispered counsel, "Don't be afraid, Jane, I saw it was an accident; you shall not be punished."

The kind whisper went to my heart like a dagger.

"Another minute, and she will despise me for a hypocrite," thought I: and an impulse of fury against Reed, Brocklehurst & Co. bounded in my pulses at the conviction. I was no Helen Burns.

"Fetch that stool," said Mr. Brocklehurst, pointing to a very high one from which a monitor had just risen; it was brought.

"Place the child upon it."

And I was placed there, by whom I don't know: I was in no condition to note particulars: I was only

aware that they had hoisted me up to the height of Mr. Brocklehurst's nose, that he was within a yard of me, and that a spread of shot orange and purple silk pelisse, and a cloud of silvery plumage extended and waved below me.

Mr. Brocklehurst hemmed.

"Ladies," said he, turning to his family, "Miss Temple, teachers, and children, you all see this girl?"

Of course they did; for I felt their eyes directed like burning-glasses against my scorched skin.

"You see she is yet young; you observe she possesses the ordinary form of childhood; God has graciously given her the shape that he has given to all of us; no signal deformity points her out as a marked character. Who would think that the Evil One had already found a servant and agent in her? Yet such, I grieve to say, is the case."

A pause — in which I began to study the palsy of my nerves, and feel that the Rubicon was passed; and that the trial, no longer to be shirked, must be firmly sustained.

"My dear children," pursued the black-marble clergyman, with pathos, "this is a sad, a melancholy occasion; for it becomes my duty to warn you, that this girl, who might be one of God's own lambs, is a little castaway: not a member of the true flock, but evidently an interloper and an alien. You must be on your guard against her; you must shun her example: if necessary, avoid her company, exclude her from your sports, and shut her out from your converse. Teachers, you must watch her: keep your eyes on her movements, weigh well her words, scrutinize her actions,

punish her body to save her soul, if, indeed, such salvation be possible, for (my tongue falters when I tell it) this girl: this child, the native of a Christian land, worse than many a little heathen who says its prayers to Brahma and kneels before Juggernaut — this girl is — a liar."

Now came a pause of ten minutes: during which I, by this time in perfect possession of my wits, observed all the female Brocklehursts produce their pocket-handkerchiefs and apply them to their optics, while the elderly lady swayed herself to and fro, and the two younger ones whispered, "How shocking!"

Mr. Brocklehurst resumed.

"This I learned from her benefactress; from the pious and charitable lady who adopted her in her orphan state, reared her as her own daughter, and whose kindness, whose generosity, the unhappy girl repaid by an ingratitude so bad, so dreadful, that at last her excellent patroness was obliged to separate her from her own young ones, fearful lest her vicious example should contaminate their purity: she has sent her here to be healed, even as the Jews of old sent their diseased to the troubled pool of Bethesda; and, teachers, superintendent, I beg of you not to allow the waters to stagnate round her."

With this sublime conclusion, Mr. Brocklehurst adjusted the top button of his surtout, muttered something to his family, who rose, bowed to Miss Temple, and then all the great people sailed in state from the room. Turning at the door, my judge said, "Let her stand half an hour longer on that stool, and let no one speak to her during the remainder of the day."

There was I, then, mounted aloft: I, who had said I could not bear the shame of standing on my natural feet in the middle of the room, was now exposed to general view on a pedestal of infamy. What my sensations were, no language can describe: but just as they all rose, stifling my breath and constricting my throat, a girl came up and passed me: in passing, she lifted her eyes. What a strange light inspired them! What an extraordinary sensation that ray sent through me! How the new feeling bore me up! It was as if a martyr, a hero, had passed a slave or victim, and imparted strength in the transit. I mastered the rising hysteria, lifted up my head, and took a firm stand on the stool. Helen Burns asked some slight question about her work of Miss Smith, was chidden for the triviality of the inquiry, returned to her place, and smiled at me as she again went by. What a smile! I remember it now, and I know that it was the effluence of fine intellect, of true courage: it lit up her marked lineaments, her thin face, her sunken gray eye, like a reflection from the aspect of an angel. Yet at that moment Helen Burns wore on her arm "the untidy badge"; scarcely an hour ago I had heard her condemned by Miss Scatcherd to a dinner of bread and water on the morrow, because she had blotted an exercise in copying it out. Such is the imperfect nature of man! such spots are there on the disk of the clearest planet; and eyes like Miss Scatcherd's can only see those minute defects, and are blind to the full brightness of the orb.

. . . . . .

Ere the half-hour ended, five o'clock struck; school was dismissed, and all were gone into the refectory to tea. I now ventured to descend; it was deep dusk; I retired into a corner and sat down on the floor. The spell by which I had been so far supported began to dissolve; reaction took place, and soon, so overwhelming was the grief that seized me, I sank prostrate with my face to the ground. Now I wept: Helen Burns was not here; nothing sustained me; left to myself, I abandoned myself, and my tears watered the boards. I had meant to be so good, and to do so much at Lowood: to make so many friends, to earn respect and win affection. Already I had made visible progress: that very morning I had reached the head of my class; Miss Miller had praised me warmly; Miss Temple had smiled approbation; she had promised to teach me drawing, and to let me learn French, if I continued to make similar improvement two months longer: and then I was well received by my fellow-pupils; treated as an equal by those of my own age, and not molested by any; now, here I lay again crushed and trodden on; and could I ever rise more?

"Never," I thought; and ardently I wished to die. While sobbing out this wish in broken accents, some one approached; I started up — again Helen Burns was near me; the fading fires just showed her coming up the long, vacant room; she brought my coffee and bread.

"Come, eat something," she said; but I put both away from me, feeling as if a drop or a crumb would have choked me in my present condition. Helen regarded me, probably with surprise: I could not now

abate my agitation, though I tried hard; I continued to weep aloud. She sat down on the ground near me, embraced her knees with her arms, and rested her head upon them; in that attitude she remained silent as an Indian. I was the first who spoke: "Helen, why do you stay with a girl whom everybody believes to be a liar?"

"Everybody, Jane? Why, there are only eighty people who have heard you called so, and the world contains hundreds of millions?"

"But what have I to do with millions? The eighty I know despise me."

"Jane, you are mistaken: probably not one in the school either despises or dislikes you: many, I am sure, pity you much."

"How can they pity me after what Mr. Brocklehurst said?"

"Mr. Brocklehurst is not a god: nor is he even a great and admired man: he is little liked here; he never took steps to make himself liked. Had he treated you as an especial favorite, you would have found enemies declared or covert, all around you: as it is, the greater number would offer you sympathy if they dared. Teachers and pupils may look coldly on you for a day or two, but friendly feelings are concealed in their hearts; and if you persevere in doing well, these feelings will ere long appear so much the more evident for their temporary suppression. Besides, Jane —" she paused.

"Well, Helen?" said I, putting my hand into hers. She chafed my fingers gently to warm them, and went on,

"If all the world hated you, and believed you wicked, while your own conscience approved you and absolved you from guilt, you would not be without friends."

"No; I know I should think well of myself; but that is not enough: if others don't love me, I would rather die than live — I cannot bear to be solitary and hated, Helen. Look here; to gain some real affection from you, or Miss Temple, or any other whom I truly love, I would willingly submit to have the bone of my arm broken, or to let a bull toss me, or to stand behind a kicking horse, and let it dash its hoof at my chest —"

"Hush, Jane! you think too much of the love of human beings; you are too impulsive, too vehement: the sovereign hand that created your frame, and put life into it, has provided you with other resources than your feeble self, or than creatures feebler than you. Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits: that world is round us, for it is everywhere; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us; and if we were dying in pain and shame, if scorn smote us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognize our innocence (if innocent we be: as I know you are of this charge which Mr. Brocklehurst has weakly and pompously repeated at second-hand from Mrs. Reed; for I read a sincere nature in your ardent eyes and on your clear front), and God waits only the separation of spirit from flesh to crown us with a full reward. Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness — to glory?"

I was silent: Helen had calmed me; but in the tranquillity she imparted there was an alloy of inexpressible sadness. I felt the impression of woe as she spoke, but I could not tell whence it came; and when, having done speaking, she breathed a little fast and coughed a short cough, I momentarily forgot my own sorrows to yield to a vague concern for her.

Resting my head on Helen's shoulder, I put my arms round her waist; she drew me to her and we reposed in silence. We had not sat long thus when another person came in. Some heavy clouds, swept from the sky by a rising wind, had left the moon bare; and her light, streaming in through a window near, shone full both on us and on the approaching figure, which we at once recognized as Miss Temple.

"I came on purpose to find you, Jane Eyre," said she; "I want you in my room; and as Helen Burns is with you, she may come too."

We went; following the superintendent's guidance, we had to thread some intricate passages, and mount a staircase before we reached her apartment; it contained a good fire, and looked cheerful. Miss Temple told Helen Burns to be seated in a low arm-chair on one side of the hearth, and herself taking another, she called me to her side.

"Is it all over?" she asked, looking down at my face. "Have you cried your grief away?"

"I am afraid I never shall do that."

"Why?"

"Because I have been wrongly accused; and you, ma'am, and everybody else will now think me wicked."

"We shall think you what you prove yourself to be,

my child. Continue to act as a good girl, and you will satisfy me."

"Shall I, Miss Temple?"

"You will," said she, passing her arm round me. "And now tell me who is the lady whom Mr. Brocklehurst called your benefactress?"

"Mrs. Reed, my uncle's wife. My uncle is dead, and he left me to her care."

"Did she not, then, adopt you of her own accord?"

"No, ma'am; she was sorry to have to do it; but my uncle, as I have often heard the servants say, got her to promise, before he died, that she would always keep me."

"Well, now, Jane, you know, or at least I will tell you, that when a criminal is accused, he is always allowed to speak in his own defence. You have been charged with falsehood; defend yourself to me as well as you can. Say whatever your memory suggests as true; but add nothing and exaggerate nothing."

I resolved in the depths of my heart, that I would be most moderate — most correct; and, having reflected a few minutes in order to arrange coherently what I

had to say, I told her all the story of my sad childhood. Exhausted by emotion, my language was more subdued than it generally was when it developed that sad theme; and mindful of Helen's warnings against the indulgence of resentment, I infused into the narrative far less of gall and wormwood than ordinary. Thus restrained and simplified, it sounded more credible: I felt as I went on that Miss Temple fully believed me.

In the course of the tale I had mentioned Mr. Lloyd as having come to see me after the fit; for I never forgot the, to me, frightful episode of the red-room; in detailing which, my excitement was sure, in some degree, to break bounds; for nothing could soften in my recollection the spasm of agony which clutched my heart when Mrs. Reed spurned my wild supplication for pardon, and locked me a second time in the dark and haunted chamber.

I had finished: Miss Temple regarded me a few minutes in silence; she then said: "I know something of Mr. Lloyd; I shall write to him; if his reply agrees with your statement, you shall be publicly cleared from every imputation: to me, Jane, you are clear now."

She kissed me, and still keeping me at her side (where I was well contented to stand, for I derived a child's pleasure from the contemplation of her face, her dress, her one or two ornaments, her white forehead, her clustered and shining curls, and beaming dark eyes), she proceeded to address Helen Burns.

"How are you to-night, Helen? Have you coughed much to-day?"

"Not quite so much, I think, ma'am."

"And the pain in your chest?"

"It is a little better."

Miss Temple got up, took her hand and examined her pulse; then she returned to her own seat: as she resumed it, I heard her sigh low. She was pensive a few minutes, then rousing herself, she said cheerfully, "But you two are my visitors to-night; I must treat you as such." She rang her bell.

"Barbara," she said to the servant who answered it, "I have not yet had tea; bring the tray, and place cups for these two young ladies."

And a tray was soon brought. How pretty, to my eyes, did the china cups and bright tea-pot look, placed on the little round table near the fire! How fragrant was the steam of the beverage, and the scent of the toast! of which, however, I, to my dismay (for I was beginning to be hungry), discerned only a very small portion. Miss Temple discerned it too. "Barbara," said she, "can you not bring a little more bread and butter? There is not enough for three."

Barbara went out: she returned soon. "Madam, Mrs. Harden says she has sent up the usual quantity."

Mrs. Harden, be it observed, was the housekeeper — a woman after Mr. Brocklehurst's own heart, made up of equal parts of whalebone and iron.

"Oh, very well!" returned Miss Temple; "we must make it do, Barbara, I suppose." And as the girl withdrew, she added, smiling, "Fortunately, I have it in my power to supply deficiencies for this once."

Having invited Helen and me to approach the table, and placed before each of us a cup of tea with one delicious but thin morsel of toast, she got up, unlocked a drawer, and taking from it a parcel wrapped in

paper, disclosed presently to our eyes a good-sized seed-cake.

"I meant to give each of you some of this to take with you," said she; "but as there is so little toast, you must have it now," and she proceeded to cut slices with a generous hand.

We feasted that evening as on nectar and ambrosia; and not the least delight of the entertainment was the smile of gratification with which our hostess regarded us, as we satisfied our famished appetites on the delicate fare she liberally supplied. Tea over and the tray removed, she again summoned us to the fire; we sat one on each side of her; and now a conversation followed between her and Helen which it was indeed a privilege to be admitted to hear.

Miss Temple had always something of serenity in her air, of state in her mien, of refined propriety in her language, which precluded deviation into the ardent, the excited, the eager: something which chastened the pleasure of those who looked on her and listened to her, by a controlling sense of awe; and such was my feeling now; but as to Helen Burns, I was struck with wonder.

The refreshing meal, the brilliant fire, the presence and kindness of her beloved instructress, or, perhaps, more than all these, something in her own unique mind, had roused her powers within her. They woke, they kindled: first, they glowed in the bright tint of her cheek, which till this hour I had never seen but pale and bloodless; then they shone in the liquid lustre of her eyes, which had suddenly acquired a beauty more singular than that of Miss Temple's — a beauty neither of fine color nor long eyelashes, nor pencilled

brow, but of meaning, of movement, of radiance. Then her soul sat on her lips, and language flowed, from what source I cannot tell: has a girl of fourteen a heart large enough, vigorous enough, to hold the swelling spring of pure, full, fervid eloquence? Such was the characteristic of Helen's discourse on that, to me, memorable evening; her spirit seemed hastening to live within a very brief span as much as many live during a protracted existence.

They conversed of things I had never heard of: of nations and times past; of countries far away; of secrets of nature discovered or guessed at. They spoke of books: how many they had read! What stores of knowledge they possessed! Then they seemed so familiar with French names and French authors; but my amazement reached its climax when Miss Temple asked Helen if she sometimes snatched a moment to recall the Latin her father had taught her, and taking a book from a shelf, bade her read and construe a page of "Virgil"; and Helen obeyed, my organ of veneration expanding at every sounding line. She had scarcely finished ere the bell announced bed-time: no delay could be admitted; Miss Temple embraced us both, saying, as she drew us to her heart, "God bless you, my children!"

Helen she held a little longer than me: she let her go more reluctantly; it was Helen her eye followed to the door; it was for her she a second time breathed a sad sigh; for her she wiped a tear from her cheek.

On reaching the bedroom, we heard the voice of Miss Scatcherd: she was examining drawers; she had just pulled out Helen Burns's, and when we entered

Helen was greeted with a sharp reprimand, and told that to-morrow she should have half a dozen of untidily-folded articles pinned to her shoulder.

"My things were indeed in shameful disorder," murmured Helen to me, in a low voice: "I intended to have arranged them, but I forgot."

Next morning Miss Scatcherd wrote, in conspicuous characters on a piece of pasteboard, the word "Slattern," and bound it like a phylactery round Helen's large, mild, intelligent, and benign-looking forehead. She wore it till evening, patient, unresentful, regarding it as a deserved punishment. The moment Miss Scatcherd withdrew after afternoon-school, I ran to Helen, tore it off, and thrust it into the fire: the fury of which she was incapable had been burning in my soul all day, and tears, hot and large, had continually been scalding my cheek; for the spectacle of her sad resignation gave me an intolerable pain at the heart.

About a week subsequently to the incidents above narrated, Miss Temple, who had written to Mr. Lloyd, received his answer: it appeared that what he said went to corroborate my account. Miss Temple, having assembled the whole school, announced that inquiry had been made into the charges alleged against Jane Eyre, and that she was most happy to be able to pronounce her completely cleared from every imputation. The teachers then shook hands with me and kissed me, and a murmur of pleasure ran through the ranks of my companions.

Thus relieved of a grievous load, I from that hour set to work afresh, resolved to pioneer my way through every difficulty: I toiled hard, and my success was proportionate to my efforts; my memory, not naturally

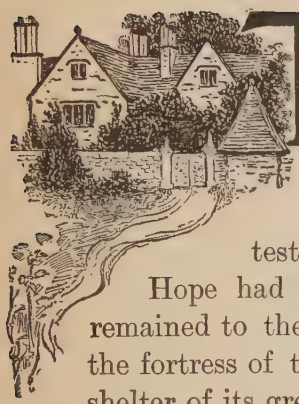
tenacious, improved with practice: exercise sharpened my wits; in a few weeks I was promoted to a higher class; in less than two months I was allowed to commence French and drawing. I learned the first two tenses of the verb *être*, and sketched my first cottage (whose walls, by the way, outrivalled in slope those of the leaning Tower of Pisa), on the same day. That night, on going to bed, I forgot to prepare in imagination the Barmecide supper of hot roast potatoes, of white bread and new milk, with which I was wont to amuse my inward cravings: I feasted instead on the spectacle of ideal drawings, which I saw in the dark: all the work of my own hands: freely pencilled houses and trees, picturesque rocks and ruins, Cuyp-like groups of cattle, sweet paintings of butterflies hovering over unblown roses, of birds picking at ripe cherries, of wrens' nests inclosing pearl-like eggs, wreathed about with young ivy sprays. I examined, too, in thought, the possibility of my ever being able to translate currently a certain little French story-book which Madame Pierrot had that day shown me; nor was that problem solved to my satisfaction ere I fell sweetly asleep.

Well has Solomon said, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

COQUETTE'S ARRIVAL

(From a Daughter of Heth.)

By WILLIAM BLACK.



THE tide of battle had flowed onward from the village to the Manse. The retreating party, consisting of the Minister's five sons, were driven back by force of numbers, contesting every inch of the ground. Hope had deserted them; and there now remained to them but the one chance — to reach the fortress of the Manse in safety, and seek the shelter of its great stone wall.

The enemy numbered over a dozen; and the clangor and clamor of the pursuit waxed stronger as they pressed on the small and compact body of five. The weapons on both sides were stones picked up from the moorland road; and the terrible aim of the Whaup — the eldest of the Minister's boys — had disfigured more than one mother's son of the turbulent crowd that pursued. He alone — a long-legged Herculean lad of eighteen — kept in front of his retreating brothers, facing the foe boldly, and directing his swift, successive

discharges with a deadly accuracy of curve upon the noses of the foremost. But his valor was of no avail. All seemed over. Their courage began to partake of the recklessness of despair. Nature seemed to sympathize with this disastrous fate; and to the excited eyes of the fugitives it appeared that the sun was overcast — that the moor around was blacker and more silent than ever — and that the far stretch of the sea, with the gloomy hills of Arran, had grown dark as if with a coming storm. Thus does the human mind confer an anthropomorphic sentiment on all things, animate and inanimate: a profound observation which occurred to Mr. Gillespie, the Schoolmaster, who, being on one occasion in the town of Ayr, when horse-racing or some such godless diversion was going forward, and having, in a very small and crowded hostelry, meekly inquired for some boiled eggs, was thus indignantly remonstrated with by the young woman in charge: "Losh bless me! Do ye think the hens can remember to lay eggs in all this bustle and hurry!"

Finally, the retreating party turned and ran — ignominiously, pell-mell — until they had gained the high stone wall surrounding the Manse. They darted into the garden, slammed the door to, and barricaded it; the Whaup sending up a peal of defiant laughter that made the solemn echoes of the old-fashioned house ring again. Outside this shriek of joy was taken as a challenge; and the party on the other side of the wall returned a roar of mingled mockery and anger which was not pleasant to hear. It meant a blockade and bombardment; with perhaps a fierce assault when the patience of the besiegers should give way. But the

Whaup was not of a kind to indulge in indolent security when his enemies were murmuring hard by. In an incredibly short space of time he and his brothers had wheeled up to the wall a couple of empty barrels, and across these was hurriedly thrown a broad plank. The Whaup filled his hands with the gravel of the garden walk, and jumped up on the board. The instant that his head appeared above the wall, there was a yell of execration. He had just time to discharge his two handfuls of gravel upon the besiegers, when a shower of stones was directed at him, and he ducked his head.

"This is famous!" he cried. "This is grand! It beats Josephus! Mair gravel, Jock — mair gravel, Jock!"

Now, in the Manse of Airlie, there was an edition of Josephus' works, in several volumes, which was the only profane reading allowed to the boys on Sunday. Consequently it was much studied — especially the plates of it; and one of these plates represented the siege of Jerusalem, with the Romans being killed by stones thrown from the wall. No sooner, therefore, had the Whaup mounted on the empty barrels, than his brothers recognized the position. They were called upon to engage in a species of warfare familiar to them. They formed themselves into line, and handed up to the Whaup successive supplies of stones and gravel, with a precision they could not have exceeded had they actually served in one of the legions of Titus.

The Whaup, however, dared not discharge his ammunition with regularity. He had to descend to feints; for he was in a most perilous position, and might at any moment have had his head rendered amorphous.

He therefore from time to time showed his hand over the wall; the expected volley of stones followed; and then he sprang up to return the compliment with all his might. Howls of rage greeted each of his efforts; and, indeed, the turmoil rose to an extraordinary pitch. The besiegers were furious. They were in an open position, while their foe was well intrenched; and no man can get a handful of gravel pitched into his face, and also preserve his temper. Revenge was out of the question. The sagacious Whaup never appeared when they expected him; and when he did appear, it was an instantaneous up and down, giving them no chance at all of doing him an injury. They raved and stormed; and the more bitterly they shouted names at him, and the more fiercely they heaped insults upon him, the more joyously he laughed. The noise, without and within, was appalling; never, in the memory of man, had such an uproar resounded around the quiet Manse of Airlie.

Suddenly there was a scared silence within the walls, and a rapid disappearance of the younger of the besieged.

"Oh, Tam, here's faither!" cried one.

But Tam — elsewhere named the Whaup — was too excited to hear. He was shouting and laughing, hurling gravel and stones at his enemies, when —

When a tall, stern-faced, gray-haired man, who wore a rusty black coat and a white neckcloth, and who bore in his hand, ominously, a horsewhip, walked firmly and sedately across the garden. The hero of the day was still on the barrels, taunting his foes, and helping himself to the store of ammunition which his colleagues had piled upon the plank.

"Who's lang-leggit now? Where are the Minister's chickens now? Why dinna you go and wash your noses in the burn?"

The next moment the Whaup uttered what can only be described as a squeal. He had not been expecting an attack from the rear; and there was fright as well as pain in the yell which followed the startling cut across the legs which brought him down. In fact, the lithe curl of the whip round his calves was at once a mystery and a horror; and he tumbled rather than jumped from the plank, only to find himself confronted by his father, whose threatening eye and terrible voice soon explained the mystery.

"How daur ye, sir," explained Mr. Cassilis, "how daur ye, sir, transform my house into a Bedlam! For shame, sir, that your years have brought ye no more sense than to caper wi' a lot of schoolboys. Have ye no more respect for yourself — have ye no more respect for the college you have come home from — than to behave yourself like a farm-callant, and make yourself the byword of the neighborhood? You are worse than the youngest in the house" —

"I didn't know you were in the Manse," said the Whaup, wondering whither his brothers had run.

"So much the worse — so much the worse," said the Minister, severely, "that ye have no better guide to your conduct than the fear o' being caught. Why, sir, when I was your age, I was busier with my Greek Testament than with flinging names at a wheen laddies!"

"It was mair than names, as ye might hae seen," remarked the Whaup, confidently.

Indeed, he was incorrigible, and the Minister turned away. His eldest son had plenty of brains, plenty of courage, and an excellent physique; but he could not be brought to acquire a sense of the proper gravity or duties of manhood, nor yet could he be prevailed on to lay aside the mischievous tricks of his youth. He was the terror of the parish. It was hoped that a winter at Glasgow University would tame down the Whaup; but he returned to Airlie worse than ever, and formed his innocent brothers into a regular band of marauders, of whom all honest people were afraid. The long-legged daredevil of the Manse, with his boldness, his cunning, and his agility, left neither garden, nor farm-yard, nor kitchen alone. Worthy villagers were tripped up by bits of invisible twine. Mysterious knocks on the window woke them at the dead of night. When they were surprised that the patience of their sitting hen did not meet with its usual reward, they found that chalk eggs had been substituted for the natural ones. Their cats came home with walnut-shells on their feet. Stable doors were unaccountably opened. Furious bulls were found lassoed, so that no man dare approach them. The work of the Whaup was every-where evident — it was always the Whaup. And then that young gentleman would come quietly into the villagers' houses, and chat pleasantly with them, and confide to them his great grief that his younger brother, Wattie — notwithstanding that people thought him a quiet, harmless, pious, and rather sneaking boy — was such a desperate hand for mischief. Some believed him; others reproached him for his wickedness in blaming his own sins upon the only one of the Min-

ister's family who had an appearance of Christian humility and grace.

When the Minister had gone into the house, the Whaup — in nowise downcast by his recent misfortune, although he still was aware of an odd sensation about the legs — mounted once more upon the barrels to reconnoitre the enemy. He had no wish to renew the fight; for Saturday was his father's day for study and meditation; no stir or sound was allowed in the place from morning till night; and certainly, had the young gentlemen of the Manse known that their father was indoors, they would have let the village boys rave outside in safety. Cool and confident as he was, the Whaup did not care to bring his father out a second time; and so he got up on the barricades merely for the sake of information.

The turmoil had evidently quieted down, partly through the ignominious silence of the besieged, and partly through the appearance of a new object of public attention. The heads of the dozen lads outside were now turned towards the village, whence there was seen coming along the road the Minister's dog-cart, driven by his ancient henchman, Andrew Bogue. Beside the driver sat some fair creature in fluttering white and yellow — an apparition that seldom met the vision of the inhabitants of Airlie. The Whaup knew that this young lady was his cousin from France, who was now, being an orphan, and having completed her education, coming to live at the Manse. But who was the gentleman behind, who sat with his arm flung carelessly over the bar, while he smiled and chatted to the girl, who had half turned round to listen to him?

"Why, it is Lord Earlshope," said the Whaup, with his handsome face suddenly assuming a frown. "What business has Earlshope to talk to my cousin?"

Presently the gentleman let himself down from the dog-cart, took off his hat to her who had been his companion, and turned and went along the road again. The dog-cart drove up to the door. The Whaup, daring his enemies to touch him, went out boldly, and proceeded to welcome the new-comer to Airlie.

"I suppose you are my cousin," he said.

"I suppose I am," said the young girl, speaking with an accent so markedly French that he looked at her in astonishment. But then she, in turn, regarded him for a moment with a pair of soft dark eyes, and he forgot her accent. He vaguely knew that she had smiled to him; and that the effect of the smile was rather bewildering — as he assisted her down from the dog-cart, and begged her to come in through the garden.

The Whaup was convinced that he had never seen upon earth, nor yet in his Sunday-morning dreams of what heaven might be like, any creature half so beautiful, and bewitching, and graceful, as the young girl who now walked beside him. Yet he could not tell in what lay her especial charm; for, regarding her with the eye of a critic, the Whaup observed that she was full of defects. Her face was pale and French-looking; and, instead of the rosy bloom of a pretty country lass, there was a tinge of southern sun over her complexion. Then her hair was in obvious disorder — some ragged ends of silky brown, scattered over her forehead in Sir Peter Lely fashion, being surmounted by a piece of

yellow silk ribbon; while there were big masses behind that only partially revealed a shapely neck. Then her eyes, though they were dark and expressive, had nothing of the keen and merry look of your bouncing country belle. Nor was there anything majestic in her appearance; although, to be sure, she walked with an ease and grace which gave even to an observer a sense of suppleness and pleasure. Certainly, it was not her voice which had captivated him; for when he had first heard her absurd accent, he had nearly burst out laughing. Notwithstanding all which, when she turned the pale, pretty, foreign face to him, and when she said, with a smile that lit up the dark eyes and showed a glimpse of pearly teeth — "It rains not always in your country, then?" — he remarked no stiffness in her speech, but thought she spoke in music. He could scarcely answer her. He had already succumbed to the spell of the soft eyes and the winning voice that had earned for this young lady, when she was but four years of age, the unfair name of Coquette.

"Do you know Lord Earlshope?" he said, abruptly.

She turned to him with a brief glance of surprise. It seemed to him that every alteration in her manner — every new position of her figure — was an improvement.

"That gentleman who did come with us? No; I do not know him."

"You were talking to him as if you did know him very well," said the Whaup, sternly. He was beginning to suspect this cousin of his of being a deceitful young thing.

"I had great pleasure of speaking to him. He speaks French — he is very agreeable."

"Look here," said the Whaup, with a sudden knitting of his brow, "I won't have you talk to Earlshope, if you live in this house. Now, mind!"

"What!" she cried, with a look of amused wonder. "I do think you are jealous of me already. You will make me — what is it called? *vaniteuse.* Is it not a lark!"

She smiled as she looked at her new cousin. The Whaup began to recall German legends of the devil appearing in the shape of a beautiful woman.

"Ladies in this country don't use expressions like that," said he; adding scornfully, "if that is a French custom, you'd better forget it."

"Is it not right to say 'a lark'?" she asked, gravely. "Papa used to say that, and mamma and I got much of our English from him. I will not say it again, if you wish."

"Did you call it English?" said the Whaup, with some contempt.

At this moment the Minister came out from the door of the Manse, and approached his niece. She ran to him, took both his hands in hers, and then suddenly, and somewhat to his discomfiture, kissed him; while in the excitement of the moment she forgot to speak her broken English, and showered upon him a series of pretty phrases and questions in French.

"Dear me!" he observed, in a bewildered way.

"She is a witch," said the Whaup to himself, standing by, and observing with an angry satisfaction that this incomprehensible foreigner, no matter what she did or said, was momentarily growing more graceful. The charm of her appearance increased with every new look

of her face, with every new gesture of her head. And when she suddenly seemed to perceive that her uncle had not understood a word of her tirade — and when, with a laugh and a blush, she threw out her pretty hands in a dramatic way, and gave ever so slight a shrug with her small shoulders — the picture of her confusion and embarrassment was perfect.

"Oh, she is an actress — I hate actresses!" said the Whaup.

Meanwhile his cousin recovered herself and began to translate into stiff and curious English (watching her pronunciation carefully) the rapid French she had been pouring out. But her uncle interrupted her, and said —

"Come into the house first, my bairn, and we will have the story of your journey afterwards. Dear me, I began to think ye could speak nothing but that unintelligible Babel o' a tongue."

So he led her into the house, the Whaup following; and Catherine Cassilis, whom they had been taught by letter to call Coquette, looked round upon her new home.

She was the only daughter of the Minister's only brother, a young man who had left Scotland in his teens, and never returned. He had been such another as the Whaup in his youth, only that his outrages upon the decorum of his native village had been of a somewhat more serious kind. His family were very glad when he went abroad; and when they did subsequently hear of him they heard no good. Indeed, a very moderate amount of wildishness became something terrible when rumored through the quiet of Airlie; and the

younger Cassilis was looked on as the prodigal son, whom no one was anxious to see again. At length the news came that he had married some foreign woman — and this put a climax to his wickedness. It is true that the captain of a Greenock ship, having been at St. Nazaire, had there met Mr. Cassilis, who had taken his countryman home to his house, some few miles further along the banks of the Loire. The captain carried to Greenock, and to Airlie, the news that the Minister's brother was the most fortunate of men. The French lady he had married was of the most gracious temperament, and had the sweetest looks. She had brought her husband a fine estate on the Loire, where he lived like a foreign prince, not like the brother of a parish minister. They had a daughter — an elf, a fairy, with dark eyes and witching ways — who lisped French with the greatest ease in the world. Old Gavin Cassilis, the Minister, heard, and was secretly rejoiced. He corresponded, in his grave and formal fashion, with his brother; but he would not undertake a voyage to a country that had abandoned itself to infidelity. The Minister knew no France but the France of the Revolution time; and so powerfully had he been impressed in his youth by the stories of the worship of the Goddess of Reason, that, while the ancient languages were as familiar to him as his own, while he knew enough of Italian to read the Inferno, and had mastered even the technicalities of the German theologians, nothing would ever induce him to study French. It was a language abhorred — it had lent itself to the most monstrous apostasy of recent times.

The mother and father of Coquette died within a few

hours of each other, cut off by a fever which was raging over the south of France; and the girl, according to their wish, was sent to school in the neighborhood, where she remained until she was eighteen. She was then transferred to the care of her only living relative — Mr. Gavin Cassilis, the parish Minister of Airlie. She had never seen anything of Scotland or of her Scotch relations. The life that awaited her was quite unknown to her. She had no dread of the possible consequences of removing her thoroughly southern nature into the chiller social atmosphere of the north. So far, indeed, her journey had been a pleasant one; and she saw nothing to make her apprehensive of the future. She had been met at the railway station by the Minister's man, Andrew; but she had no opportunity of noticing his more than gloomy temperament, or the scant civility he was inclined to bestow on a foreign jade who was dressed so that all the men turned and looked at her as though she had been a snare of Satan. For they had scarcely left the station, and were making their way upward to the higher country, when they overtook Lord Earlshope, who was riding leisurely along, Andrew — much as he contemned the young nobleman, who had not the best of reputations in the district — touched his cap, as in duty bound. His lordship glanced with a look of surprise and involuntary admiration at the young lady who sat on the dog-cart; and then he rode forward and said —

"May I have the pleasure of introducing myself to Mr. Cassilis' niece? I hope I am not mistaken."

With a frankness which appalled Andrew — who considered this boldness on the part of an unmarried

woman to be indicative of the licentiousness of French manners — the young lady replied; and in a few minutes Lord Earlshope had succeeded in drawing her into a pleasant conversation in her own tongue. Nay, when they had reached Earlshope, he insisted that Miss Cassilis should enter the gate and drive through the park, which ran parallel with the road. He himself was forced to leave his horse with the lodgekeeper, the animal having mysteriously become lame on ascending the hill; but, with a careless apology and a laugh, the fair-haired young gentleman jumped on to the dog-cart behind, and begged Andrew for a "lift" as far as the Manse.

Andrew thought it was none of his business. Had his companion been an ordinarily sober and discreet young woman, he would not have allowed her to talk so familiarly with this graceless young lord; but, said the Minister's man to himself, they were well met.

"They jabbered away in their foreign lingo," said Andrew, that evening, to his wife Leezibeth, the housekeeper, "and I'm thinking it was siccan a language was talked in Sodom and Gomorrah. And he was a' smiles, and she was a' smiles; and they seemed to think nae shame o' themselves, goin' through a decent country-side. It's a dispensation, Leezibeth; that's what it is — a dispensation — this hussy coming amang us wi' her French silks and satins, and her deevlish license o' talkin' like a play-actor."

"Andrew, my man," said Leezibeth, with a touch of spite (for she had become rather a partisan of the stranger) "she'll no be the only lang tongue we hae in the parish. And what ails ye at her talking, if

ye dinna understand it? As for her silks and her satins, the Queen on the throne couldna set them off better."

"Didna I tell ye!" said Andrew, eagerly, "the carnal eye is attracted already. She has cast her wiles owre ye, Leezibeth. It's a temptation."

"Will the body be quiet?" said Leezibeth, with rising anger. "He's fair out o' his wits to think that a woman come to my time o' life should be thinking o' silks and satins for mysel'. 'Deed, Andrew, there's no much fear o' my spending siller on finery, when ye never see a bawbee without running for an auld stocking to hide it in!"

Oddly enough, Andrew was at first the only one of them who apprehended any evil from the arrival of the young girl who had come to pass her life among people very dissimilar from herself. The simplicity and frankness of her manner towards Lord Earlshope he exaggerated to nothing short of license; and his "dour" imagination had already perceived in her some strange resemblance to the Scarlet Woman, the Mother of Abominations, who sat on the seven hills and mocked at the saints. Andrew was a morbid and morose man, of Seceder descent; and he had inherited a tinge of the old Cameronian feeling, not often met with now-a-days. He felt it incumbent on him to be a sort of living protest in the Manse against the temporizing and feeble condition of theological opinion he found there. He looked upon Mr. Cassilis as little else than a "Moderate"; and even made bold upon rare occasions, to confront the minister himself.

"Andrew," said Mr. Cassilis one day, "you are a

rebellious servant, and one that would intemperately disturb the peace o' the Church."

"In nowise, Minister, in nowise," retorted Andrew, with firmness. "But in maitters spiritual I will yield obedience to no man. There is but one King in Sion, sir, for a' that a dominant and Erastian Estayblishment may say."

"Toots, toots," said the Minister, testily. "Let the Establishment alone, Andrew. It does more good than harm, surely."

"Maybe, maybe," replied Andrew (with an uncomfortable feeling that the Establishment had supplied him with the carnal advantages of a good situation), "but I am not wan that would rub out the ancient landmarks o' the faith which our fathers suffered for, and starved for, and bled for. The auld religion is dying out owre fast as it is, but there is still a remnant o' Jacob among the Gentiles, and they are not a' like Nicodemus, that was ashamed o' the truth that was in him, and bided until the nicht."

It was well, therefore, that this fearless denouncer did not hear the following conversation which took place between the minister and his niece. The latter had been conducted by Leezibeth to see the rooms prepared for her. With these she was highly delighted. A large chamber, which had served as a domitory for the boys, was now transformed into a sitting-room for her, and the boys' beds had been carried into a neighboring hayloft, which had been cleared out for the purpose. In this sitting-room she found her piano, which had been sent on some days before, and a number of other treasures from her southern home. There were two small square windows

in the room; and they looked down upon the garden, with its moss-grown wall, and, beyond that, over a corner of Airlie moor, and, beyond that again, towards the sloping and wooded country which stretched away to the western coast. A faint gray breadth of sea was visible there; and the island of Arran, with its peaked mountains grown a pale, transparent blue, lay along the horizon.

"Ye might hae left that music-box in France," said Leezibeth. "It's better fitted for there than here."

"I could not live without it," said Coquette, with a quiet smile.

"Then I'd advise ye no to open it the day, which is a day o' preparation for the solemn services o' the Sabbath. The denner is on the table, miss."

The young lady went down-stairs and took her place at the table, all the boys staring at her with open mouth and eyes. It was during her talk with the Minister that she casually made a remark about "the last time she had gone to mass."

Consternation sat upon every face. Even the Minister looked shocked, and asked her if she had been brought up a Roman.

"A Catholic? Yes," said Coquette, simply, and yet looking strangely at the faces of the boys. They had never before had a Catholic come among them unawares.

"I am deeply grieved and pained," said the Minister, gravely. "I knew not that my brother had been a pervert from the communion of our Church —"

"Papa was not a Catholic," said Coquette. "Mamma and I were. But it matters nothing. I will go to your church — it is the same to me."

"But," said the Minister, in amazement and horror, "it is worse that you should be so indifferent than that you should be a Catholic. Have you never been instructed as to the all-importance of your religious faith?"

"I do not know much — but I will learn, if you please," she said. "I have only tried to be kind to the people around me — that is all. I will learn if you will teach me. I will be what you like."

"Her ignorance is lamentable," muttered the Minister to himself; and the boys looked at her askance and

with fear. Perhaps she was a secret friend and ally of the Pope himself.

But the Whaup, who had been inclined to show an independent contempt for his new cousin, no sooner saw her get into trouble, than he startled everybody by exclaiming, warmly—

"She has got the best part of all religions, if she does her best to the people round about her."

"Thomas," said the Minister, severely, "you are not competent to judge of these things."

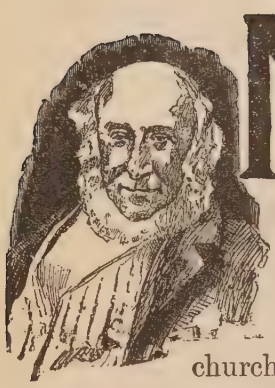
But Coquette looked at the lad, and saw that his face

was burning; and she thanked him with her expressive eyes. Another such glance would have made the Whaup forswear his belief in the Gunpowder Plot; and as it was, he began to cherish wild notions about Roman Catholicism. That was the first result of Coquette's arrival at Airlie.

JOHN RIDD'S SCHOOL DAYS

(From Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor.)

By R. D. BLACKMORE.



MY father being of good substance, at least as we reckon in Exmoor, and seized in his own right, from many generations, of one, and that the best and largest, of the three farms into which our parish is divided (or rather the cultured part thereof) he, John Ridd, the elder, church-warden and overseer, being a great admirer of learning, and well able to write his name, sent me, his only son, to be schooled at Tiverton, in the county of Devon. For the chief boast of that ancient town (next to its woollen staple) is a worthy grammar-school, the largest in the west of England, founded and handsomely endowed in the year 1604 by Master Peter Blundell, of that same place, clothier.

Here, by the time I was twelve years old, I had risen into the upper school, and could make bold with Eutropius and Cæsar — by aid of an English version — and as much as six lines of Ovid. Some even said that I

might, before manhood, rise almost to the third form, being of a persevering nature; albeit, by full consent of all (except my mother), thick-headed. But that would have been, as I now perceive, an ambition beyond a farmer's son; for there is but one form above it, and that made of masterful scholars, entitled rightly "monitors." So it came to pass, by the grace of God, that I was called away from learning while sitting at the desk of the junior first in the upper school, and beginning the Greek verb τύπτω.

My eldest grandson makes bold to say that I never could have learned φιλέω, ten pages farther on, being all he himself could manage, with plenty of stripes to help him. I know that he hath more head than I — though never will he have such body: and am thankful to have stopped betimes, with a meek and wholesome head-piece.

But if you doubt of my having been there, because now I know so little, go and see my name, "John Ridd," graven on that very form. Forsooth, from the time I was strong enough to open a knife and to spell my name, I began to grave it in the oak, first of the block whereon I sat, and then of the desk in front of it, according as I was promoted from one to other of them; and there my grandson reads it now, at this present time of writing, and hath fought a boy for scoffing at it — "John Ridd his name" — and done again in "winkeys," a mischievous but cheerful device, in which we took great pleasure.

This is the manner of a "winkey," which I here set down, lest child of mine, or grandchild, dare to make one on my premises; if he does, I shall know the mark at once, and score it well upon him. The scholar

obtains by prayer or price, a handful of saltpetre, and then with the knife, wherewith he should rather be trying to mend his pens, what does he do but scoop a hole where the desk is some three inches thick. This hole should be left with the middle exalted, and the circumference dug more deeply. Then let him fill it with saltpetre, all save a little space in the midst, where the boss of the wood is. Upon that boss (and it will be the better if a splinter of timber rise upward) he sticks the end of his candle of tallow or "rat's tail," as we called it, kindled and burning smoothly. Anon, as he reads by that light his lesson, lifting his eyes now and then, it may be, the fire of the candle lays hold of the petre with a spluttering noise and a leaping. Then should the pupil seize his pen, and, regardless of the nib, stir bravely, he will see a glow as of burning mountains, and a rich smoke, and sparks going merrily; nor will it cease, if he stir wisely, and there be good store of petre, until the wood is devoured through, like the sinking of a well-shaft. Now well may it go with the head of a boy intent upon his primer, who betides to sit thereunder! But, above all things, have good care to exercise this art before the master strides up to his desk, in the early gray of the morning.

Other customs, no less worthy, abide in the school of Blundell, such as the singeing of nightcaps; but though they have a pleasant savor, and refreshing to think of, I may not stop to note them, unless it be that goodly one at the incoming of a flood. The schoolhouse stands beside a stream, not very large, called "Lowman," which flows into the broad river of Exe, about a mile below. This Lowman stream, although it be not fond of brawl

and violence (in the manner of our Lynn), yet is wont to flood into a mighty head of waters when the storms of rain provoke it; and most of all when its little co-mate, called the "Taunton Brook" — where I have plucked the very best cresses that ever man put salt on — comes foaming down like a great roan horse, and rears at the leap of the hedgerows. Then are the gray stone walls of Blundell on every side encompassed, the vale is spread over with looping waters, and it is a hard thing for the day-boys to get home to their suppers.

And in that time the porter, old Cop (so called because he hath copper boots to keep the wet from his stomach, and a nose of copper also, in right of other waters), his place is to stand at the gate, attending to the flood-boards, grooved into one another, and so to watch the torrents rise, and not to be washed away, if it please God he may help it. But long ere the flood hath attained this height, and while it is only waxing, certain boys of deputy will watch at the stoop of the drain-holes, and be apt to look outside the walls when Cop is taking a cordial. And in the very front of the gate, just without the archway, where the ground is paved most handsomely, you may see in copy-letters done a great P. B. of white pebbles. Now it is the custom and the law that when the invading waters, either fluxing along the wall from below the road-bridge, or pouring sharply across the meadows from a cut called "Owen's Ditch" — and I myself have seen it come both ways — upon the very instant when the waxing element lips, though it be but a single pebble of the founder's letters, it is in the license of any boy, soever small and undoctrined, to rush into the great school-

rooms, where a score of masters sit heavily, and scream at the top of his voice, "P. B."

Then, with a yell, the boys leap up; or break away from their standing; they toss their caps to the black-beamed roof, and haply the very books after them; and the great boys vex no more the small ones, and the small boys stick up to the great ones. One with another, hard they go, to see the gain of the waters, and the tribulation of Cop, and are prone to kick the day-boys out, with words of scanty compliment. Then the masters look at one another, having no class to look to, and (boys being no more left to watch) in a manner they put their mouths up. With a spirited bang they close their books, and make invitation the one to the other for pipes and foreign cordials, recommending the chance of the time, and the comfort away from cold water.

But, lo! I am dwelling on little things and the pigeons' eggs of the infancy, forgetting the bitter and heavy life gone over me since then. If I am neither a hard man nor a very close one, God knows I have had no lack of rubbing and pounding to make stone of me. Yet can I not somehow believe that we ought to hate one another, to live far asunder, and block the mouth each of his little den, as do the wild beasts of the wood, and the hairy outangs now brought over, each with a chain upon him. Let that matter be as it will. It is beyond me to unfold, and mayhap of my grandson's grandson. All I know is that wheat is better than when I began to sow it.

Now the cause of my leaving Tiverton School, and the way of it, were as follows: On the 29th day of Novem-

ber, in the year of our Lord 1673, the very day when I was twelve years old, and had spent all my substance in sweetmeats, with which I made treat to the little boys, till the large boys ran in and took them, we came out of school at five o'clock, as the rule is upon Tuesdays. According to custom, we drove the day-boys in brave rout down the causeway from the school-porch even to the gate where Cop has his dwelling and duty. Little it recked us and helped them less, that they were our founder's citizens, and haply his own grand-nephews (for he left no direct descendants), neither did we much inquire what their lineage was; for it had long been fixed among us, who were of the house and chambers, that these same day-boys were all "caddes," as we had discovered to call it, because they paid no groat for their schooling, and brought their own commons with them. In consumption of these we would help them, for our fare in hall fed appetite: and while we ate their victuals we allowed them freely to talk to us. Nevertheless, we could not feel, when all the victuals were gone, but that these boys required kicking from the premises of Blundell. And some of them were shopkeepers' sons, young grocers, fellmongers, and poulterers, and these, to their credit, seemed to know how righteous it was to kick them. But others were of high families, as any need be, in Devon — Carews, and Bouchers, and Bastards, and some of these would turn sometimes, and strike the boy that kicked them. But to do them justice, even these knew that they must be kicked for not paying.

After these "charity-boys" were gone, as in contumely we called them — "If you break my bag on my head," said one, "whence will you dine to-morrow?" — and

after old Cop with clang of iron had jammed the double gates in under the scrub-stone archway, whereupon are Latin verses, done in brass of small quality, some of us who were not hungry, and cared not for the supper-bell, having sucked much parliament and dumps at my only charges — not that I ever bore much wealth, but, because I had been thrifting it for this time of my birth — we were leaning quite at dusk against the iron bars of the gate, some six, or it may be seven of us, small boys all, and not conspicuous in the closing of the daylight and the fog that came at eventide, else Cop would have rated us up the green, for he was churly to little boys when his wife had taken their money. There was plenty of room for all of us, for the gate will hold nine boys close-packed, unless they are fed rankly, whereof is little danger; and now we were looking out on the road and wishing we could get there; hoping, moreover, to see a good string of pack-horses come by, with troopers to protect them. For the day-boys had brought us word that some intending their way to the town had lain that morning at Sampford Peveril, and must be in ere nightfall, because Mr. Faggus was after them. Now Mr. Faggus was my first cousin, and an honor to the family, being a North-Molton man of great renown on the highway from Barum town even to London. Therefore, of course, I hoped that he would catch the pack-men, and the boys were asking my opinion, as of an oracle, about it.

A certain boy leaning up against me would not allow me elbow room, and struck me very sadly in the stomach part, though his own was full of my parliament. And this I felt so unkindly, that I smote him

JOHN FRY ON HIS WAY TO TIVERTON SCHOOL.

straightway in the face without tarrying to consider it, or weighing the question duly. Upon this he put his head down, and presented it so vehemently at the middle of my waistcoat, that for a minute or more my breath seemed dropped, as it were, from my pockets, and my life seemed to stop from great want of ease. Before I came to myself again, it had been settled for us that we should move to the "Ironing-box," as the triangle of turf is called where the two causeways coming from the school-porch and the hall-porch meet, and our fights are mainly celebrated; only we must wait until the convoy of horses had passed, and then make a ring by candle-light, and the other boys would like it. But suddenly there came round the post where the letters of our founder are, not from the way of Taunton, but from the side of Lowman Bridge, a very small string of horses, only two indeed (counting for one the pony), and a red-faced man on the bigger nag.

"Plaise ye, worshipful masters," he said, being feared of the gateway, "carn 'e tull whur our Jan Ridd be?"

"Hyur a be, ees fai, Jan Ridd," answered a sharp little chap, making game of John Fry's language.

"Zhow un up, then," says John Fry, poking his whip through the bars at us; "zhow un up, and putt un aowt."

The other little chaps pointed at me, and some began to halloo; but I knew what I was about.

"Oh, John, John," I cried, "what's the use of your coming now, and Peggy over the moors, too, and it so cruel cold for her? The holidays don't begin till Wednesday fortnight, John. To think of your not knowing that!"

John Fry leaned forward in the saddle, and turned his eyes away from me; and then there was a noise in his throat like a snail crawling on a window-pane.

"Oh, us knaws that wull enough, Maister Jan; reckon every Oare-man knaw that, without go to skoo-ull, like you doth. Your moother have kept arl the apples up, and old Betty toorned the black puddens, and none dare set trap for a blackbird. Arl for thee, led; every bit of it now for thee!"

He checked himself suddenly, and frightened me. I knew that John Fry's ways so well.

"And father, and father — oh, how is father?" I pushed the boys right and left as I said it. "John, is father up in town? He always used to come for me, and leave nobody else to do it."

"Vayther'll be at the crooked post, tother side o' telling-house.[1] Her coodn't lave 'ouze by raison of the Christma bakkon comin' on, and zome o' the cider welted."

He looked at the nag's ears as he said it, and, being up to John Fry's ways, I knew that it was a lie. And my heart fell like a lump of lead, and I leaned back on the stay of the gate, and longed no more to fight anybody. A sort of dull power hung over me like the cloud of a brooding tempest, and I feared to be told anything. I did not even care to stroke the nose of my pony Peggy, although she pushed it in through the rails, where a square of broader lattice is, and sniffed at me, and began to crop gently after my fingers. But whatever lives or dies, business must be attended to;

[1] The "telling-houses" on the moor are rude cots where the shepherds meet to "tell" their sheep at the end of the pasturing season.

and the principal business of good Christians is, beyond all controversy, to fight with one another.

"Come up, Jack," said one of the boys, lifting me under the chin; "he hit you, and you hit him, you know."

"Pay your debts before you go," said a monitor, striding up to me, after hearing how the honor lay; "Ridd, you must go through with it."

"Fight, for the sake of the junior first," cried the little fellow in my ear, the clever one, the head of our class, who had mocked John Fry, and knew all about the aorists, and tried to make me know it; but I never went more than three paces up, and then it was an accident, and I came down after dinner. The boys were urgent round me to fight, though my stomach was not up for it; and being very slow of wit (which is not chargeable on me), I looked from one to the other of them, seeking any cure for it. Not that I was afraid of fighting, for now I had been three years at Blundell's, and foughten, all that time, a fight at least once every week, till the boys began to know me; only that the load on my heart was not sprightly as of the hayfield. It was a very sad thing to dwell on; but even now, in my time of wisdom, I doubt it is a fond thing to imagine, and a motherly to insist upon, that boys can do without fighting. Unless they be very good boys, and afraid of one another.

"Nay," I said, with my back against the wrought-iron stay of the gate, which was socketed into Cop's housefront: "I will not fight thee now, Robin Snell, but wait till I come back again."

"Take coward's blow, Jack Ridd, then," cried half a

dozen little boys, shoving Bob Snell forward to do it; because they all knew well enough, having striven with me ere now, and proved me to be their master — they knew, I say, that without great change I would never accept that contumely. But I took little heed of them, looking in dull wonderment at John Fry, and Smiler, and the blunderbuss, and Peggy. John Fry was scratching his head, I could see, and getting blue in the face, by the light from Cop's parlor window, and going to and fro upon Smiler, as if he were hard set with it. And all the time he was looking briskly from my eyes to the fist I was clinching, and methought he tried to wink at me in a covert manner; and then Peggy whisked her tail.

"Shall I fight, John?" I said at last; "I would an you had not come, John."

"Chraist's will be done; I zim thee had better faight, Jan," he answered, in a whisper, through the gridiron of the gate; "there be a dale of faighting avore thee. Best wai to begun gude taime laike. Wull the geatman latt me in, to zee as thee hast vair plai, lad?"

He looked doubtfully down at the color of his cow-skin boots, and the mire upon the horses, for the sloughs were exceeding mucky. Peggy, indeed, my sorrel pony, being lighter of weight, was not crusted much over the shoulders; but Smiler (our youngest sledder) had been well in over his withers, and none would have deemed him a piebald, save of red mire and black mire. The great blunderbuss, moreover, was choked with a dollop of slough cake, and John Fry's sad-colored Sunday hat was indued with a plume of marish-weed. All this I saw while he was dismount-

ing, heavily and wearily, lifting his leg from the saddle-cloth as if with a sore crick in his back.

By this time the question of fighting was gone quite out of our own discretion; for sundry of the elder boys, grave and reverend signors, who had taken no small pleasure in teaching our hands to fight, to ward, to parry, to feign and counter, to lunge in the manner of sword-play, and the weaker child to drop on one knee when no cunning of fence might baffle the onset — these great masters of the art, who would far liefer see us little ones practise it than themselves engage, six or seven of them came running down the rounded causeway, having heard that there had arisen "a snug little mill" at the gate. Now whether that word hath origin in a Greek term meaning a conflict, as the best-read boys asseverated, or whether it is nothing more than a figure of similitude, from the beating arms of a mill, such as I have seen in counties where are no water-brooks, but folk make bread with wind — it is not for a man devoid of scholarship to determine. Enough that they who made the ring intituled the scene a "mill," while he who must be thumped inside it tried to rejoice in their pleasantry, till it turned upon the stomach.

Moreover, I felt upon me now a certain responsibility, a dutiful need to maintain, in the presence of John Fry, the manliness of the Ridd family, and the honor of Exmoor. Hitherto none had worsted me, although in the three years of my schooling I had fought more than threescore battles, and bedewed with blood every plant of grass toward the middle of the Ironing-box. And this success I owed at first to no skill of my own, until

I came to know better; for up to twenty or thirty fights, I struck as nature guided me, no wiser than a father-long-legs in the heat of a lantern; but I had conquered, partly through my native strength and the Exmoor toughness in me, and still more that I could not see when I had gotten my bellyful. But now I was like to have that and more; for my heart was down, to begin with; and then Robert Snell was a bigger boy than I had ever encountered, and as thick in the skull and hard in the brain as even I could claim to be.

I had never told my mother a word about these frequent strivings, because she was soft-hearted; neither had I told my father, because he had not seen it. Therefore, beholding me still an innocent-looking child, with fair curls on my forehead, and no store of bad language, John Fry thought this was the very first fight that ever had befallen me; and so when they let him in at the gate, "with a message to the head-master," as one of the monitors told Cop, and Peggy and Smiler were tied to the railings till I should be through my business, John comes up to me with the tears in his eyes, and says, "Doon't thee goo for to do it, Jan; doon't thee do it, for gude now." But I told him that now it was much too late to cry off; so he said, "The Lord be with thee, Jan, and turn thy thumb-knuckle inward."

It is not a very large piece of ground in the angle of the causeways, but quite big enough to fight upon, especially for Christians, who love to be cheek by jowl at it. The great boys stood in a circle around, being gifted with strong privilege, and the little boys had

leave to lie flat and look through the legs of the great boys. But while we were yet preparing, and the candles hissed in the fog cloud, old Phœbe, of more than fourscore years, whose room was over the hall-porch, came hobbling out, as she always did, to mar the joy of the conflict. No one ever heeded her, neither did she expect it; but the evil was that two senior boys must always lose the first round of the fight by having to lead her home again.

I marvel how Robin Snell felt. Very likely he thought nothing of it, always having been a boy of a hectoring and unruly sort. But I felt my heart go up and down as the boys came round to strip me; and greatly fearing to be beaten, I blew hot upon my knuckles. Then I pulled off my little cut jerkin and laid it down on my head cap, and over that my waistcoat, and a boy was proud to take care of them. Thomas Hooper was his name, and I remember how he looked at me. My mother had made that little cut jerkin in the quiet winter evenings, and taken pride to loop it up in a fashionable way, and I was loath to soil it with blood, and good filberts were in the pocket. Then up to me came Robin Snell (Mayor of Exeter thrice since that), and he stood very square, and looked at me, and I lacked not long to look at him. Roünd his waist he had a kerchief busking up his small-clothes, and on his feet light pumpkin shoes, and all his upper raiment off. And he danced about in a way that made my head swim on my shoulders, and he stood some inches over me. But I, being muddled with much doubt about John Fry and his errand, was only stripped of my jerkin and waistcoat, and not comfortable to begin.

"Come now, shake hands," cried a big boy, jumping in joy of the spectacle, a third-former nearly six feet high; "shake hands, you little devils. Keep your pluck up, and show good sport, and Lord love the better man of you."

Robin took me by the hand, and gazed at me disdainfully, and then smote me painfully in the face, ere I could get my fence up.

"Whutt be 'bout, lad?" cried John Fry; "hutt un again, Jan, wull 'e? Well done, then, our Jan boy."

For I had replied to Robin, now, with all the weight and cadence of penthemimeral cæsura (a thing, the name of which I know, but could never make head nor tail of it), and the strife began in a serious style, and the boys looking on were not cheated. Although I could not collect their shouts when the blows were wringing upon me, it was no great loss; for John Fry told me afterward that their oaths went up like a furnace fire. But to these we paid no heed or hap, being in the thick of swinging, and devoid of judgment. All I know is, I came to my corner when the round was over, with very hard pumps in my chest, and a great desire to fall away.

"Time is up," cried head-monitor ere ever I got my breath again, and when I fain would have lingered a while on the knee of the boy that held me. John Fry had come up, and the boys were laughing because he wanted a stable-lantern, and threatened to tell my mother.

"Time is up," cried another boy, more headlong than head-monitor. "If we count three before the come of thee, thwacked thou art, and must go to the women."

I felt it hard upon me. He began to count: "one, two, three" — but before the "three" was out of his mouth, I was facing my foe, with both hands up, and my breath going rough and hot, and resolved to wait the turn of it. For I had found seat on the knee of a boy sage and skilled to tutor me, who knew how much the end often differs from the beginning. A rare, ripe scholar he was; and now he hath routed up the Germans in the matter of criticism. Sure the clever boys and men have most love toward the stupid ones.

"Finish him off, Bob," cried a big boy, and that I noticed especially, because I thought it unkind of him, after eating of my toffee as he had that afternoon; "finish him off neck and crop; he deserves it for sticking up to a man like you."

But I was not to be finished off, though feeling in my knuckles now as if it were a blueness and a sense of chilblain. Nothing held except my legs, and they were good to help me. So this bout, or round, if you please, was foughten warily by me, with gentle recollection of what my tutor, the clever boy, had told me, and some resolve to earn his praise before I came back to his knee again. And never, I think, in all my life, sounded sweeter words in my ears (except when my love loved me) than when my second and backer, who had made himself part of my doings now, and would have wept to see me beaten, said, —

"Famously done, Jack, famously! Only keep your wind up, Jack, and you'll go right through him!"

Meanwhile, John Fry was prowling about, asking the boys what they thought of it, and whether I was like to be killed, because of my mother's trouble. But find-

ing now that I had foughten threescore fights already, he came up to me wofully, in the quickness of my breathing, while I sat on the knee of my second, with a piece of spongious coralline to ease me of my blood-shed, and he says in my ears, as if he were clapping spurs into a horse, —

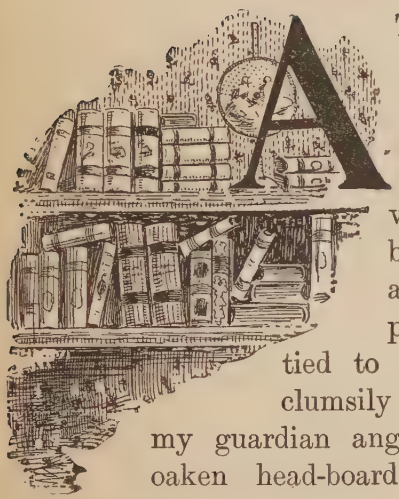
"Never thee knack under, Jan, or never coom naigh Hexmoor no more."

With that it was all up with me. A simmering buzzed in my heavy brain, and a light came through my eye-places. At once I set both fists again, and my heart stuck to me like cobbler's wax. Either Robin Snell should kill me, or I would conquer Robin Snell. So I went in again with my courage up, and Bob came smiling for victory, and I hated him for smiling. He let at me with his left hand, and I gave him my right between his eyes, and he blinked, and was not pleased with it. I feared him not, and spared him not, neither spared myself. My breath came again, and my heart stood cool, and my eyes struck fire no longer. Only I knew that I would die sooner than shame my birth-place. How the rest of it was I know not; only that I had the end of it, and helped to put Robin in bed.

A RUSSIAN BOY'S TUTOR

(From Childhood.)

By COUNT L. N. TOLSTOÏ.



AT seven o'clock in the morning of the third day after my tenth birthday — when I got such splendid presents, Karl Ivánovitch woke me up suddenly by striking at a fly just above my head with a flapper made out of sugar paper tied to a stick. He did this so clumsily that he hit the picture of my guardian angel, which hangs on the oaken head-board and the dead fly fell straight down on my head.

I thrust my nose out from under the spread, steadied the still rocking picture, knocked the dead fly on the floor, and looked at Karl Ivánovitch with angry though sleepy eyes. Wearing a gaily-colored wadded dressing-gown, belted with a belt of the same material, a red knitted skull cap with a tassel, and soft goat-skin boots, he kept on around the walls intent on aiming at the flies and hitting them.

"Supposing I am little," I said to myself, "still,

why should he bother me? Why doesn't he kill the flies around Volódya's[1] bed? There are plenty of them there. But no, Volódya is older than I am; I am the smallest of them all and that's why I am tormented. He spends his whole life" I went on, "thinking how he can do as many disagreeable things as he can. He knows perfectly well that he woke me up out of a sound sleep and startled me, but still he pretends that he did not notice it — the horrid man! and how repulsive his dressing-gown and his skull cap and his tassel!"

Just as I was thus mentally expressing my indignation with Karl Iványovitch, he went to his own bed, glanced at the watch which was suspended over it in a bead-embroidered slipper, hung up his fly-flapper on the nail and evidently in the most self-satisfied frame of mind came back to us.

"Up with you, children! — It is high time. Your mother is down in the dining-room already," he cried in his soft German voice. Then he came directly to me, sat down on the foot of the bed, and took his snuff-box out of his pocket. I pretended to be asleep. First Karl Iványovitch took a pinch of snuff and rubbed his nose, and snapped his fingers; then he turned his attention to me. He laughed in his sleeve and began to tickle my heels.

"Come now, lazy-bones," said he.

Much as I dreaded to be tickled I did not jump out of bed and I made no reply to him but only buried my head the deeper under the pillows, kicked with all my might and made every effort not to laugh. "How

[1] Volódya, diminutive of Vladímir.

kind he is and how fond he is of us and yet I can have such hard thoughts of him!"

I was vexed at myself and vexed with Karl Ivánovitch; I felt like laughing and I felt like crying; my nerves were unstrung.

"Oh let up, Karl Ivánovitch," I cried with tears in my eyes, extricating my head out from under the pillows.

Karl Ivánovitch was surprised, stopped tickling my soles and began anxiously to ask me what was the matter, had I had a bad dream? His good German face, the sympathy which he manifested in trying to discover the cause of my tears made them flow still more abundantly: I was ashamed of myself and I could not understand how it was that only a moment before I could possibly have not loved Karl Ivánovitch and could have found his dressing-gown, his skull cap and his tassel repulsive! Now, on the contrary, everything about him became perfectly charming to me and even the tassel seemed to me a positive proof of his goodness of heart. I told him that I was crying because I had had a bad dream: — I had dreamed that mama was dead and they were going to have the funeral. This was wholly imagination because really I remembered nothing of what I had dreamed that night; but when Kärl Ivánovitch, touched by my tale of woe, began to comfort and calm me, it seemed to me that I had actually seen that awful dream and my tears flowed from an entirely different cause.

After Karl Ivánovitch had left me and I sat up in bed and began to draw my stockings over my slender legs, the tears gradually ceased to flow, but the gloomy

thoughts suggested by the imaginary dream refused to be dissipated.

Dyádka Nikolaï, our valet, came in, a small, neat man, always serious, precise, deferential and a great friend of Karl Iványovitch's. He brought our clothes and foot-wear: for Volódya a pair of boots, but for me slippers adorned with ribbons which were simply insupportable. I should have been ashamed to shed tears before him, and besides the morning sun was shining gaily into the window and Volódya, mimicking Marya Ivánovna — our sister's governess — was laughing so merrily and uproariously, as he stood over the wash-stand, that even the grave Nikolaï with a towel over his shoulders and the soap in one hand and the water-pitcher in the other, smiled and said: —

"That will do, Vladímir Petróvitch, please get washed." How could I help recovering my serenity?

"Are you almost ready?" Karl Iványovitch's voice was heard speaking from the schoolroom. In the schoolroom his voice was stern and had now no longer any of that expression of kindliness which had moved me to tears. In the schoolroom Karl Iványovitch was a different man: he was the tutor. I made haste to dress myself, washed my face and hands, and still holding the brush in my hand, smoothing my wet locks, I presented myself at his call.

Karl Iványovitch, with his spectacles on his nose and a book in his hand, was sitting in his accustomed place

between the door and the window. At the left of the door were two shelves: one ours, made for children; the other Karl Iványovitch's own. On ours were all kinds of books — text-books and others, some standing up, others tumbled over. Only two great volumes of a French history of travels in a red binding stood up in a dignified way against the wall; then came tall books, stout ones, large ones and small ones — covers without books and books without covers: everything used to be stuck in higgledy-piggledy, and so before recess Karl Iványovitch used to call us to put the library in order as he called this shelf of books.

His own collection of books, if not so large as ours, was even more variegated. I remember three of them: — an unbound German pamphlet on the "Top-dressing of Cabbage-gardens," a history of the "Seven Years' War" bound in parchment with one corner burnt, and a "Complete Course of Hydrostatics." Karl Iványovitch spent a large part of his time in reading and had even spoilt his eyes in doing so, but he read nothing except these books and "The Northern Bee."

Among the objects lying on Karl Iványovitch's shelf, was one which more than anything else recalls him to my remembrance. This was a cardboard disk, attached to a wooden standard, on which it could be moved by means of pegs. On the disk was pasted a caricature of some lady and a wig-maker. Karl Iványovitch was very good at that sort of work, and he had himself designed and manufactured this disk in order to protect his weak eyes from the bright light.

How distinctly I see before me his tall figure in his wadded dressing-gown and his red skull cap, from be-

neath which strayed his thin gray locks! He used to sit next his little table on which stood the disk with the wig-maker, throwing its shadow on his face. In one hand he held his book, the other rested on the arm of the chair; near him lay his watch on the face of which was the picture of a hunter, a checkered handkerchief, a round black snuff-box, his green spectacle-case, and a pair of snuffers on a tray — all of these things were disposed in such a neat and orderly manner that nothing else was needed to lead to the conclusion that Karl Iványovitch's conscience was pure and his soul at peace.

It often happened that after we had run about as much as we wanted to in the dining-room down-stairs, we would go up cautiously on our tiptoes, and there, lo and behold! in the schoolroom Karl Iványovitch would be sitting all by himself in his armchair and with a calmly dignified expression reading some one of his dearly-beloved books. Occasionally I found him at such moments not even reading: his spectacles would have settled down lower on his big Roman nose, his half-closed blue eyes had a peculiar far-off look in them, and over his lips hovered a melancholy smile. The room was still: the only sound was a monotonous breathing and the ticking of the watch with the hunter.

At such times he would not notice me, and I would stand by the door and say to myself: — "Poor, poor old man! There are lots of us and we play together, and we have a good time, but he is all alone in the world, and there is no one to treat him kindly. What he says is true, that he is an orphan. And the story of his life is terrible. I remember how he related it to

Nikolaï — it is terrible to be in his position." And I used to feel so badly that I would go up to him, seize his hand and say: — "Lieber Karl Ivánovitch!"

He liked to have me speak in that way, it always cheered him: I could see that it touched him.

On one wall hung large maps, nearly all of them torn but artistically repaired by Karl Ivánovitch's hand. On the third side of the room, in the centre of which was the door that led down-stairs, hung two rulers — one of them well hacked — that was ours; the other, rather newer, was a special one, employed rather for our encouragement than for drawing lines. On the other side was a blackboard on which our grosser misdemeanors were indicated by circles, our lesser ones with crosses. At the left of the blackboard was the corner where we were obliged to kneel. How vivid in my memory is that corner! I remember the stove-door, the slide in it, and the noise it made when they turned it back. I would kneel there in the corner until my back and knees would ache, and I said to myself: — "Karl Ivánovitch has forgotten all about me; of course, it is a soft thing for him to sit in his easy chair and read his hydrostatics, but how about me? And in order to attract his attention I would open and shut the slide or pick some of the plaster out of the wall; but if too big a

piece suddenly fell off and struck the floor with a thud, truly the terror it inspired was worse than all the rest of the punishment. I would look up at Karl Ivánovitch, but then he would be sitting with his book in his hand, and apparently oblivious to everything.

In the middle of the room stood a table covered with a torn black oil cloth under which in many places could be seen the edges whittled with pen-knives. Around the table were several footstools, not painted, but polished, from long use.

The fourth side of the room was occupied by three windows; and this was what could be seen from them: — directly in front the road on which every rut, every pebble, every wheel-track was well known and dear to me; beyond the road, a close-cropped linden alley, behind which could be seen some kind of a wattled arbor. Beyond the alley was a meadow, on one side of which was the threshing floor, and on the opposite side the forest; far in the distance was the watchman's little cottage.

From the window at the right I could see a part of the terrace where the grown people usually sat before dinner. Often when Karl Ivánovitch was correcting the dictation exercises, I used to glance out of the window and see my mother's dark head and some other person's back, and I could just distinguish the voices and laughter. It was so vexatious that I could not be there, and I used to think: — "When I grow up, shall I get through learning lessons and shall I then always sit with those I love instead of droning over dialogs?"

Vexation changes into melancholy, and some how or other I become so absorbed in my thoughts that I do

not even notice how angry Karl Iványovitch is growing over our blunders.

Karl Iványovitch has taken off his dressing-gown, put on his blue dress coat, padded and humped up on the shoulders, has straightened his cravat before the mirror, and is now ready to take us down-stairs to wish mama good-morning.

SPELLING FOR THE PRIZE

(From The Pocket-Rifle.)

By JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

"LET'S go over to the schoolhouse, after supper, and get our spellers. We can climb in through that corner window, you know. Say! will you?"

"I should feel mean doing such a thing as that," replied Worth.

"I don't see anything mean about it. I noticed several of the boys carried their spellers home. I should have done the same, if you had; and I'm sorry we didn't."

"I'm not; and I wouldn't climb into the schoolhouse window, to win even a finer prize than your pocket-rifle!"

Worth spoke so haughtily and so decidedly that Chase simply answered, "I would; I'm not so proud as all that!" and with a careless laugh started for home. . . .

"'Twas a good idea of his, to get our spellers," said Worth, as he sat on the fence watching him. "Why didn't I agree to it? I am always saying or doing something I'm sure to be sorry for!"

The more he thought of his speller, the more he wished he had it; and after he had eaten his supper and milked the cows, he thought he would go over and give Chase another chance to propose getting into the schoolhouse.

But he was in one of his perverse moods. He was ashamed to let Chase know that he had changed his mind after expressing himself with so much emphasis and scorn. So he wandered across the fields towards the road without stopping at Mr. Atway's house at all.

Meanwhile, Chase had fully made up his mind to get his speller, — without Worth, since Worth would not go with him.

It was in the deepening twilight of the October evening that he went alone to the schoolhouse, climbed in at a rear-window, crossed the silent, dusky room, found his speller among the other books in his desk, and buttoned it under his coat.

Then, before climbing out again, he looked from the side windows to see if anybody was coming along the road.

Somebody was coming — a tallish figure of a boy, with a peculiar droop in the shoulders, and an unmistakable pitch of the hat-brim.

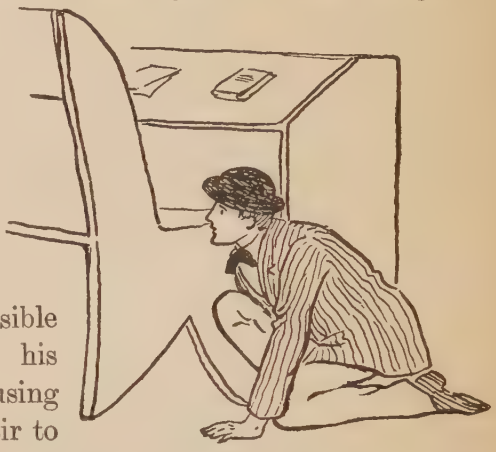
"It's Worth!" said Chase, astonished. "That's the way he always wears his hat when he's in one of his dull moods."

He wanted to fling up the window and call to his friend. But he reflected, —

"It will hurt his feelings if he knows I've come for my speller without him. Wonder where he is going!"

A little way off Worth paused, and looked up and down; then made a quick and furtive side-start towards the schoolhouse.

"He mustn't see that window open!" Chase thought, and hastened to close the sash.



A glance showed him that Worth, on coming around to the rear of the schoolhouse, had paused again.

"It can't be possible he's coming for his speller, after refusing with such a lordly air to come with me!" Chase thought, and dropped behind one of the benches to wait.

Suddenly a face appeared at the window.

It was Worth's. He did not discover Chase peeping from his gloomy hiding-place within; nor did he think how plainly he could himself be seen, perched there behind the panes against the evening sky.

Then he carefully raised the sash and crept in; while Chase crouched like a culprit, holding his breath, and trembling from head to foot.

It was not fear that made Chase Atway tremble, in his hiding-place behind the schoolhouse benches; though he was indeed extremely anxious not to be discovered by his friend in that position. A far deeper feeling agitated him, an overwhelming sense of injury and wrong.

He was sorry that he had hidden there, and he wanted to rise up and show himself. But if he should, then Worth would know that his treachery was exposed. And he might think Chase as great a traitor as himself. Could the two ever be friends again after that?

Chase had always felt that he could forgive anything sooner than lose his friend. But Worth, he knew, was different. He dreaded the effect on *him* of an encounter, under such circumstances, there in the dusky schoolroom.

Worth went to the corner where their seats were, and fumbled some time among the books. Chase could see only his head and shoulders above the desks; he did not venture to rise in order to observe more.

Presently Worth went back to the open window, and Chase could see him again against the evening sky. A moment only. Worth slipped out silently, closed the sash carefully, and dropped to the ground.

Chase breathed again, and slowly got up, like a ghost of himself, from behind the benches.

"This is terrible!" he said in a whisper that the hollow schoolroom echoed.

He glided to a window, and saw Worth hurrying back the way he had come, keeping close in the shadow of the roadside fence.

"He would not come with *me*, when I proposed it, because it would be so mean. But having, as he thinks, prevented me from coming, now he comes without me and carries off his book like a thief. Oh, the idea of his thinking to get the start of me in that way!"

Such to Chase, in the anguish of his heart, appeared to be the natural interpretation of his friend's motives.

But maybe he did Worth injustice.

"After all, he may not have come for his speller!"

Chase caught eagerly at that straw of hope, and hastened to his friend's desk.

"If I find his, I will leave mine; I will never take advantage of him in any way!" he vowed to himself, as his hand groped among the books.

The faint hope that had risen died, and left his heart sick. All the rest of Worth's books were there, but the speller was gone. Chase returned to the window, and leaned tremblingly upon it; he gazed out at the darkening sky, which looked unspeakably cold and desolate to him, and finally burst into tears.

"O Worth! Worth!" he exclaimed, amid sobs, "you never loved me!"

He took the speller from under his coat, flung it at the corner where his desk was, and then flung himself out of the window in a headlong, reckless way, almost wishing that he might get hurt. Pain of body would have been a relief to his pangs of soul. . . .

"Perhaps he will explain to me about the speller, and make it all right," he fondly hoped. . . .

Chase looked forward with no little anxiety to their inevitable meeting the next morning; and his heart swelled tumultuously when in due time he saw Worth coming up the lane, on his way to school.

"How shall I meet him? What shall I say to him?" he had asked himself a hundred times, and had made up his mind to act as if nothing unusual had happened.

But that was not easy to do; and he was conscious of an air of restraint — conscious that his face was pale and his smile forced — when he went out to join his friend.

Worth had his coat buttoned; and Chase knew that the speller was concealed under it. He, on the other hand, wore his coat conspicuously open.

There was no book concealed about *him;* Worth could see that.

Chase tried to make a little talk; but Worth was reserved and silent. This was nothing new for him. And yet Chase believed it was the spelling-book buttoned under his friend's coat which made him moody that morning.

"He isn't going to tell me anything about it," he thought, with fresh pangs of resentment and grief.

Indeed, they reached the schoolhouse, and the thing which was uppermost in the minds of both had not once been mentioned.

Chase watched his friend, and saw him press forward to their corner, and bend down behind his desk. The buttoned coat was presently thrown open. The speller had been put away.

"I never supposed he could be so sly — with me!" was Chase Atway's bitter reflection. "I am just beginning to find him out."

It was now his turn to act a little part. He went to his desk, and pretended to be surprised at finding his books disarranged.

"I never left them in that shape. Who has been meddling with them?" he called out, indignantly.

"Are they all there?" Worth asked, with a nervous

tremor of the lips, by which he sometimes betrayed excitement he was trying to control.

"Yes, I guess so," replied Chase, laying the books out on the desk before him. "Only they're not!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Where's my speller?"

"Isn't it there?" Worth inquired, with an appearance of surprise and sympathy.

"I can't find it!" Chase declared, as if it were a great mystery.

"You spoke of coming over for it, to carry it home, Saturday evening," his friend suggested.

"But I didn't carry it home," said Chase. "Do you suppose anybody else could have got in?" And he gave a searching look at Worth.

"I don't see why anybody should have got in, to meddle with your books," Worth replied, without meeting his friend's eye.

"Has *your* speller been taken away?" Chase demanded.

"No — I — I believe my books are all here," replied Worth. "Yes, speller and all," — after making a brief examination. "Have you looked on the floor?"

Chase had not looked on the floor, because he wished first to sound his friend by making his little talk. But now both looked together under their seats, and there the speller was found, just where Chase had flung it two nights before.

"Who could have put it there?" he cried, with feigned indignation.

He was afterwards ashamed of the deception he had thus practised upon his friend.

"But *he* is deceiving *me* all the time in a worse way,"

he said to himself. "He doesn't suspect that I see through him. He shall know it some day, though."

His bitterness of resentment amounted almost to hatred at that moment.

The school was called to order; and after a few exercises, Master Cram introduced again the subject of the prize. He had brought to school a handsome copy of Mrs. Browning's poems, which he himself now offered as a prize to the best speller among the girls.

This was in the days when there was a revival of interest in spelling all over the country. It had reached Mr. Cram's school. His first two classes had already been formed into a single spelling-class, which ranged itself around the room every afternoon, just before the dismissal, and spelled the words he put out. One who spelled a word right passed above those who had missed it; and he who remained at the head of the class at the close of the exercise received a certain credit. But he or she had to step down to the foot next day, and begin the upward struggle over again.

As some of the younger ones in this consolidated class spelled quite as well as the oldest, the offer of prizes for spelling seemed calculated to interest a larger number of pupils, than if they had been offered for excellence in any other branch of study.

So Mr. Cram remarked, on laying the subject once more before the school. And he now proposed that the old system of getting to the head should continue; and that in future, each final heading of the class for the day should count the victor one for the prize.

"I suppose it will hardly be fair to start with the class as it stands," he went on, "for that will give

those who are near the head an advantage over the rest."

As he had invited remarks on the subject from the school, Worth replied, —

"It is an advantage they have fairly earned, isn't it?"

"I think so! yes!" chorused two or three voices.

"I don't see it so," Chase spoke up, promptly.

"Give us your reasons," said the master, approvingly.

"If our present positions in the class showed our standing as good spellers, that might be an argument, though a poor one, for giving those the advantage who happen now to be near the head. But if they are really the best spellers, it seems to *me* they should be willing to begin at the foot, and give the poorer spellers the start."

Master Cram smiled, and nodded. Chase went on.

"But there's another thing to be considered. Some of those who have earned the advantage as much as anybody have lately graduated from the head and passed to the foot. That might have been the case with those left at the head now. If so, I think they would hardly insist upon anything so plainly unjust."

Now the pupil who had really been left at the head was Worth himself. He knew that Chase knew it; and Chase had spoken with a spirit which could not be mistaken. Smarting with indignation at his friend's conduct, he had made this sharp attack.

Worth was amazed; he could not understand it. Chase, usually so devoted to him, so deferential always, had wounded him to the quick.

"I don't insist," he exclaimed, with heat; "and I scorn the imputation of injustice."

Master Cram rapped the desk with his ruler. "Boys! I'm astonished!" he said, severely.

Chase smiled, but with sparkling eyes. "I am not aware of having said anything wrong," he replied, blandly and diplomatically. "*I* certainly am not talking selfishly for my own interest. I am not at the foot, nor anywhere near it. I made a general remark."

"He spoke of the one now at the head insisting upon an injustice," said Worth, his eyes suffused, and his lips quivering. "His remark was personal. I am at the head."

"I spoke of those near the head; I didn't say *the one*," retorted Chase. "I am within three of the head myself. But I'm not so anxious to get the prize that I can't see what is fair and honorable in the matter."

Every word was a sting to the proud and sensitive Worth.

"That will do!" said the teacher, cutting off further argument. "I think myself that it would hardly be fair to start with the class as it stands. I propose, instead, that you shall spell for places, going over a few of your back lessons. Those in favor of this plan will hold up their hands."

Every hand went up but Worth's. He was sullenly chafing under his defeat.

"The contrary," said Master Cram.

Not a hand went up, Worth declining to vote at all.

The plan was therefore decided upon, and the usual spelling-hour in the afternoon was named for the trial. The ordinary routine of exercises was then resumed.

Very little communication took place between the two friends during the day. Chase, in thinking over the affair, deeply regretted the open breach between them. But it seemed to him better that it should be open; far better than that they should both keep on hypocritically trying to cover up, with friendly appearances, a secret wrong, of which both were conscious, but of which neither could speak.

During the day there was an industrious studying of spelling-books, in spare moments, throughout the school. But Chase did not deign to look at his.

In a certain way, he was prouder even than Worth; for Worth was not too proud to take out his speller, when no other study was pressing, and prepare himself for the coming trial.

To show his contempt for the whole business, Chase sat and made drawings on his slate. Or perhaps it was to relieve his own restless and remorseful heart that he thus occupied himself with trifles.

The hour came, and the spelling was announced.

"Keep your seats," said the master, "and I will pronounce words to you where you are. But when one misses, let him or her step out and stand in place for the formation of the new class, beginning at the foot. I shall put out words only to those on the seats. The one who holds out longest without missing will, of course, be at the head. Then we shall be ready for a fair start to-morrow, when the credits for the prizes will begin to count."

"Can any one give his place to another after the class is formed?" Chase inquired.

"I shouldn't suppose any one would wish to do so," replied the master.

"But if any one should wish to?" Chase insisted.

"Why — only for the start, — since the spelling for the prizes really begins to-morrow," replied Master Cram, "I don't object. What does the school say? I'll put it to a vote."

As there were a number of votes in the affirmative, and none in the negative, Chase Atway's strange question was answered to his satisfaction.

Whilst making drawings on his slate, he had really been considering an idea which was to take the school by surprise.

When all was in readiness, the spelling began. Master Cram put out easy words at first, but advanced rapidly to harder, after he had gone once or twice around the school.

There was great fun over the first miss. The victim was Charlie Budgett; he went down on the simple word *staging*, which he spelled with an *e* between the *g* and *i*.

"Never mind, Charlie," said the master, cheerily. "You are not the first person who has fallen from a staging. You'll have a chance to get up to-morrow."

There was another laugh when Charlie, who was the tallest and awkwardest boy in school, stepped out to take his place at the foot of the new class.

He was not long without company. Poor Lem Pavode, whom Chase had observed studying his speller with great assiduity, in the hope of starting well for the prize his father had offered to the whole school, failed on *barrel* (which he spelled *barrell*), and had to take his place next to the gawky Charles.

"It was a pretty long *barrel* you made of it," ob-

served the facetious master. "You made it an *l* too long. Thinking of a rifle-barrel, I suppose."

Lem didn't see the joke. He saw only the discouraging circumstance that he had made a bad beginning for the coveted prize. Two girls and a boy missed *scion*, and filed to their places in the now fast-forming class.

The word came to Worth, and disaster with it. How he chanced to spell it *scyon*, when he knew perfectly well the moment after how it should be spelled, he never could explain.

"It makes you sigh, doesn't it?" said the master. "Well, take your place, and you can *sigh on* with the rest. Next."

Chase was next, and he spelled the word trippingly on the tongue, with an ease and readiness not calculated to soothe Worth's feelings. It was perhaps his perfect freedom from anxiety which gave him good fortune. Having made up his mind not to compete for the prize, he was gay and self-possessed.

At length, only he and Laura Fosdick were left on the seats; objects of envy to the rest, who were now out of the game, and stood intently watching it.

"*Balance*," pronounced the master.

The word came to Laura.

"*B-a-l-*" — she hesitated, and after a little confusion, added, "*l-a-n-c-e*."

"Wrong!" And amid about as much laughter as had greeted the first failure, Laura went to her place, leaving Chase alone.

He was surprised and jubilant. Having spelled the word correctly (though he owned afterwards that he

should have spelled it just as Laura did if it had come first to him), he waited for more.

"There's no use of more," said Master Cram. "Everything is decided. Take your place, Atway."

Chase deliberated a moment, then walked to the head of the class. If cheering had been in order, he would have been cheered heartily. He was a favorite with the school; and his generous conduct in the whole affair made those who had lost glad to see him win.

With perhaps one exception. By the intense brightness of Worth's dark eyes, fixed upon his triumphant friend, you could hardly have told whether he was glad or sorry.

"I believe it was understood," said Chase, standing at the head of the class, "that any one could give up his place to another."

"That was the decision," replied the master.

But it had been so nearly forgotten that Chase's remark took almost everybody by surprise.

"I am going to give up my place to one I think deserves it more."

And he glanced his eye along the class. Every one, of course, thought he meant Worth. This, then, was to be his atonement for the injury he had done his friend in the morning.

Worth certainly believed so; and he instantly made up his mind not to accept the sacrifice. He would show himself as magnanimous as Chase. What, then, was his surprise — what was the surprise of everybody — when Chase walked deliberately past his friend, and did not stop until he was near the foot.

"Lem Pavode," said he, "take your place at the

head!" At the same time he swung Lem from his position, and launched him with good-humored force towards that which he had himself just vacated.

Lem stopped, bewildered and embarrassed.

"I don't want to take it!" said he, with tears starting in his eyes. He looked back, and saw Chase already in position next to Charlie Budgett at the foot, and knew by his frank and honest face that it was no joke.

"I want him to take it," said Chase. "I should want him to have the first chance, even if I was going to try for the prize. But I'm not."

"Not going to try for the prize, Atway!" said Master Cram. "Why so?"

"I can't very well explain my reasons," replied Chase. "But I think I'd better not."

"Then I suppose I may as well take the chance he gives me," said Lem; "though I don't expect it will be of much use. I sha'n't be here to-morrow night, I'm afraid!"

"I don't see why you shouldn't be," observed the master. "You or any one can learn perfectly to-morrow's lesson, and the spelling will be confined to that."

Lem's tearful face shone with a newly inspired hope. All — or nearly all — regarded him with sympathy, and Chase with admiration.

After school, many took their spellers to carry home. Lem hugged his to his heart, with a cheerful and resolute look. Chase sought him out and walked aside with him.

"See here, Lem!" he said; "do you know the plan I've formed?"

"No," replied the grateful boy; "what is it?"

"That you shall win the pocket-rifle."

"You mean — that I —"

"Yes," Chase declared; "I've set my heart on it. And I'm going to help you all I can. But you must help yourself. You're a pretty good speller; and now you've got ahead, there's no reason why you shouldn't keep ahead. Don't tell anybody what I say; but remember it and rely on me."

Lem went home with his heart all aglow with joy, gratitude, and ambition.

Meanwhile, Worth had started homeward — a very unusual thing — without his friend. But Chase saw that he walked very slowly, and soon came up with him. Neither spoke for some time. Worth's brow was dark and lowering, and Chase did not choose to begin a conversation. At length, Worth said, in a much gentler tone than Chase had any reason to expect, —

"I don't understand you, Chase!"

"That's not very surprising," Chase replied. "I haven't understood myself, nor you either, until quite lately."

"You really don't mean to try for the prize?"

"That's what I said."

"Why not?" Worth asked, in a humble tone.

"Because I don't think it's worth while. There are other things of a great deal more importance than Pavode's pocket-rifle, or the honor of winning it."

"Something has come over you," said Worth, in his full, tender voice, now slightly tremulous.

Chase was silent. His heart was full. He longed

for a renewal of friendship, and would gladly have forgiven everything if Worth had taken the first necessary step towards a reconciliation.

That step was, of course, a frank confession, or at least an explanation, of the deception Worth had practised in carrying home his speller. But not knowing that Chase had discovered his secret, Worth avoided any allusion that would lead to it.

"You said once that you hoped I would get the prize. But I don't suppose you have given it up for my sake. I don't want you to do that."

Still Chase remained silent, struggling with emotions which his companion's voice, the recollection of their long and dear intimacy, and the sense of recent wrongs, awakened in him.

"I was astonished — I am sorry," said Worth, "that you are not going to try."

Then Chase spoke out. "*I* am not sorry! It was a great relief to me, the moment I determined to step out of the race — out of the way of temptation."

"Temptation!" echoed Worth, — "what temptation?"

"The temptation to sell my soul for a paltry prize; to be mean, selfish, dishonest; to forget friendship and honor and truth in that miserable strife!"

The boy flung out these passionate words with sudden, rapid vehemence; and again there was silence. He carried his head high, with flushed and excited features. Worth walked by his side, thoughtful and down-looking.

"You think I have done that?" Worth said, after a while.

"I have nothing to say; I leave it to your own conscience," replied Chase. "But, Worth, I have thought of one thing many times," he added, his voice beginning to break, — "what that wretched sinner, Jim Lathbrook, said to us only last Saturday. About friendship, you know; the selfishness that is at the bottom even of that. Was he right? Oh!"

Chase spoke as if his heart was wrung.

"You said then it wasn't possible for us ever to quarrel," Worth replied. "But you really made an attack upon me to-day."

"Yes, I did!" Chase declared, impetuously. "I couldn't help it. I hate unfairness in any one; in a friend most of all."

"Perhaps I was a little unfair; but it was from thoughtlessness. You needn't have turned on me so — you of all persons!" said Worth, with strong feeling. "I don't know what to make of it!"

"I was disgusted and provoked. It seemed such a petty strife!" cried Chase. "But I have got through. I am out of the race. Now it won't be necessary for you to deceive me, or try to get the start of me in anything; I sha'n't stand in your path."

These were burning words for Worth to carry away in his heart. He started to answer them, but while he hesitated they reached Mr. Atway's yard. Chase turned into the shed, and Worth, full of smouldering rage and mortification, kept on his way alone.

Chase saw that the breach between them was broadening more and more. He couldn't help it. Something drove him to speak and act as he did. It was, perhaps, the natural revolt of feeling against one whom he had always set too high above himself, whom he had worshipped too much, and whom he now found unworthy.

"If he had only owned up to that mean trick of getting his speller!" thought Chase, regretfully. "I gave him more than one chance to. Now let him do what he will."

He remembered with grim satisfaction the corn Worth had engaged to help him husk on the evenings of that week.

"It belongs to him to come to me," he reflected. "But I don't believe he will come." . . .

The next day, thanks to Chase's drill, Lem was able to hold his position at the head of the class, and make the first count for the prize.

Wednesday, Laura Fosdick kept the lead. There was some changing of places below her; Lem, who had passed to the foot, came to Chase's side about half-way up the class, and Worth was left at the head when Laura went down.

The next day Worth came off victorious, and left but one between Chase and the head. But on Friday Chase easily became first, and just at the close of the exercise Lem walked up to his side.

Only three or four words remained of the lesson. The last was *cancel*, and if it had been spelled correctly at the foot of the class, Chase would have stood at the head that night.

But Charlie Budgett was at the foot, to which he constantly gravitated, like a water-logged stick to the bottom of the stream. The current of change from the head to the foot lifted him a point every day; but he was sure to sink back under the weight of the first hard word.

"*C-a-n, can,*" he said, and stopped; then plunged recklessly forward, "*s-i-l, sil, cansil.*"

"Wrong! Next!"

And the word came to Chase at the head of the class. This gave him an opportunity he had been eagerly looking for. He knew well enough how to spell the word. But with a brazen face, and in a bold voice, he gave it, —

"*C-a-n, can, c-i-l.*"

Everybody was astonished; nobody more so than Worth.

"Why, Atway!" said the master, "you know better than that."

Chase grinned, but made no reply.

"Next. *Cancel.*"

And Lem spelt the word right, as Chase had felt sure he would. That sent him above his champion, and left him a second time at the head. After school, boys and girls flocked about Chase.

"O Chase! you did it a-purpose! you did it a-purpose!" they clamored.

But nobody could make him say whether he did or

not. Worth did not know what to think. He was puzzled.

The evening huskings and spelling-lessons were kept up all that week, and it turned out that while Chase was helping Lem, he was also helping himself. He was sure not to let any one get above him, until in the regular routine he followed Lem to the foot; so that he too counted one for the prize.

Toward the latter part of the following week, something unexpected occurred. The corn being all husked, Chase had said to Lem, "Now you can take care of yourself, can't you? Get your sister to drill you in the lessons."

To this Lem had agreed. And he studied as hard as ever. But for some reason he began to fall back. Again he stood next to Chase, who was at the head; and once again Chase waited for a chance to let him go up and make another count.

The chance came with the word *mullein*. Chase gave Lem a nudge, and spelled boldly, —

"*M-u-l, mul, e-i-n.*"

Great sensation in the class. Lem was pale with apprehension. Worth's dark eyes shone.

"Next!" said the master. Poor Lem had spelled the word a dozen times the night before; but now, to save his life, he couldn't remember the right way.

The truth was, Chase had previously given him something besides drill; he had given him sympathy, spirit, that unaccountable something which sometimes passes from another mind to our own, and enables us to do what we could never do without it. From his sister Lem received no such aid.

"*M-u-l, mul, i-e-n,*" he stammered, in a tremor of fright.

A scowl and a shrug were the only signs of Chase's irritation. Hardly anybody rejoiced at the failure, except, perhaps, Worth Lankton, who was watching like a lynx, ready to snap the word if it should come to him, and make a long stride to the head. Worth stood third from Lem.

"Incorrect," said the master, slowly and regretfully.

And the word passed to John Rich. "*M-u-l-l-i-e-n,*" was John's unlucky spelling.

Chase then saw only one pupil standing between him and fate, — that is, between him and Worth, — waiting to go up.

That one was Laura Fosdick. He would gladly have given place to her, even if she had been competing for the pocket-rifle. But she was not; only the blue-and-gold volumes of Mrs. Browning were within the scope of her ambition.

Laura was one of the best spellers in school, and if the word had come first to her, she would not probably have missed it. But she had had time to grow confused over it.

She spelled it in the same way Chase had spelled it in the first place, then saw instantly that she was wrong, and wished to correct herself. But it was too late.

"I was thinking Chase spelled it *m-u-l-l-e-i-n,*" she said. "Of course I knew how to spell it."

Chase threw up his hand.

"What is it, Atway?"

"That isn't fair; she has told them below her how to spell it."

"And you are telling them that she has told them right," said Master Cram. "Lankton, will you spell the word just as you were prepared to before these last remarks were made?"

"Yes, sir," replied Worth, promptly.

He spelled the word in a strong, clear voice, and passed to the head. There he remained, and had the triumph that night of counting two above all competitors.

"I couldn't help it," Lem said, sorrowfully, to Chase, after school.

"I know you couldn't," replied Chase, hiding his chagrin. "But you mustn't let such a thing happen another time. I just gave myself away, that's all."

"Don't do it again," said Lem. "You mustn't depend on me; for I — I'm afraid I can't keep up."

"You *must* keep up," exclaimed Chase.

He said all in his power to restore the boy's failing courage. At the same time he secretly resolved to put himself forward and take the prize himself if Lem should fall back.

And fall back the unlucky fellow did from that time, rapidly enough. Help from his sister, cheering words from Chase, availed little. He had exhausted his strength, and it was not long before he was fourth, and then fifth, in the list of competitors.

Worth continued first, and Chase second, in competition for the first prize. One by one the other pupils, who had set out with some hope of gaining it, gave up; so that, before the end of a month, they too were left alone in the race.

There was no open quarrel between them; but there

was intense rivalry and secret resentment still. They joined in the same sports with the other boys, but had as little to do with each other as possible.

One day Worth could not help taunting Chase with his former pretence.

"I thought you were not going to try for the prize," he said, with a sneer.

"Well, I'm not," Chase replied, with a provoking laugh. "I am going to get it without trying."

"Let's see you," exclaimed Worth, defiantly.

"You shall have that satisfaction if you'll wait patiently," said Chase. "But don't be in a hurry; there'll be time enough before the winter is over."

It now appeared that the offer of prizes was producing very different results from those anticipated by Mr. Pavode and Master Cram. If the school was learning to spell, it was not from unusual study, but from watching the game between the real competitors.

The system worked with the girls much in the same way as with the boys. Laura Fosdick and Susan Webb soon distanced all the rest, and had the field to themselves.

In the strife for the pocket-rifle and "Mrs. Browning," these four gave their days and nights to their spelling-books, to the neglect of other studies. And certainly, in the case of the two boys, far more serious evils resulted from the struggle.

In justice to Chase, however, it must be said that, in comparison with Worth, he was really not "trying" very hard. He did not spend half so much time over his spelling-book, although he, too, gave to it more than he could afford.

Worth continued to lead him by two points, until, one day, they were in a list of words ending in *eous* and *ious*, preceded by *c* or *t*.

These slight differences in syllables pronounced alike made havoc with the class; and at last Worth himself, at the head, failed on *contumacious*.

The word reached Chase, four places below him. Now Chase had not studied the lesson so much as Worth had, but he had studied it in a different way. He had fortified his memory by association. Thus he had connected in his mind *cetaceous* with *cetacean; ostentatious* with *ostentation;* and in like manner, *contumacious* with *contumacy;* the *cy* of the latter word guiding him to the *ci* of its derivative.

He accordingly spelt the word with easy confidence, and walked above Worth to the head.

As he had passed from the head to the foot only the evening before, this was a more brilliant triumph than Worth had achieved when he went above him on the word *mullein*.

It was a heavy blow to Worth. He was now but one point ahead; and the possibility of losing even that filled him with consternation. From that day he studied his spelling-lessons harder than ever.

At last the speller was finished. Worth still stood above Chase; and he wished that the prizes might be awarded then and there. But a week still remained before the winter school would close, and Master Cram decided that a review of the book was next in order.

In going over the old lessons, it was found that the good spellers never failed on a really hard word; the more contorted its orthography, the more firmly it re-

mained fixed in the memory. But now and then a seemingly simple word would trip even the best.

Both Worth and Chase made curious failures, that week; but the words they missed being spelled by others of the class standing between them, they did not change places.

And so came the last day of school, and the last exercise in spelling, which was to decide the question of the principal prize.

As Laura Fosdick was four points above her only rival among the girls, she rested in the sweet assurance that the "Mrs. Browning" was hers.

But the struggle between the competitors for the pocket-rifle was not yet over. Worth still led by a single point.

But Chase now stood at the head, and if he kept his place that day, there would be a tie between them.

The word *separate* swept the class, and brought Worth, who had passed to the foot the night before, once more to Chase's side. Then the master made this proposition:

"Since you are all out of the competition except Atway and Lankton, I think, to save time, I will now put out words only to them."

This was agreed to; and all but the two rivals went to their seats.

"And now," said Master Cram, "since neither of you can win the prize if Atway keeps his position, I propose that the first miss shall decide between you."

"That is all right," said Chase.

But Worth, fearing to lose the slightest advantage, raised objections.

"If he misses, and I go up, and stay up, I win the prize any way," he argued. "But if I miss, standing where I am, I don't lose anything, and he don't gain anything."

"But neither of you will be clearly entitled to the prize," replied Master Cram.

"Yes," Worth insisted, "I ought to take it, for if he makes his point, he goes below me, and I am still ahead."

"But you don't make another point, for there is no school to-morrow," said Master Cram. "And your position don't show that you are the best speller, for you will remember that he voluntarily went below you at the start, when he was entitled to a place above."

"But he gave his place away," exclaimed Worth.

"Yes," rejoined Chase, promptly; "and I don't claim anything on that account. Let him have it all his own way."

The master hesitated, —

"I think the plan I propose is perfectly fair; and I will leave it to a vote of the class. I will give out words with perfect impartiality; and when one misses a word, the other, if he spells it correctly after him, takes the prize."

This plan was submitted to the class, and there was a unanimous vote in its favor. Worth did not vote at all, but looked his dissatisfaction.

Then the spelling began. The class, the whole school indeed, watched the game with intense interest; some with their spellers open, endeavoring to follow the master as he skipped from page to page.

Chase came near going down on *innuendo*, but caught

himself just in time, and slipped in the *n* he had barely escaped omitting.

"It is sometimes spelt without the second *n*," he said, laughing.

"Yes, but incorrectly, according to our authority," said the master, turning the leaves. "*Inseparability.*"

Worth spelled correctly.

"*Impenetrability.*"

Chase also spelled without a mistake. Master Cram was about turning the leaves again, but paused to pronounce — "*Indefensibility.*"

Worth hesitated.

John Rich had now had time to find the page, and he put his finger on the word. Lem Pavode looked over his shoulder and saw it.

Now, Lem, since he had given up the prize, was, in the ardor of his gratitude, extremely anxious that Chase should get it, and he was, perhaps, the most excited spectator of the game.

Worth, flushed and agitated, drawing deep, unequal breaths, deliberated long; then ventured, —

"*I-n, in, d-e, de, f-e-n, fen*" —

Here, unhappily, his mind ran off on the familiar ending of the previous words, — *ability*, and he proceeded, as if he had been treading among eggs, *s-a, sa, b-i-l, bil*" —

No need of his going further. He knew by the sensation in the school, and especially by the gleam of joy that lighted up Lem's face, that he had made a fatal blunder.

Lem could not refrain from screwing up one *eye*, to indicate the letter missed. Worth saw it. Unfortu-

nately, Chase saw it, too; for Lem sat immediately before them, looking over John's finger on the page.

Chase spelled, however (so he always declared), precisely as he was going to do before Lem made his sign. And the master said, —

"Correct. Chase Atway, you have won the prize."

Then, when all was over, Master Cram made a little speech, in which he praised both boys for their industry, congratulated Chase on his success, and reminded Worth that it was necessary one of them should lose.

Meanwhile, Worth had become quite pale; and he listened with a stunned expression, as if without heeding a word.

"I consider," the master went on, "and I am sure the whole school believes, that the trial has been a fair one. And I trust that it will leave no traces of envy or heart-burning with any of you. Whatever irritation may have been caused by it should be forgotten."

Chase nodded expressively. Now that he had carried his point, he almost pitied Worth, and yearned to take him once more to his heart.

But Worth stood stern and dazed.

Then, having said a good word to the girls, Master Cram presented the prizes.

Chase did not try to conceal his delight when the beautiful pocket-rifle was finally put into his hands.

It seemed almost like a dream that the prize which he for a long while had no thought of winning — which he had even hoped at first might be won by his friend — should at last be his.

But with this joy came also the thought of his

friend — his friend now no more; and a feeling of pain was mingled with his triumph.

He was the hero of the hour; and when school was out, the boys all came about him, to declare that they knew all the while he would beat, and to have another good look at the fine pocket-rifle.

Worth, however, said nothing. He silently gathered up his books, and started for home.

Chase watched him furtively; and, pocket-rifle in hand, with his books strapped together, hastened to overtake him.

The winter had passed since their troubles began. It was now March weather; the snow was nearly gone, except on the high mountain sides; and the roads were muddy.

As Worth was slowly picking his way along, Chase came up with him.

"Well," he began, in a friendly tone, "school is over for you and me till next fall again."

"So it seems," said Worth.

"And, see here, Worth," Chase went on, with generous feeling, "this wretched business of competing for the prize is over, too."

"Not very wretched for you, as it turns out," Worth replied.

"That remains to be seen," said Chase. "I told you once — and I meant it from the bottom of my heart — that there were other things of greater importance than a prize, or the honor of gaining a prize."

"I remember it," said Worth, with a strange smile.

"I think so more than ever now," Chase proceeded. "You and I are not what we were to each other when

school began; and I'd give a cord of pocket-rifles, if I had them, to be back where we were, with no such bad feelings between us."

"So would I," exclaimed Worth, with one of his emphatic gestures.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Chase, with glistening eyes. "Let's be friends again."

"I wish we might;" and Worth heaved a big sigh.

"As for this pocket-rifle, it shall be just as much yours as mine. It's really a nice thing." Chase held it out towards his friend. "See?"

"Oh, yes; I see."

But Worth did not offer to take it.

"I shall send to town, the first chance, and buy a box of metallic cartridges; and then you and I will have great fun shooting at marks. We'll take it with us, too, when we go a-hunting. I'll lend it to you whenever you want it."

Worth gave another strange smile.

"By the way," said Chase, to change the subject, "when are we going up on the mountain, to tumble off that big rock, as we once agreed?"

"I haven't thought of that since," replied Worth.

They had now reached Mr. Atway's house. Worth was going by again, as he had kept up the habit of doing all winter, when Chase stopped him.

"Come, Worth! what's the use? Show that we are really friends again by going home the old way for once."

"Certainly; I'll go that way, and be glad to," said Worth, turning in at the gate. "I didn't know that you wanted me to."

"Of course I want you to!"

Chase accompanied him to the head of the lane.

"Come up into the sugar-bush some afternoon, won't you?" he said. "I shall be at work there all next week."

"I'll come and help you," replied Worth. "I owe you some work, you know."

"I didn't mean that," Chase protested. "But I shall have the cartridges by that time; and we'll practise firing at a target while watching the kettles."

To this Worth readily agreed. They stopped to talk a few minutes longer, and at parting Chase put out his hand.

Worth hesitated a moment, then took it. He held it tremblingly, and when he seemed about to let it go, gripped and wrung it again, looking Chase earnestly in the face.

"Chase," he said, "if I could only see you as you used to be!"

"It sha'n't be my fault if you don't," Chase answered, with responsive emotion.

"Whose fault, then?" said Worth. "If you are not what I once thought you, that is something I can't help; I can only grieve over it."

"Well, I have had something to grieve over, too," replied Chase, after an involuntary start backward. "But what is past is past. Let's forget it."

"What have you to grieve over?" cried Worth. "You have played your game; you have won; and well you may say, 'Forget the past!'"

"Why do you speak in that way?" asked Chase, reproachfully. "I think I have as much to forget as

anybody. Yes!" he exclaimed, "I take it to myself when I say, 'Let's forget.'"

Worth turned abruptly away, and Chase thought he was going. But he stopped to hurl back these words, with a dark and lowering look:

"Do *you* have to forget that your friend turned traitor and deceived you?"

"Why, yes, for that matter," replied Chase, flaring up; "that is just what I have to forget."

"Do you mean to say" — began Worth, striding toward him with clenched fist.

"Don't strike me!" cried Chase, and he brandished the pocket-rifle.

"Threaten me with *that*, will you?" said Worth, in a choking fury. "The prize that should have been mine — that *is* mine, by right — to have it held over my head by the fellow who has robbed me of it! that's of a piece with all your other actions."

"I — robbed you of it!" Chase repeated, almost too indignant to speak.

"Of course you did. I saw Lem Pavode give you the sign for spelling the word I missed."

"Do you think I couldn't have spelt that easy word without help? You disgust me, Worth Lankton!"

It was now Chase's turn to move angrily away.

"That was only one of many things," Worth called after him. "It was all unfair. The master and the whole school were against me. Come! don't run off like a coward. Let's have it out, now we've begun."

"All right!" exclaimed Chase. "And you'll see whether I'm a coward. The school *was* against you; do you know why? Because you insisted on things

that were mean and dishonorable. That's just the truth about it."

"Oh, it is, eh? Then why were you so anxious to make friends with me again, if I am such a villain?"

"Because I wished to be generous. And because," said Chase, "I hoped that you would now come to your senses, which you appeared to have lost the minute this prize was offered."

"It is fine for you to talk of honor, and losing one's senses!" retorted Worth. "What did the prize do to you? At the very time you were pretending that you wanted me to win it, you and Lem Pavode were plotting together to keep it from me. I saw you that first night in the barn."

"No doubt you spied in upon us if you had a chance," returned Chase. "If Lem could do the husking you shirked, of course *I* felt bound to help *him*. And I *did* want him to win; I'll tell you why."

"Do!" said Worth.

"Because, the Saturday night before," Chase went on, "after you had refused to go with me to the schoolhouse and get our spellers, you went and stole in without me, and carried yours home, — and to school, buttoned under your coat the next Monday, — and skulked and deceived me about it, or tried to deceive me, to the last. But I saw through you all the while."

Worth was so amazed that he stood and heard all this without a word.

"*Could* I forgive or forget that?" said Chase. "I thought I could just now, but I never can. From first to last you have acted a part of meanness and treachery. Now you know all, and all is over between us."

Once more he walked away, carrying his head high, and swinging the pocket-rifle.

Worth watched him till he disappeared in the shed, and then turned and went down the lane, still without uttering a word.

THE GRADGRIND METHOD

(From Hard Times.)

By CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. GRADGRIND walked homeward from the school, in a state of considerable satisfaction. It was his school, and he intended it to be a model. He intended every child in it to be a model — just as the young Grangrinds were all models.

There were five young Gradgrinds, and they were models every one. They had been lectured at, from their tenderest years; coursed, like little hares. Almost as soon as they could run alone, they had been made to run to the lecture-room. The first object with which they had an association, or of which they had a remembrance, was a large black-board with a dry Ogre chalking ghastly white figures on it.

Not that they knew, by name or nature, anything about an Ogre. Fact forbid! I only use the word to express a monster in a lecturing castle, with Heaven knows how many heads manipulated into one, taking childhood captive, and dragging it into gloomy, statistical dens by the hair.

No little Gradgrind had ever seen a face in the moon; it was up in the moon before it could speak distinctly. No little Gradgrind had ever learned the silly jingle, Twinkle, twinkle, little star; how I wonder what you are! No little Gradgrind had ever known wonder on the subject, each little Gradgrind having at five years old dissected the Great Bear like a Professor Owen, and driven Charles's Wain like a locomotive engine-driver. No little Gradgrind had ever associated a cow in a field with that famous cow with the crumpled horn who tossed the dog who worried the cat who killed the rat who ate the malt, or with that yet more famous cow who swallowed Tom Thumb: it had never heard of those celebrities, and had only been introduced to a cow as a graminivorous ruminating quadruped with several stomachs.

To his matter-of-fact home, which was called Stone Lodge, Mr. Gradgrind directed his steps. He had virtually retired from the wholesale hardware trade before he built Stone Lodge, and was now looking about for a suitable opportunity of making an arithmetical figure in Parliament. Stone Lodge was situated on a moor within a mile or two of a great town — called Coketown in the present faithful guide-book.

A very regular feature on the face of the country, Stone Lodge was. Not the least disguise toned down or shaded off that uncompromising fact in the landscape. A great square house, with a heavy portico darkening the principal windows, as its master's heavy brows overshadowed his eyes. A calculated, cast up, balanced, and proved house. Six windows on this side of the door, six on that side; a total of twelve in this

"There was an Air of Jaded Sullenness in Them Both."

wing, a total of twelve in the other wing; four and twenty carried over to the back wings. A lawn and garden and an infant avenue, all ruled straight like a botanical account-book. Gas and ventilation, drainage and water-service, all of the primest quality. Iron clamps and girders, fireproof from top to bottom; mechanical lifts for the house-maids, with all their brushes and brooms; everything that heart could desire.

Everything? Well, I suppose so. The little Gradgrinds had cabinets in various departments of science too. They had a little conchological cabinet, and a little metallurgical cabinet, and a little mineralogical cabinet; and the specimens were all arranged and labelled, and the bits of stone and ore looked as though they might have been broken from the parent substances by those tremendously hard instruments their own names; and, to paraphrase the idle legend of Peter Piper, who had never found his way into *their* nursery, If the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at more than this, what was it for good gracious goodness' sake, that the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at!

Their father walked on in a hopeful and satisfied frame of mind. He was an affectionate father, after his manner; but he would probably have described himself (if he had been put, like Sissy Jupe, upon a definition) as "an eminently practical" father. He had a particular pride in the phrase eminently practical, which was considered to have a special application to him. Whatsoever the public meeting held in Coketown, and whatsoever the subject of such meeting, some Coketowner was sure to seize the occasion of

alluding to his eminently practical friend Gradgrind. He knew it to be his due, but his due was acceptable.

He had reached the neutral ground upon the outskirts of the town, which was neither town nor country, and yet was either spoiled, when his ears were invaded by the sound of music. The clashing and banging band attached to the horse-riding establishment which had there set up its rest in a wooden Pavilion, was in full bray. A flag, floating from the summit of the temple, proclaimed to mankind that it was "Sleary's Horse-riding" which claimed their suffrages. Sleary himself, a stout modern statue with a money-box at its elbow, in an ecclesiastical niche of early Gothic architecture, took the money. Miss Josephine Sleary, as some very long and very narrow strips of printed bill announced, was then inaugurating the entertainments with her graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act. Among the other pleasing but always strictly moral wonders which must be seen to be believed, Signor Jupe was that afternoon to "elucidate the diverting accomplishments of his highly trained performing dog Merrylegs." He was also to exhibit "his astounding feat of throwing seventy-five hundred-weight in rapid succession backhanded over his head, thus forming a fountain of solid iron in mid-air, a feat never before attempted in this or any other country, and which, having elicited such rapturous plaudits from enthusiastic throngs, it cannot be withdrawn." The same Signor Jupe was to "enliven the varied performances, at frequent intervals with his chaste Shakespearean quips and retorts." Lastly, he was to wind them up by appearing in his favorite character of Mr. William Button, of Tooley Street, in "the

highly novel and laughable hippo-comedietta of The Tailor's Journey to Brentford."

Thomas Gradgrind took no heed of these trivialities of course, but passed on as a practical man ought to pass on, either brushing the noisy insects from his thoughts, or consigning them to the House of Correction. But, the turning of the road took him by the back of the booth, and at the back of the booth a number of children were congregated in a number of stealthy attitudes, striving to peep in at the hidden glories of the place.

This brought him to a stop. "Now, to think of these vagabonds," said he, "attracting the young rabble from a model school."

A space of stunted grass and dry rubbish being between him and the young rabble, he took his eyeglass out of his waistcoat to look for any child he knew by name, and might order off. Phenomenon almost incredible though distinctly seen, what did he then behold but his own metallurgical Louisa peeping with all her might through a hole in a deal board, and his own mathematical Thomas abasing himself on the ground to catch but a hoof of the graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act!

Dumb with amazement, Mr. Gradgrind crossed to the spot where his family was thus disgraced, laid his hand upon each erring child, and said, —

"Louisa!! Thomas!!"

Both rose, red and disconcerted. But Louisa looked at her father with more boldness than Thomas did. Indeed, Thomas did not look at him, but gave himself up to be taken home like a machine.

"In the name of wonder, idleness, and folly!" said Mr. Gradgrind, leading each away by a hand; "what do you do here?"

"Wanted to see what it was like," returned Louisa, shortly.

"What it was like?"

"Yes, father."

There was an air of jaded sullenness in them both, and particularly in the girl: yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression. Not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something painful in them, analogous to the changes on a blind face groping its way.

She was a child now, of fifteen or sixteen; but at no distant day would seem to become a woman all at once. Her father thought so as he looked at her. She was pretty. Would have been self-willed (he thought in his eminently practical way), but for her bringing-up.

"Thomas, though I have the fact before me, I find it difficult to believe that you, with your education and resources, should have brought your sister to a scene like this."

"I brought *him*, father," said Louisa, quickly. "I asked him to come."

"I am sorry to hear it. I am very sorry indeed to hear it. It makes Thomas no better, and it makes you worse, Louisa."

She looked at her father again, but no tear fell down her cheek.

"You! Thomas and you, to whom the circle of the sciences is open; Thomas and you, who may be said to be replete with facts; Thomas and you, who have been trained to mathematical exactness; Thomas and you, here!" cried Mr. Gradgrind. "In this degraded position! I am amazed."

"I was tired, father. I have been tired a long time," said Louisa.

"Tired? Of what?" asked the astonished father.

"I don't know of what — of everything I think."

"Say not another word," returned Mr. Gradgrind. "You are childish. I will hear no more." He did not speak again until they had walked some half a mile in silence, when he gravely broke out with: "What would your best friends say, Louisa? Do you attach no value to their good opinion? What would Mr. Bounderby say?"

At the mention of his name, his daughter stole a look at him, remarkable for its intense and searching character. He saw nothing of it, for before he looked at her, she had again cast down her eyes!

"What," he repeated presently, "would Mr. Bounderby say!" All the way to Stone Lodge, as with grave indignation he led the two delinquents home, he repeated at intervals "What would Mr. Bounderby say!" — as if Mr. Bounderby had been Mrs. Grundy.

PAUL'S EDUCATION

(From Dombey and Son.)

By CHARLES DICKENS.

AFTER the lapse of some minutes, which appeared an immense time to little Paul Dombey on the table, Doctor Blimber came back. The doctor's walk was stately, and calculated to impress the juvenile mind with solemn feelings. It was a sort of march; but when the doctor put out his right foot, he gravely turned upon his axis, with a semi-circular sweep towards the left; and when he put out his left foot, he turned in the same manner towards the right. So that he seemed, at every stride he took, to look about him as though he were saying, "Can anybody have the goodness to indicate any subject, in any direction, on which I am uninformed? I rather think not."

Mrs. Blimber and Miss Blimber came back in the doctor's company; and the doctor, lifting his new pupil off the table, delivered him over to Miss Blimber.

"Cornelia," said the doctor, "Dombey will be your charge at first. Bring him on, Cornelia, bring him on."

Miss Blimber received her young ward from the doc-

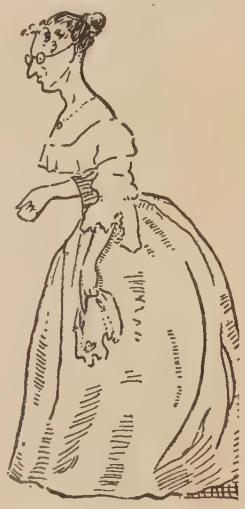
tor's hands; and Paul, feeling that the spectacles were surveying him, cast down his eyes.

"How old are you, Dombey?" said Miss Blimber.

"Six," answered Paul, wondering, as he stole a glance at the young lady, why her hair didn't grow long like Florence's, and why she was like a boy.

"How much do you know of your Latin Grammar, Dombey?" said Miss Blimber.

"None of it," answered Paul. Feeling that the answer was a shock to Miss Blimber's sensibility, he looked up at the three faces that were looking down at him, and said, —



"I haven't been well. I have been a weak child. I couldn't learn a Latin Grammar when I was out, every day, with old Glubb. I wish you'd tell old Glubb to come and see me, if you please."

"What a dreadfully low name!" said Mrs. Blimber. "Unclassical to a degree! Who is the monster, child?"

"What monster?" inquired Paul.

"Glubb," said Mrs. Blimber, with a great disrelish.

"He's no more a monster than you are," returned Paul.

"What!" cried the doctor, in a terrible voice. "Ay, ay, ay? Aha! What's that?"

Paul was dreadfully frightened; but still he made a stand for the absent Glubb, though he did it trembling.

"He's a very nice old man, ma'am," he said. "He

used to draw my coach. He knows all about the deep sea, and the fish that are in it, and the great monsters that come and lie on rocks in the sun, and dive into the water again when they're startled, blowing and splashing so, that they can be heard for miles. There are some creatures," said Paul, warming with his subject, "I don't know how many yards long, and I forget their names, but Florence knows, that pretend to be in distress; and when a man goes near them, out of compassion, they open their great jaws, and attack him. But all he has got to do," said Paul, boldly tendering this information to the very doctor himself, "is to keep on turning as he runs away, and then, as they turn slowly, because they are so long, and can't bend, he's sure to beat them. And though old Glubb don't know why the sea should make me think of my mamma that's dead, or what it is that it is always saying — always saying! he knows a great deal about it. And I wish," the child concluded, with a sudden falling of his countenance, and failing in his animation, as he looked like one forlorn, upon the three strange faces, "that you'd let old Glubb come here to see me, for I know him very well, and he knows me."

"Ha!" said the doctor, shaking his head; "this is bad, but study will do much."

Mrs. Blimber opined, with something like a shiver, that he was an unaccountable child; and, allowing for the difference of visage, looked at him pretty much as Mrs. Pipchin had been used to do.

"Take him round the house, Cornelia," said the doctor, "and familiarize him with his new sphere. Go with that young lady, Dombey."

Dombey obeyed; giving his hand to the abstruse Cornelia, and looking at her sideways, with timid curiosity, as they went away together. For her spectacles, by reason of the glistening of the glasses, made her so mysterious, that he didn't know where she was looking, and was not indeed quite sure that she had any eyes at all behind them.

Cornelia took him first to the schoolroom, which was situated at the back of the hall, and was approached through two baize doors, which deadened and muffled the young gentlemen's voices. Here, there were eight young gentlemen in various stages of mental prostration, all very hard at work, and very grave indeed. Toots, as an old hand, had a desk to himself in one corner: and a magnificent man, of immense age, he looked, in Paul's young eyes, behind it.

Mr. Feeder, B.A., who sat at another little desk, had his Virgil stop on, and was slowly grinding that tune to four young gentlemen. Of the remaining four, two who grasped their foreheads convulsively, were engaged in solving mathematical problems; one with his face like a dirty window, from much crying, was endeavoring to flounder through a hopeless number of lines before dinner; and one sat looking at his task in stony stupefaction and despair — which it seemed had been his condition ever since breakfast time.

The appearance of a new boy did not create the sensation that might have been expected. Mr. Feeder, B.A. (who was in the habit of shaving his head for coolness, and had nothing but little bristles on it), gave him a bony hand, and told him he was glad to see him — which Paul would have been very glad to have told

him, if he could have done so with the least sincerity. Then Paul, instructed by Cornelia, shook hands with the four young gentlemen at Mr. Feeder's desk; then with the two young gentlemen at work on the problems, who were very feverish: then with the young gentleman at work against time, who was very inky; and lastly with the young gentleman in a state of stupefaction, who was flabby and quite cold.

Paul having been already introduced to Toots, that pupil merely chuckled and breathed hard, as his custom was, and pursued the occupation in which he was engaged. It was not a severe one; for on account of his having "gone through" so much (in more senses than one), and also of his having, as before hinted, left off blowing in his prime, Toots now had license to pursue his own course of study; which was chiefly to write long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed "P. Toots, Esquire, Brighton, Sussex," and to preserve them in his desk with great care.

These ceremonies passed, Cornelia led Paul up-stairs to the top of the house; which was rather a slow journey, on account of Paul being obliged to land both feet on every stair, before he mounted another. But they reached their journey's end at last; and there, in a front room, looking over the wild sea, Cornelia showed him a nice little bed with white hangings, close to the window, on which there was already beautifully written on a card in round text — down strokes very thick and up strokes very fine — DOMBEY: while two other little bedsteads in the same room were announced, through like means, as respectively appertaining unto BRIGGS and TOZER.

Just as they got down-stairs again into the hall, Paul saw the weak-eyed young man who had given that mortal offence to Mrs. Pipchin, suddenly seize a very large drumstick, and fly at a gong that was hanging up, as if he had gone mad, or wanted vengeance. Instead of receiving warning, however, or being instantly taken into custody, the young man left off unchecked, after having made a dreadful noise. Then Cornelia Blimber said to Dombey that dinner would be ready in a quarter of an hour, and perhaps he had better go into the schoolroom among his "friends."

So Dombey, deferentially passing the great clock, which was still as anxious as ever to know how he found himself, opened the schoolroom door a very little way, and strayed in like a lost boy: shutting it after him with some difficulty. His friends were all dispersed about the room except the stony friend, who remained immovable. Mr. Feeder was stretching himself in his gray gown, as if, regardless of expense, he were resolved to pull the sleeves off.

"Heigh-ho-hum!" cried Mr. Feeder, shaking himself like a cart-horse; "Oh, dear me, dear me! Ya-a-a-ah!"

Paul was quite alarmed by Mr. Feeder's yawning; it was done on such a great scale, and he was so terribly in earnest. All the boys too (Toots excepted) seemed knocked up, and were getting ready for dinner — some newly tying their neck-cloths, which were very stiff indeed; and others washing their hands, or brushing their hair, in an adjoining ante-chamber — as if they didn't think they should enjoy it at all.

Young Toots who was ready beforehand, and had

therefore nothing to do, and had leisure to bestow upon Paul, said, with heavy good nature, —

"Sit down, Dombey."

"Thank you, sir," said Paul.

His endeavoring to hoist himself on to a very high window-seat, and his slipping down again, appeared to prepare Toots's mind for the reception of a discovery.

"You're a very small chap," said Mr. Toots.

"Yes, sir, I'm small," returned Paul. "Thank you, sir."

For Toots had lifted him into the seat, and done it kindly too.

"Who's your tailor?" inquired Toots, after looking at him for some moments.

"It's a woman that has made my clothes as yet," said Paul. "My sister's dressmaker."

"My tailor's Burgess and Co.," said Toots. "Fash'nable. But very dear."

Paul had wit enough to shake his head, as if he would have said it was easy to see *that;* and indeed he thought so.

"Your father's regularly rich, ain't he?" inquired Mr. Toots.

"Yes, sir," said Paul. "He's Dombey and Son."

"And which?" demanded Toots.

"And Son, sir," replied Paul.

Mr. Toots made one or two attempts, in a low voice, to fix the firm in his mind; but not quite succeeding, said he would get Paul to mention the name again to-morrow morning, as it was rather important. And indeed he purposed nothing less than writing himself

a private and confidential letter from Dombey and Son immediately.

By this time the other pupils (always excepting the stony boy) gathered round. They were polite but pale and spoke low; and they were so depressed in their spirits, that in comparison with the general tone of that company, Master Blitherstone was a perfect Miller, or complete Jest Book. And yet he had a sense of injury upon him too, had Blitherstone.

"You sleep in my room, don't you?" asked a solemn young gentleman, whose shirt-collar curled up the lobes of his ears.

"Master Briggs?" inquired Paul.

"Tozer," said the young gentleman.

Paul answered yes; and Tozer pointing out the stony pupil, said that was Briggs. Paul had already felt certain that it must be either Briggs or Tozer, though he didn't know why.

"Is yours a strong constitution?" inquired Tozer.

Paul said he thought not. Tozer replied that *he* thought not also, judging from Paul's looks, and that it was a pity, for it need be. He then asked Paul if he were going to begin with Cornelia; and on Paul saying "Yes," all the young gentlemen (Briggs excepted) gave a low groan.

It was drowned in the tintinnabulation of the gong, which sounding again with great fury, there was a general move towards the dining-room; still excepting Briggs the stony boy, who remained where he was, and as he was; and on its way to whom Paul presently encountered a round of bread, genteelly served on a plate and napkin, and with a silver fork lying cross-

wise on the top of it. Doctor Blimber was already in his place in the dining-room, at the top of the table, with Miss Blimber and Mrs. Blimber on either side of him. Mr. Feeder in a black coat was at the bottom. Paul's chair was next to Miss Blimber; but it being found, when he sat in it, that his eyebrows were not much above the level of the tablecloth, some books were brought in from the doctor's study, on which he was elevated, and on which he always sat from that time — carrying them in and out himself on after occasions, like a little elephant and castle.

Grace having been said by the doctor, dinner began. There was some nice soup; also roast meat, boiled meat, vegetables, pie, and cheese. Every young gentleman had a massive silver fork, and a napkin; and all the arrangements were stately and handsome; in particular, there was a butler in a blue coat and bright buttons, who gave quite a winey flavor to the table beer; he poured it out so superbly.

Nobody spoke, unless spoken to, except Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, and Miss Blimber, who conversed occasionally. Whenever a young gentleman was not actually engaged with his knife and fork or spoon, his eye, with an irresistible attraction, sought the eye of Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, or Miss Blimber, and modestly rested there. Toots appeared to be the only exception to this rule. He sat next Mr. Feeder on Paul's side of the table, and frequently looked behind and before the intervening boys to catch a glimpse of Paul.

Only once during dinner was there any conversation that included the young gentlemen. It happened at the

epoch of the cheese, when the doctor, having taken a glass of port wine, and hemmed twice or thrice, said,—

"It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder, that the Romans" —

At the mention of this terrible people, their implacable enemies, every young gentleman fastened his gaze upon the doctor, with an assumption of the deepest interest. One of the number who happened to be drinking, and who caught the doctor's eye glaring at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was convulsed for some moments, and in the sequel ruined Doctor Blimber's point.

"It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder," said the doctor, beginning again slowly, "that the Romans, in those gorgeous and profuse entertainments of which we read in the days of the emperors, when luxury had attained a height unknown before or since, and when whole provinces were ravaged to supply the splendid means of one imperial banquet" —

Here the offender, who had been swelling and straining, and waiting in vain for a full stop, broke out violently.

"Johnson," said Mr. Feeder, in a low reproachful voice, "take some water."

The doctor, looking very stern, made a pause until the water was brought, and then resumed, —

"And when, Mr. Feeder" —

But Mr. Feeder, who saw that Johnson must break out again, and who knew that the doctor would never come to a period before the young gentlemen until he had finished all he meant to say, couldn't keep his eye off Johnson; and thus was caught in the fact of not looking at the doctor, who consequently stopped.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Feeder, reddening. "I beg your pardon, Dr. Blimber."

"And when," said the doctor, raising his voice, "when sir, as we read, and have no reason to doubt — incredible as it may appear to the vulgar of our time — the brother of Vitellius prepared for him a feast, in which were served, of fish, two thousand dishes" —

"Take some water, Johnson — dishes, sir," said Mr. Feeder.

"Of various sorts of fowl, five thousand dishes."

"Or try a crust of bread," said Mr. Feeder.

"And one dish," pursued Doctor Blimber, raising his voice still higher as he looked all round the table, "called, from its enormous dimensions, the shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants" —

"Ow, ow, ow!" (from Johnson.)

"Woodcocks,"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"The sounds of the fish called scari,"

"You'll burst some vessel in your head," said Mr. Feeder. "You had better let it come."

"And the spawn of the lamprey, brought from the Carpathian Sea," pursued the doctor in his severest voice; "when we read of costly entertainments such as these, and still remember, that we have a Titus,"

"What would be your mother's feelings if you died of apoplexy!" said Mr. Feeder.

"A Domitian,"

"And you're blue, you know," said Mr. Feeder.

"A Nero, a Tiberius, a Caligula, a Heliogabalus, and many more," pursued the doctor; "it is, Mr. Feeder —

Dr. Blimber's Young Gentlemen as they Appear when Enjoying Themselves.

if you are doing me the honor to attend — remarkable; VERY remarkable, sir" —

But Johnson, unable to suppress it any longer, burst at that moment into such an overwhelming fit of coughing, that, although both his immediate neighbors thumped him on the back, and Mr. Feeder himself held a glass of water to his lips, and the butler walked him up and down several times between his own chair and the sideboard, like a sentry, it was full five minutes before he was moderately composed, and then there was a profound silence.

"Gentlemen," said Doctor Blimber, "rise for Grace! Cornelia, lift Dombey down" — nothing of whom but his scalp was accordingly seen above the table-cloth. "Johnson will repeat to me to-morrow morning before breakfast, without book, and from the Greek Testament, the first chapter of the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Ephesians. We will resume our studies, Mr. Feeder, in half an hour."

The young gentlemen bowed and withdrew. Mr. Feeder did likewise. During the half-hour, the young gentlemen, broken into pairs, loitered arm in arm up and down a small piece of ground behind the house, or endeavored to kindle a spark of animation in the breast of Briggs. But nothing happened so vulgar as play. Punctually at the appointed time, the gong was sounded, and the studies, under the joint auspices of Doctor Blimber and Mr. Feeder were resumed.

As the Olympic game of lounging up and down had been cut shorter than usual that day, on Johnson's account, they all went out for a walk before tea. Even Briggs (though he hadn't begun yet) partook of

this dissipation; in the enjoyment of which he looked over the cliff two or three times darkly. Doctor Blimber accompanied them; and Paul had the honor of being taken in tow by the doctor himself: a distinguished state of things, in which he looked very little and feeble.

Tea was served in a style no less polite than the dinner; and after tea, the young gentlemen rising and bowing as before, withdrew to fetch up the unfinished tasks of that day, or to get up the already looming tasks of to-morrow. In the mean time Mr. Feeder withdrew to his own room; and Paul sat in a corner wondering whether Florence was thinking of him, and what they were all about at Mrs. Pipchin's.

Mr. Toots, who had been detained by an important letter from the Duke of Wellington, found Paul out after a time; and having looked at him for a long while, as before, inquired if he was fond of waist-coats.

Paul said, "Yes, sir."

"So am I," said Toots.

No word more spake Toots that night; but he stood looking at Paul as if he liked him; and as there was company in that, and Paul was not inclined to talk, it answered his purpose better than conversation.

At eight o'clock or so, the gong sounded again for prayers in the dining-room, where the butler afterwards presided over a side table, on which bread and cheese and beer were spread for such young gentlemen as desired to partake of those refreshments. The ceremonies concluded by the doctor's saying, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies at seven to-morrow;" and then, for the first time, Paul saw Cornelia Blimber's eye, and saw

that it was upon him. When the doctor had said these words, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies at seven to-morrow," the pupils bowed again, and went to bed.

In the confidence of their own room up-stairs, Briggs said his head ached ready to split, and that he should wish himself dead if it wasn't for his mother, and a blackbird he had at home. Tozer didn't say much, but he sighed a good deal, and told Paul to look out, for his turn would come to-morrow. After uttering those prophetic words, he undressed himself moodily, and got into bed. Briggs was in his bed too, and Paul in his bed too, before the weak-eyed young man appeared to take away the candle, when he wished them good-night and pleasant dreams. But his benevolent wishes were in vain, as far as Briggs and Tozer were concerned; for Paul, who lay awake for a long while, and often woke afterwards, found that Briggs was ridden by his lesson as a nightmare; and that Tozer, whose mind was affected in his sleep by similar causes, in a minor degree, talked unknown tongues, or scraps of Greek and Latin — it was all one to Paul — which, in the silence of night, had an inexpressibly wicked and guilty effect.

Paul had sunk into a sweet sleep, and dreamed that he was walking hand in hand with Florence through beautiful gardens, when they came to a large sunflower which suddenly expanded itself into a gong and began to sound. Opening his eyes, he found that it was a dark, windy morning, with a drizzling rain; and that the real gong was giving dreadful note of preparation, down in the hall.

So he got up directly, and found Briggs with hardly

any eyes, for nightmare and grief had made his face puffy, putting his boots on: while Tozer stood shivering and rubbing his shoulders in a very bad humor. Poor Paul couldn't dress himself easily, not being used to it, and asked them if they would have the goodness to tie some strings for him; but as Briggs merely said "Bother!" and Tozer, "Oh yes!" he went down when he was otherwise ready, to the next story, where he saw a pretty young woman in leather gloves, cleaning a stove. The young woman seemed surprised at his appearance, and asked him where his mother was. When Paul told her she was dead, she took her gloves off, and did what he wanted; and furthermore rubbed his hands to warm them; and gave him a kiss; and told him whenever he wanted anything of that sort—meaning in the dressing way—to ask for 'Melia; which Paul, thanking her very much, said he certainly would. He then proceeded softly on his journey down-stairs, towards the room in which the young gentlemen resumed their studies, when, passing by the door that stood ajar, a voice from within cried "Is that Dombey?" On Paul replying, "Yes ma'am:" for he knew the voice to be Miss Blimber's: Miss Blimber said "Come in, Dombey." And in he went.

Miss Blimber presented exactly the appearance she had presented yesterday, except that she wore a shawl. Her little light curls were as crisp as ever, and she had already her spectacles on, which made Paul wonder whether she went to bed in them. She had a cool little sitting-room of her own up there, with some books in it, and no fire. But Miss Blimber was never cold, and never sleepy.

"Now, Dombey," said Miss Blimber, "I'm going out for a constitutional."

Paul wondered what that was, and why she didn't send the footman out to get it in such unfavorable weather. But he made no observation on the subject: his attention being devoted to a little pile of new books, on which Miss Blimber appeared to have been recently engaged.

"These are yours, Dombey," said Miss Blimber.

"All of 'em, ma'am?" said Paul.

"Yes," returned Miss Blimber; "and Mr. Feeder will look you out some more very soon, if you are as studious as I expect you will be, Dombey."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Paul.

"I am going out for a constitutional," resumed Miss Blimber; "and while I am gone, that is to say in the interval between this and breakfast, Dombey, I wish you to read over what I have marked in these books, and to tell me if you quite understand what you have got to learn. Don't lose time, Dombey, for you have none to spare, but take them down-stairs, and begin directly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Paul.

There were so many of them that although Paul put one hand under the bottom book and his other hand and his chin on the top book, and hugged them all closely, the middle book slipped out before he reached the door, and then they all tumbled down on the floor. Miss Blimber said, "Oh, Dombey, Dombey, this is really very careless!" and piled them up afresh for him; and this time, by dint of balancing them with great nicety, Paul got out of the room, and down a few

stairs before two of them escaped again. But he held the rest so tight, that he only left one more on the first floor, and one in the passage; and when he had got the main body down into the schoolroom, he set off up-stairs again to collect the stragglers. Having at last amassed the whole library, and climbed into his place, he fell to work, encouraged by a remark from Tozer to the effect that he "was in for it now;" which was the only interruption he received till breakfast-time. At that meal, for which he had no appetite, everything was quite as solemn and genteel as at the others; and when it was finished, he followed Miss Blimber up-stairs.

"Now, Dombey," said Miss Blimber. "How have you got on with those books?"

They comprised a little English, and a deal of Latin — names of things, declensions of articles and substantives, exercises thereon, and preliminary rules — a trifle of orthography, a glance at ancient history, a wink or two at modern ditto, a few tables, two or three weights and measures, and a little general information. When poor Paul had spelled out number two, he found he had no idea of number one; fragments whereof afterwards obtruded themselves into number three, which slided into number four, which grafted itself on to number two. So that whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or hic hæc hoc was Troy weight, or a verb always agreed with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus a bull, were open questions with him.

"Oh, Dombey, Dombey!" said Miss Blimber, "this is very shocking."

"If you please," said Paul, "I think if I might

sometimes talk a little to old Glubb, I should be able to do better."

"Nonsense, Dombey," said Miss Blimber. "I couldn't hear of it. This is not the place for Glubbs of any kind. You must take the books down, I suppose, Dombey, one by one, and perfect yourself in the day's instalment of subject A, before you turn at all to subject B. And now take away the top book, if you please, Dombey, and return when you are master of the theme."

Miss Blimber expressed her opinions on the subject of Paul's uninstructed state with a gloomy delight, as if she had expected this result, and were glad to find that they must be in constant communication. Paul withdrew with the top task, as he was told, and labored away at it, down below: sometimes remembering every word of it, and sometimes forgetting it all, and everything else besides: until at last he ventured up-stairs again to repeat the lesson, when it was nearly all driven out of his head before he began, by Miss Blimber's shutting up the book, and saying, "Go on, Dombey!" a proceeding so suggestive of the knowledge inside of her, that Paul looked upon the young lady with consternation, as a kind of learned Guy Faux, or artificial Bogie, stuffed full of scholastic straw.

He acquitted himself very well, nevertheless; and Miss Blimber, commending him as giving promise of getting on fast, immediately provided him with subject B; from which he passed to C, and even D before dinner. It was hard work, resuming his studies, soon after dinner; and he felt giddy and confused, and drowsy and dull. But all the other young gentlemen

had similar sensations, and were obliged to resume their studies too, if there were any comfort in that. It was a wonder that the great clock in the hall, instead of being constant to its first inquiry, never said, "Gentlemen, we will now resume our studies," for that phrase was often enough repeated in its neighborhood. The studies went round like a mighty wheel, and the young gentlemen were always stretched upon it.

After tea there were exercises again, and preparations for next day by candle-light. And in due course there was bed; where, but for that resumption of the studies which took place in dreams, were rest and sweet forgetfulness.

Oh Saturdays! Oh happy Saturdays! when Florence always came at noon, and never would, in any weather, stay away, though Mrs. Pipchin snarled and growled, and worried her bitterly. Those Saturdays were Sabbaths for at least two little Christians among all the Jews, and did the holy Sabbath work of strengthening and knitting up a brother's and a sister's love.

Not even Sunday nights — the heavy Sunday nights, whose shadow darkened the first waking burst of light on Sunday mornings — could mar those precious Saturdays. Whether it was the great seashore, where they sat, and strolled together; or whether it was only Mrs. Pipchin's dull back room, in which she sang to him so softly, with his drowsy head upon her arm; Paul never cared. It was Florence. That was all he thought of. So, on Sunday nights, when the doctor's dark door stood agape to swallow him up for another week, the time was come for taking leave of Florence; no one else.

Mrs. Wickam had been drafted home to the house in town, and Miss Nipper, now a smart young woman, had come down. To many a single combat with Mrs. Pipchin, did Miss Nipper gallantly devote herself; and if ever Mrs. Pipchin in all her life had found her match, she had found it now. Miss Nipper threw away the scabbard the first morning she arose in Mrs. Pipchin's house. She asked and gave no quarter. She said it must be war, and war it was; and Mrs. Pipchin lived from that time in the midst of surprises, harassings, and defiances: and skirmishing attacks that came bouncing in upon her from the passage, even in unguarded moments of chops, and carried desolation to her very toast.

Miss Nipper had returned one Sunday night with Florence, from walking back with Paul to the doctor's, when Florence took from her bosom a little piece of paper, on which she had pencilled down some words.

"See here, Susan," she said. "These are the names of the little books that Paul brings home to do those long exercises with, when he is so tired. I copied them last night while he was writing."

"Don't show 'em to me, Miss Floy, if you please," returned Nipper, "I'd as soon see Mrs. Pipchin."

"I want you to buy them for me, Susan, if you will, to-morrow morning. I have money enough," said Florence.

"Why, goodness gracious me, Miss Floy," returned Miss Nipper, "how can you talk like that, when you have books upon books already, and masterses and missesses a-teaching of you everything continual, though

my belief is that your pa, Miss Dombey, never would have learned you nothing, never would have thought of it, unless you'd asked him — when he couldn't well refuse; but giving consent when asked, and offering when unasked, miss, is quite two things; I may not have any objections to a young man's keeping company with me, and when he puts the question, may say 'yes,' but that's not saying 'would you be so kind as like me?'"

"But you can buy me the books, Susan; and you will, when you know I want them."

"Well, miss, and why do you want 'em?" replied Nipper; adding in a lower voice, "if it was to fling at Mrs. Pipchin's head, I'd buy a cart-load."

"I think I could perhaps give Paul some help, Susan, if I had these books," said Florence, "and make the coming week a little easier to him. At least I want to try. So buy them for me, dear, and I will never forget how kind it was of you to do it!"

It must have been a harder heart than Susan Nipper's that could have rejected the little purse Florence held out with these words, or the gentle look of entreaty with which she seconded her petition. Susan put the purse in her pocket without reply, and trotted out at once upon her errand.

The books were not easy to procure; and the answer at several shops was, either that they were just out of them, or that they had never kept them, or that they

had had a great many last month, or that they expected a great many next week. But Susan was not easily baffled in such an enterprise; and having entrapped a white-haired youth, in a black calico apron, from a library where she was known, to accompany her in her quest, she led him such a life in going up and down, that he exerted himself to the utmost, if it were only to get rid of her; and finally enabled her to return home in triumph.

With these treasures then, after her own daily lessons were over, Florence sat down at night to track Paul's footsteps through the thorny ways of learning; and being possessed of a naturally quick and sound capacity, and taught by that most wonderful of masters, love, it was not long before she gained upon Paul's heels, and caught and passed him.

Not a word of this was breathed to Mrs. Pipchin: but many a night when they were all in bed, and when Miss Nipper, with her hair in papers and herself asleep in some uncomfortable attitude, reposed unconscious by her side; and when the chinking ashes in the grate were cold and gray; and when the candles were burned down and guttering out; — Florence tried so hard to be a substitute for one small Dombey, that her fortitude and perseverance might have almost won her a free right to bear the name herself.

And high was her reward, when one Saturday evening, as little Paul was sitting down as usual to "resume his studies," she sat down by his side, and showed him all that was so rough, made smooth, and all that was so dark, made clear and plain, before him. It was nothing but a startled look in Paul's wan face — a flush —

a smile — and then a close embrace — but God knows how her heart leaped up at this rich payment for her trouble.

"Oh, Floy!" cried her brother, "how I love you! How I love you, Floy!"

"And I you, dear!"

"Oh! I am sure of that, Floy."

He said no more about it, but all that evening sat close to her, very quiet; and in the night he called out from his little room within hers, three or four times, that he loved her.

Regularly, after that, Florence was prepared to sit down with Paul on Saturday night, and patiently assist him through so much as they could anticipate together of his next week's work. The cheering thought that he was laboring on where Florence had just toiled before him, would, of itself, have been a stimulant to Paul in the perpetual resumption of his studies; but coupled with the actual lightening of his load, consequent on this assistance, it saved him, possibly from sinking underneath the burden which the fair Cornelia Blimber piled upon his back.

It was not that Miss Blimber meant to be too hard upon him, or that Doctor Blimber meant to bear too heavily on the young gentlemen in general. Cornelia merely held the faith in which she had been bred; and the doctor, in some partial confusion of his ideas, regarded the young gentlemen as if they were all doctors, and were born grown up. Comforted by the applause of the young gentlemen's nearest relations, and urged on by their blind vanity and ill-considered haste, it would have been strange if Doctor Blimber had dis-

covered his mistake, or trimmed his swelling sails to any other tack.

Thus in the case of Paul. When Doctor Blimber said he made great progress, and was naturally clever, Mr. Dombey was more bent than ever on his being forced and crammed. In the case of Briggs, when Doctor Blimber reported that he did not make great progress yet, and was not naturally clever, Briggs senior was inexorable in the same purpose. In sh rt, however high and false the temperature at which the doctor kept his hothouse, the owners of the plants were always ready to lend a helping hand at the bellows, and to stir the fire.

Such spirits as he had in the outset, Paul soon lost of course. But he retained all that was strange, and old, and thoughtful in his character: and under circumstances so favorable to the development of those tendencies, became even more strange, and old, and thoughtful, than before.

The only difference was, that he kept his character to himself. He grew more thoughtful and reserved, every day; and had no such curiosity in any living member of the doctor's household, as he had had in Mrs. Pipchin. He loved to be alone; and in those short intervals when he was not occupied with his books, liked nothing so well as wandering about the house by himself, or sitting on the stairs, listening to the great clock in the hall. He was intimate with all the paperhanging in the house; saw things that no one else saw in the patterns; found out miniature tigers and lions running up the bedroom walls, and squinting faces leering in the squares and diamonds of the floor-cloth.

The solitary child lived on, surrounded by this arabesque work of his musing fancy, and no one understood him. Mrs. Blimber thought him "odd," and sometimes the servants said among themselves that little Dombey "moped;" but that was all.

Unless young Toots had some idea on the subject, to the expression of which he was wholly unequal. Ideas, like ghosts (according to the common notion of ghosts), must be spoken to a little before they will explain themselves; and Toots had long left off asking any questions of his own mind. Some mist there may have been, issuing from that leaden casket, his cranium, which, if it could have taken shape and form, would have become a genie; but it could not; and it only so far followed the example of the smoke in the Arabian story, as to roll out in a thick cloud, and there hang and hover. But it left a little figure visible upon a lonely shore, and Toots was always staring at it.

"How are you?" he would say to Paul fifty times a day.

"Quite well, sir, thank you," Paul would answer.

"Shake hands," would be Toots's next advance.

Which Paul, of course, would immediately do. Mr. Toots generally said again, after a long interval of staring and hard breathing, "How are you?" To which Paul again replied, "Quite well, sir, thank you."

One evening Mr. Toots was sitting at his desk, oppressed by correspondence, when a great purpose seemed to flash upon him. He laid down his pen, and went off to seek Paul, whom he found at last, after a long search, looking through the window of his little bedroom.

"I say!" cried Toots, speaking the moment he entered the room, lest he should forget it; "what do you think about?"

"Oh! I think about a great many things," replied Paul.

"Do you, though?" said Toots, appearing to consider that fact in itself surprising.

"If you had to die," said Paul, looking up into his face — Mr. Toots started, and seemed much disturbed.

"— Don't you think you would rather die on a moonlight night when the sky was quite clear, and the wind blowing, as it did last night?"

Mr. Toots said, looking doubtfully at Paul, and shaking his head, that he didn't know about that.

"Not blowing, at least," said Paul, "but sounding in the air like the sea sounds in the shells. It was a beautiful night. When I had listened to the water for a long time, I got up and looked out. There was a boat over there, in the full light of the moon; a boat with a sail."

The child looked at him so steadfastly, and spoke so earnestly, that Mr. Toots, feeling himself called upon to say something about this boat, said, "Smugglers." But with an impartial remembrance of there being two sides to every question, he added, "or Preventive."

"A boat with a sail," repeated Paul, "in the full light of the moon. The sail like an arm, all silver. It went away into the distance, and what do you think it seemed to do as it moved with the waves?"

"Pitch," said Mr. Toots.

"It seemed to beckon," said the child, "to beckon me to come! — There she is! There she is!"

Toots was almost beside himself with dismay at this sudden exclamation, after what had gone before, and cried, "Who?"

"My sister Florence!" cried Paul, "looking up here, and waving her hand. She sees me — she sees me! Good-night, dear, good-night, good-night."

His quick transition to a state of unbounded pleasure, as he stood at his window, kissing and clapping his hands: and the way in which the light retreated from his features as she passed out of his view, and left a patient melancholy on the little face: were too remarkable wholly to escape even Toots's notice. Their interview being interrupted at this moment by a visit from Mrs. Pipchin, who usually brought her black skirts to bear upon Paul just before dusk, once or twice a week, Toots had no opportunity of improving the occasion; but it left so marked an impression on his mind, that he twice returned, after having exchanged the usual salutations, to ask Mrs. Pipchin how she did. This the irascible old lady conceived to be a deeply devised and long-meditated insult, originating in the diabolical invention of the weak-eyed young man downstairs, against whom she accordingly lodged a formal complaint with Doctor Blimber that very night; who mentioned to the young man that if he ever did it again, he should be obliged to part with him.

The evenings being longer now, Paul stole up to his window every evening to look out for Florence. She always passed and repassed at a certain time, until she saw him; and their mutual recognition was a gleam of sunshine in Paul's daily life. Often after dark, one other figure walked alone before the doctor's house.

He rarely joined them on the Saturday now. He could not bear it. He would rather come unrecognized, and look up at the windows where his son was qualifying for a man; and wait, and watch, and plan, and hope.

Oh! could he but have seen, or seen as others did, the slight spare boy above, watching the waves and clouds at twilight, with his earnest eyes, and breasting the window of his solitary cage when birds flew by, as if he would have emulated them, and soared away!

TOM TULLIVER'S FIRST HALF AND THE NEW SCHOOL-FELLOW

(From the Mill on the Floss.)

By GEORGE ELIOT.

AND before this dreary half-year was ended, Maggie actually came. Mrs. Stelling had given a general invitation for the little girl to come and stay with her brother; so when Mr. Tulliver drove over to King's Lorton late in October, Maggie came too, with the sense that she was taking a great journey, and beginning to see the world. It was Mr. Tulliver's first visit to see Tom, for the lad must learn not to think too much about home.

"Well, my lad," he said to Tom, when Mr. Stelling had left the room to announce the arrival to his wife, and Maggie had begun to kiss Tom freely, "you look rarely! School agrees with you."

Tom wished he had looked rather ill.

"I don't think I *am* well, father," said Tom, "I wish you'd ask Mr. Stelling not to let me do Euclid; it brings on the toothache, I think."

(The toothache was the only malady to which Tom had ever been subject.)

"Euclid, my lad,—why, what's that?" said Mr. Tulliver.

"Oh, I don't know; it's definitions, and axioms, and triangles, and things. It's a book I've got to learn in — there's no sense in it."

"Go, go!" said Mr. Tulliver, reprovingly; "you mustn't say so. You must learn what your master tells you. He knows what it's right for you to learn."

"*I'll* help you now, Tom," said Maggie, with a little air of patronizing consolation. "I'm come to stay ever so long, if Mrs. Stelling asks me. I've brought my box and my pinafores, haven't I, father?"

"*You* help me, you silly little thing!" said Tom, in such high spirits at this announcement that he quite enjoyed the idea of confounding Maggie by showing her a page of Euclid. "I should like to see you doing one of *my* lessons! Why, I learn Latin, too! Girls never learn such things. They're too silly."

"I know what Latin is very well," said Maggie, confidently. "Latin's a language. There are Latin words in the Dictionary. There's bonus, a gift."

"Now, you're just wrong there, Miss Maggie!" said Tom, secretly astonished. "You think you're very wise! But 'bonus' means 'good' as it happens, — bonus, bona, bonum."

"Well, that's no reason why it shouldn't mean 'gift,'" said Maggie, stoutly. "It may mean several things; almost every word does. There's 'lawn,'— it means the grass-plot, as well as the stuff pocket-handkerchiefs are made of."

"Well done, little 'un," said Mr. Tulliver, laughing, while Tom felt rather disgusted with Maggie's knowingness, though beyond measure cheerful at the thought that she was going to stay with him. Her conceit would soon be overawed by the actual inspection of his books.

Mrs. Stelling, in her pressing invitation, did not mention a longer time than a week for Maggie's stay; but Mr. Stelling, who took her between his knees, and asked her where she stole her dark eyes from, insisted that she must stay a fortnight. Maggie thought Mr. Stelling was a charming man, and Mr. Tulliver was quite proud to leave his little wench where she would have an opportunity of showing her cleverness to appreciating strangers. So it was agreed that she should not be fetched home till the end of the fortnight.

"Now, then, come with me into the study, Maggie," said Tom, as their father drove away. "What do you shake and toss your head now for, you silly?" he continued; for though her hair was now under a new dispensation, and was brushed smoothly behind her ears, she seemed still in imagination to be tossing it out of her eyes. "It makes you look as if you were crazy."

"Oh, I can't help it," said Maggie, impatiently. "Don't tease me, Tom. Oh, what books!" she exclaimed, as she saw the bookcase in the study. "How I should like to have as many books as that!"

"Why, you couldn't read one of 'em," said Tom, triumphantly. "They're all Latin."

"No, they aren't," said Maggie. "I can read the back of this, — 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'"

"Well, what does that mean? *You* don't know," said Tom, wagging his head.

"But I could soon find out," said Maggie, scornfully.

"Why, how?"

"I should look inside, and see what it was about."

"You'd better not, Miss Maggie," said Tom, seeing her hand on the volume. "Mr. Stelling lets nobody touch his books without leave, and *I* shall catch it if you take it out."

"Oh, very well. Let me see all *your* books then," said Maggie, turning to throw her arms round Tom's neck, and rub his cheek with her small round nose.

Tom, in the gladness of his heart at having dear old Maggie to dispute with and crow over again, seized her round the waist, and began to jump with her round the large library table. Away they jumped with more and more vigor, till Maggie's hair flew from behind her ears, and twirled about like an animated mop. But the revolutions round the table became more and more irregular in their sweep, till at last reaching Mr. Stelling's reading-stand, they sent it thundering down with its heavy lexicons to the floor. Happily it was the ground-floor, and the study was a one-storied wing to the house, so that the downfall made no alarming resonance, though Tom stood dizzy and aghast for a few minutes, dreading the appearance of Mr. or Mrs. Stelling.

"Oh, I say, Maggie," said Tom at last, lifting up the stand, "we must keep quiet here, you know. If we break anything Mrs. Stelling'll make us cry peccavi."

"What's that?" said Maggie.

"Oh, it's the Latin for a good scolding," said Tom, not without some pride in his knowledge.

"Is she a cross woman?" said Maggie.

"I believe you!" said Tom, with an emphatic nod.

"I think all women are crosser than men," said Maggie. "Aunt Glegg's a great deal crosser than uncle Glegg, and mother scolds me more than father does."

"Well, *you'll* be a woman some day," said Tom, "so *you* needn't talk."

"But I shall be a *clever* woman," said Maggie, with a toss.

"Oh, I dare say, and a nasty conceited thing. Everybody'll hate you."

"But you oughn't to hate me, Tom; it'll be very wicked of you, for I shall be your sister."

"Yes, but if you're a nasty disagreeable thing I *shall* hate you."

"Oh, but, Tom, you won't! I sha'n't be disagreeable. I shall be very good to you, and I shall be good to everybody. You won't hate me really, will you, Tom?"

"Oh, bother! never mind! Come, it's time for me to learn my lessons. See here! what I've got to do," said Tom, drawing Maggie toward him and showing her his theorem, while she pushed her hair behind her ears, and prepared herself to show her capability of helping him in Euclid. She began to read with full confidence in her own powers, but presently, becoming quite bewildered, her face flushed with irritation. It was unavoidable; she must confess her incompetency, and she was not fond of humiliation.

"It's nonsense!" she said, "and very ugly stuff; nobody need want to make it out."

"Ah, there, now, Miss Maggie!" said Tom, drawing

the book away, and wagging his head at her, "you see you're not so clever as you thought you were."

"Oh," said Maggie, pouting, "I dare say I could make it out, if I'd learned what goes before, as you have."

"But that's what you just couldn't, Miss Wisdom," said Tom. "For it's all the harder when you know what goes before; for then you've got to say what definition 3 is, and what axiom V. is. But get along with you now; I must go on with this. Here's the Latin Grammar. See what you can make of that."

Maggie found the Latin Grammar quite soothing after her mathematical mortification; for she delighted in new words, and quickly found that there was an English Key at the end, which would make her very wise about Latin, at slight expense. She presently made up her mind to skip the rules in the Syntax, the examples became so absorbing. These mysterious sentences, snatched from an unknown context, — like strange horns of beasts, and leaves of unknown plants, brought from some far-off region, — gave boundless scope to her imagination, and were all the more fascinating because they were in a peculiar tongue of their own, which she could learn to interpret. It was really very interesting, the Latin Grammar that Tom had said no girls could learn; and she was proud because she found it interesting. The most fragmentary examples were her favorites. *Mors omnibus est communis* would have been jejune, only she liked to know the Latin; but the fortunate gentleman whom every one congratulated because he had a son "endowed with *such* a disposition" afforded her a great deal of pleasant

conjecture, and she was quite lost in the "thick grove penetrable by no star," when Tom called out, —

"Now, then, Magsie, give us the Grammar!"

"Oh, Tom, it's such a pretty book!" she said, as she jumped out of the large arm-chair to give it him; "it's much prettier than the Dictionary. I could learn Latin very soon. I don't think it's at all hard."

"Oh, I know what you've been doing," said Tom; "you've been reading the English at the end. Any donkey can do that."

Tom seized the book and opened it with a determined and business-like air, as much as to say that he had a lesson to learn which no donkeys would find themselves equal to. Maggie, rather piqued, turned to the bookcases to amuse herself with puzzling out the titles.

Presently Tom called to her: "Here, Magsie, come and hear if I can say this. Stand at that end of the table, where Mr. Stelling sits when he hears me."

Maggie obeyed, and took the open book.

"Where do you begin, Tom?"

"Oh, I begin at '*Appellativa arborum*,' because I say all over again what I've been learning this week."

Tom sailed along pretty well for three lines; and Maggie was beginning to forget her office of prompter in speculating as to what *mas* could mean, which came twice over, when he stuck fast at *Sunt etiam volucrum*.

"Don't tell me, Maggie; *Sunt etiam volucrum — Sunt etiam volucrum — ut ostrea, cetus* ——"

"No," said Maggie, opening her mouth and shaking her head.

"*Sunt etiam volucrum*," said Tom, very slowly, as if

the next words might be expected to come sooner when he gave them this strong hint that they were waited for.

"C, e, u," said Maggie, getting impatient.

"Oh, I know — hold your tongue," said Tom. "*Ceu passer, hirundo; Ferarum — ferarum*——" Tom took his pencil and made several hard dots with it on his book-cover — "*ferarum*——"

"Oh dear, oh dear, Tom," said Maggie, "what a time you are! *Ut*——"

"*Ut ostrea*——"

"No, no," said Maggie, "*ut tigris*——"

"Oh yes, now I can do," said Tom; "it was *tigris, vulpes* I'd forgotten: *ut tigris vulpes; et Piscium.*"

With some further stammering and repetition, Tom got through the next few lines.

"Now, then," he said, "the next is what I've just learned for to-morrow. Give me hold of the book a minute."

After some whispered gabbling, assisted by the beating of his fist on the table, Tom returned the book.

"*Mascula nomina in a,*" he began.

"No, Tom," said Maggie, "that doesn't come next. It's *Nomen non creskens genittivo*——"

"*Creskens genittivo!*" exclaimed Tom, with a derisive laugh, for Tom had learned this omitted passage for his yesterday's lesson, and a young gentleman does not require an intimate or extensive acquaintance with Latin before he can feel the pitiable absurdity of a false quantity. "*Creskens genittivo!* What a little silly you are Maggie!"

"Well, you needn't laugh, Tom, for you didn't re-

member it at all. I'm sure it's spelt so; how was I to know?"

"Phee-e-e-h! I told you girls couldn't learn Latin. It's *Nomen non crescens genitivo*."

"Very well, then," said Maggie, pouting. "I can say that as well as you can. And you don't mind your stops. For you ought to stop twice as long at a semicolon as you do at a comma, and you make the longest stops where there ought to be no stop at all."

"Oh, well, don't chatter. Let me go on."

They were presently fetched to spend the rest of the evening in the drawing-room, and Maggie became so animated with Mr. Stelling, who, she felt sure admired her cleverness, that Tom was rather amazed and alarmed at her audacity. But she was suddenly subdued by Mr. Stelling's alluding to a little girl of whom he had heard that she once ran away to the gipsies.

"What a very odd little girl that must be!" said Mrs. Stelling, meaning to be playful; but a playfulness that turned on her supposed oddity was not at all to Maggie's taste. She feared that Mr. Stelling, after all, did not think much of her, and went to bed in rather low spirits. Mrs. Stelling, she felt, looked at her as if she thought her hair was very ugly because it hung down straight behind.

Nevertheless it was a very happy fortnight to Maggie, this visit to Tom. She was allowed to be in the study while he had his lessons, and in her various readings got very deep into the examples in the Latin Grammar. The astronomer who hated women generally caused her so much puzzling speculation that she one day asked Mr. Stelling if all astronomers hated women,

or whether it was only this particular astronomer. But forestalling his answer, she said, —

"I suppose it's all astronomers; because, you know, they live up in high towers, and if the women came there they might talk and hinder them from looking at the stars."

Mr. Stelling liked her prattle immensely, and they were on the best terms. She told Tom she should like to go to school to Mr. Stelling, as he did, and learn just the same things. She knew she could do Euclid, for she had looked into it again, and she saw what A B C meant; they were the names of the lines.

"I'm sure you couldn't do it, now," said Tom; "and I'll just ask Mr. Stelling if you could."

"I don't mind," said the little conceited minx, "I'll ask him myself."

"Mr. Stelling," she said, that same evening when they were in the drawing-room, "couldn't I do Euclid, and all Tom's lessons, if you were to teach me instead of him?"

"No, you couldn't," said Tom, indignantly. "Girls can't do Euclid; can they, sir?"

"They can pick up a little of everything, I dare say," said Mr. Stelling. "They've a great deal of superficial cleverness; but they couldn't go far into anything. They're quick and shallow."

Tom, delighted with this verdict, telegraphed his triumph by wagging his head at Maggie, behind Mr. Stelling's chair. As for Maggie, she had hardly ever been so mortified. She had been so proud to be called "quick" all her little life, and now it appeared that

this quickness was the brand of inferiority. It would have been better to be slow, like Tom.

"Ha, ha! Miss Maggie!" said Tom, when they were alone; "you see it's not such a fine thing to be quick. You'll never go far into anything, you know."

And Maggie was so oppressed by this dreadful destiny that she had no spirit for a retort.

But when this small apparatus of shallow quickness was fetched away in the gig by Luke, and the study was once more quite lonely for Tom, he missed her grievously. He had really been brighter, and had got through his lessons better, since she had been there; and she had asked Mr. Stelling so many questions about the Roman Empire, and whether there really ever was a man who said, in Latin, "I would not buy it for a farthing or a rotten nut," or whether that had only been turned into Latin, that Tom had actually come to a dim understanding of the fact that there had once been people upon the earth who were so fortunate as to know Latin without learning it through the medium of the Eton Grammar. This luminous idea was a great addition to his historical acquirements during this half-year, which were otherwise confined to an epitomized history of the Jews.

But the dreary half-year *did* come to an end. How glad Tom was to see the last yellow leaves fluttering before the cold wind! The dark afternoons and the first December snow seemed to him far livelier than the August sunshine; and that he might make himself the surer about the flight of the days that were carrying him homeward, he stuck twenty-one sticks deep in a corner of the garden, when he was three weeks from

the holidays, and pulled one up every day with a great wrench, throwing it to a distance with a vigor of will which would have carried it to limbo, if it had been in the nature of sticks to travel so far.

But it was worth purchasing, even at the heavy price of the Latin Grammar, the happiness of seeing the bright light in the parlor at home, as the gig passed noiselessly over the snow-covered bridge; the happiness of passing from the cold air to the warmth and the kisses and the smiles of that familiar hearth, where the pattern of the rug and the grate and the fire-irons were "first ideas" that it was no more possible to criticise than the solidity and extension of matter. There is no sense of ease like the ease we felt in those scenes where we were born, where objects became dear to us before we had known the labor of choice, and where the outer world seemed only an extension of our own personality; we accepted and loved it as we accepted our own sense of existence and our own limbs. Very commonplace, even ugly, that furniture of our early home might look if it were put up to auction; an improved taste in upholstery scorns it; and is not the striving after something better and better in our surroundings the grand characteristic that distinguishes man from the brute, or, to satisfy a scrupulous accuracy of definition, that distinguishes the British man from the foreign brute? But heaven knows where that striving might lead us, if our affections had not a trick of twining round those old inferior things; if the loves and sanctities of our life had no deep immovable roots in memory. One's delight in an elderberry bush overhanging the confused leafage of a hedgerow bank, as a

more gladdening sight than the finest cistus or fuchsia spreading itself on the softest undulating turf, is an entirely unjustifiable preference to a nursery-gardener, or to any of those severely regulated minds who are free from the weakness of any attachment that does not rest on a demonstrable superiority of qualities. And there is no better reason for preferring this elder-berry bush than that it stirs an early memory; that it is no novelty in my life, speaking to me merely through my present sensibilities to form and color, but the long companion of my existence, that wove itself into my joys when joys were vivid.

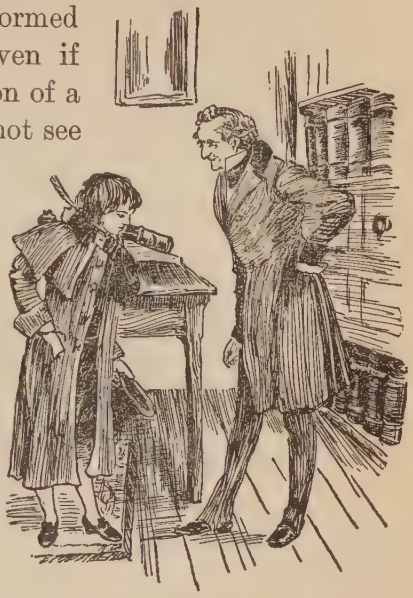
. . . . . .

It was a cold, wet January day on which Tom went back to school; a day quite in keeping with this severe phase of his destiny. If he had not carried in his pocket a parcel of sugar-candy and a small Dutch doll for little Laura, there would have been no ray of expected pleasure to enliven the general gloom. But he liked to think how Laura would put out her lips and her tiny hands for the bits of sugar-candy; and to give the greater keenness to these pleasures of imagination, he took out the parcel, made a small hole in the paper, and bit off a crystal or two, which had so solacing an effect under the confined prospect and damp odors of the gig-umbrella, that he repeated the process more than once on his way.

"Well, Tulliver, we're glad to see you again," said Mr. Stelling, heartily. "Take off your wrappings and come into the study till dinner. You'll find a bright fire there, and a new companion."

Tom felt in an uncomfortable flutter as he took off his

woollen comforter and other wrappings. He had seen Philip Waken at St. Oggs, but had always turned his eyes away from him as quickly as possible. He would have disliked having a deformed boy for his companion, even if Philip had not been the son of a bad man. And Tom did not see how a bad man's son could be very good. His own father was a good man, and he would readily have fought any one who said the contrary. He was in a state of mingled embarrassment and defiance as he followed Mr. Stelling to the study.



"Here is a new companion for you to shake hands with, Tulliver," said that gentleman on entering the study, — "Master Philip Wakem. I shall leave you to make acquaintance by yourselves. You already know something of each other, I imagine; for you are neighbors at home."

Tom looked confused and awkward, while Philip rose and glanced at him timidly. Tom did not like to go up and put out his hand, and he was not prepared to say, "How do you do?" on so short a notice.

Mr. Stelling wisely turned away, and closed the door behind him; boys' shyness only wears off in the absence of their elders.

Philip was at once too proud and too timid to walk

toward Tom. He thought, or rather felt, that Tom had an aversion to looking at him; every one, almost, disliked looking at him; and his deformity was more conspicuous when he walked. So they remained without shaking hands or even speaking, while Tom went to the fire and warmed himself, every now and then casting furtive glances at Philip, who seemed to be drawing absently first one object and then another on a piece of paper he had before him. He had seated himself again, and as he drew, was thinking what he could say to Tom, and trying to overcome his own repugnance to making the first advances.

Tom began to look oftener and longer at Philip's face, for he could see it without noticing the hump, and it was really not a disagreeable face,— very old-looking, Tom thought. He wondered how much older Philip was than himself. An anatomist — even a mere physiognomist — would have seen that the deformity of Philip's spine was not a congenital hump, but the result of an accident in infancy; but you do not expect from Tom any acquaintance with such distinctions; to him, Philip was simply a humpback. He had a vague notion that the deformity of Wakem's son had some relation to the lawyer's rascality, of which he had so often heard his father talk with hot emphasis; and he felt, too, a half-admitted fear of him as probably a spiteful fellow, who, not being able to fight you, had cunning ways of doing you a mischief by the sly. There was a humpbacked tailor in the neighborhood of Mr. Jacob's academy, who was considered a very unamiable character, and was much hooted after by public-spirited boys solely on the ground of his unsatisfactory moral quali-

ties; so that Tom was not without a basis of fact to go upon. Still, no face could be more unlike that ugly tailor's than this melancholy boy's face, — the brown hair round it waved and curled at the ends like a girl's; Tom thought that truly pitiable. This Wakem was a pale, puny fellow, and it was quite clear he would not be able to play at anything worth speaking of; but he handled his pencil in an enviable manner, and was apparently making one thing after another without any trouble. What was he drawing? Tom was quite warm now, and wanted something new to be going forward. It was certainly more agreeable to have an ill-natured humpback as a companion than to stand looking out of the study window at the rain, and kicking his foot against the washboard in solitude; something would happen every day, — "a quarrel or something"; and Tom thought he should rather like to show Philip that he had better not try his spiteful tricks on *him*. He suddenly walked across the hearth and looked over Philip's paper.

"Why, that's a donkey with panniers, and a spaniel, and partridges in the corn!" he exclaimed, his tongue being completely loosed by surprise and admiration. "Oh my buttons! I wish I could draw like that. I'm to learn drawing this half; I wonder if I shall learn to make dogs and donkeys!"

"Oh, you can do them without learning," said Philip; "I never learned drawing."

"Never learned?" said Tom, in amazement. "Why, when I make dogs and horses, and those things, the heads and the legs won't come right; though I can see how they ought to be very well. I can make houses,

and all sorts of chimneys, — chimneys going all down the wall, — and windows in the roof, and all that. But I dare say I could do dogs and horses if I was to try more," he added, reflecting that Philip might falsely suppose that he was going to "knock under," if he were too frank about the imperfection of his accomplishments.

"Oh yes," said Philip, "it's very easy. You've only to look well at things, and draw them over and over again. What you do wrong once, you can alter the next time."

"But haven't you been taught *any*thing?" said Tom, beginning to have a puzzled suspicion that Philip's crooked back might be the source of remarkable faculties. "I thought you'd been to school a long while."

"Yes," said Philip, smiling; "I've been taught Latin and Greek and mathematics, and writing and such things."

"Oh, but I say, you don't like Latin, though, do you?" said Tom, lowering his voice confidentially.

"Pretty well; I don't care much about it," said Philip.

"Ah, but perhaps you haven't got into the *Propria quæ maribus*," said Tom, nodding his head sideways, as much as to say, "That was the test; it was easy talking till you came to *that*."

Philip felt some bitter complacency in the promising stupidity of this well-made, active-looking boy; but made polite by his own extreme sensitiveness, as well as by his desire to conciliate, he checked his inclination to laugh, and said quietly, —

"I've done with the grammar; I don't learn that any more."

"Then you won't have the same lessons as I shall?" said Tom, with a sense of disappointment.

"No; but I dare say I can help you. I shall be very glad to help you if I can."

Tom did not say "Thank you," for he was quite absorbed in the thought that Wakem's son did not seem so spiteful a fellow as might have been expected.

"I say," he said presently, "do you love your father?"

"Yes," said Philip, coloring deeply; "don't you love yours?"

"Oh yes — I only wanted to know," said Tom, rather ashamed of himself, now he saw Philip coloring and looking uncomfortable. He found much difficulty in adjusting his attitude of mind toward the son of Lawyer Wakem, and it had occurred to him that if Philip disliked his father, that fact might go some way toward clearing up his perplexity.

"Shall you learn drawing now?" he said, by way of changing the subject.

"No," said Philip. "My father wishes me to give all my time to other things."

"What! Latin and Euclid, and those things?" said Tom.

"Yes," said Philip, who had left off using his pencil, and was resting his head on one hand, while Tom was leaning forward on both elbows, and looking with increasing admiration at the dog and the donkey.

"And you don't mind that?" said Tom, with strong curiosity.

"No; I like to know what everybody else knows. I can study what I like by-and-by."

"I can't think why anybody should learn Latin," said Tom. "It's no good."

"It's part of the education of a gentleman," said Philip. "All gentlemen learn the same things."

"What! do you think Sir John Crake, the master of the harriers, knows Latin?" said Tom, who had often thought he should like to resemble Sir John Crake.

"He learned it when he was a boy, of course," said Philip. "But I dare say he's forgotten it."

"Oh, well, I can do that, then," said Tom, not with any epigrammatic intention, but with serious satisfaction at the idea that, as far as Latin was concerned, there was no hindrance to his resembling Sir John Crake. "Only you're obliged to remember it while you're at school, else you've got to learn ever so many lines of 'Speaker.' Mr. Stelling's very particular — did you know? He'll have you up ten times if you say "nam' for jam,' — he won't let you go a letter wrong, *I* can tell you."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Philip, unable to choke a laugh; "I can remember things easily. And there are some lessons I'm very fond of. I'm very fond of Greek history, and everything about the Greeks. I should like to have been a Greek and fought the Persians, and then have come home and have written tragedies, or else have been listened to by everybody for my wisdom, like Socrates, and have died a grand death." (Philip,

you perceive, was not without a wish to impress the well-made barbarian with a sense of his mental superiority.)

"Why, were the Greeks great fighters?" said Tom, who saw a vista in this direction. "Is there anything like David and Goliath and Samson in the Greek history? Those are the only bits I like in the history of the Jews."

"Oh, there are very fine stories of that sort about the Greeks, — about the heroes of early times who killed the wild beasts, as Samson did. And in the Odyssey — that's a beautiful poem — there's a more wonderful giant than Goliath, — Polypheme, who had only one eye in the middle of his forehead, and Ulysses, a little fellow, but very wise and cunning, got a red-hot pine-tree and stuck it into this one eye, and made him roar like a thousand bulls."

"Oh, what fun!" said Tom, jumping away from the table, and stamping first with one leg and then the other. "I say, can you tell me all about those stories? Because I sha'n't learn Greek, you know. Shall I?" he added, pausing in his stamping with a sudden alarm, lest the contrary might be possible. "Does every gentleman learn Greek? Will Mr. Stelling make me begin with it, do you think?"

"No, I should think not, very likely not," said Philip. "But you may read those stories without knowing Greek. I've got them in English."

"Oh, but I don't like reading; I'd sooner have you tell them me. But only the fighting ones, you know. My sister Maggie is always wanting to tell me stories, but they're stupid things. Girls' stories

always are. Can you tell a good many fighting stories?"

"Oh, yes," said Philip; "lots of them, besides the Greek stories. I can tell you about Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Saladin, and about William Wallace and Robert Bruce and James Douglas, — I know no end."

"You're older than I am, aren't you?" said Tom.

"Why, how old are *you?* I'm fifteen."

"I'm only going on fourteen," said Tom. "But I thrashed all the fellows at Jacob's — that's where I was before I came here. And I beat 'em all at bandy and climbing. And I wish Mr. Stelling would let us go fishing. *I* could show you how to fish. You *could* fish, couldn't you? It's only standing, and sitting still, you know."

Tom, in his turn, wished to make the balance dip in his favor. This hunchback must not suppose that his aquaintance with fighting stories put him on a par with an actual fighting hero, like Tom Tulliver. Philip winced under this allusion to his unfitness for active sports, and he answered almost peevishly, —

"I can't bear fishing. I think people look like fools sitting watching a line hour after hour, or else throwing, and throwing, and catching nothing."

"Ah, but you wouldn't say they looked like fools when they landed a big pike, I can tell you," said Tom, who had never caught anything that was "big" in his life, but whose imagination was on the stretch with indignant zeal for the honor of sport. Wakem's son, it was plain, had his disagreeable points, and must be kept in due check. Happily for the harmony of this first interview, they were now called to dinner.

SCHOOL DAYS IN NEW ENGLAND

(From the Autobiography of James Freeman Clarke.)

UNTIL I was ten years old, I received most of my tuition from my grandfather Freeman. After breakfast each morning, he taught my elder brother and sister and me Latin, Greek, and mathematics. I did not know at the time what a wonderful teacher he was. He anticipated, sixty years ago, the best methods of modern instruction. In the first place he made our studies interesting to us. Next he removed all unnecessary difficulties, and only required us to learn what was essential. The Latin Grammar which we studied was only twenty or thirty pages in length. It was called "Latin Accidence," and contained the Parts of Speech, the Declensions and Conjugations, and a few of the principal rules of Syntax. The larger grammar was not to be committed to memory, but to be used like a dictionary, for consultation. The more important Latin words we learned by heart from a "Vocabulary," and the more important Greek words from a small

book called "Greek Primitives." Thus provided, we immediately began to translate some interesting story in Nepos or Ovid. He kept up our interest by talking to us about it, explaining the difficult passages, and when it was in verse repeating it so as to bring out the rhythm and melody. When we came to a word we did not understand, he would tell us the meaning, but required us to repeat it again and again till he was sure we remembered it. To those who thought that this method made study too easy, and that it did not discipline the mind, he answered, "The study of a foreign language can never be made too easy. There are always difficulties enough in it. But what mental discipline is there in turning over the pages of a dictionary? I tell these children the meaning of the word, just as the dictionary does; but I save them the time lost in the merely manual operation of turning over the leaves. Real discipline comes to the mind when it acts, not languidly but with its full energy, and it acts with energy only when it is interested in what it does. Therefore, as soon as I am unable to keep up their interest in what they do, I turn their attention to something else, or send them out to play." The excellence of this method may be seen in the fact that before I was ten years old I had read a good deal of Ovid, some odes of Horace, a little of Virgil, the Gospel of Matthew in Greek, and had gone as far as Cubic Equations in algebra. I also had read through the "History of the United States," Hume's "England," Robertson's "Scotland," Ferguson's and Gibbon's "Rome." I can repeat to-day, after sixty years, many passages of Ovid and at least three odes of Horace, which I committed

to memory before I was ten. Nor was I aware that I was doing a great deal, for the study was made almost as entertaining as play. Problems in arithmetic and algebra were treated as a kind of game. I once met with the term "trigonometry," and asked my grandfather the meaning of the word. "Trigonometry," said he, "is a wonderful science. It is all about triangles." "What is a triangle?" said I. "I will show you," he replied, and proceeded to draw on a slate a number of triangles, showing me that each had three sides and three angles, and explaining that if we knew three of these (one being a side), we could find the other three. He told me that by that law we could tell the distances of the planets and the moon. Then he took me out upon the lawn and showed me a tall tree, and explained how by trigonometry I could tell the height of the tree. Thereupon I made myself a little quadrant out of a shingle, and proceeded to measure the height of the trees and houses around me. Though the actual results were probably far from accurate, yet by this little experiment I obtained a very clear notion of the great foundation laws of mathematical astronomy. And I learned this in play. Such studies left plenty

of time for outdoor exercise. With my brothers and cousins I learned to ride on horseback with and without a saddle, to swim, to skate, to make bows and arrows and slings, and shoot with them, and to practice all the other athletic sports which boys love. We went to find distant ponds and rivers in which to catch perch and pickerel, and even rediscovered the speckled trout in some brooks whence they had been thought to have disappeared long before. What happy hours we passed roaming through the woods, clambering over ledges of gray rock, or floating in boats on the omnipresent Charles River which nearly encircled Newton! Amid these studies and amusements there was still time enough for reading. First, when young, we had Miss Edgeworth, — her stories not being bound together under the forbidding title of "Parents' Assistant," but in separate tales, each to be read by itself and read again, — "Simple Susan," "The Little Merchants," "Old Poz," "Eton Montem," etc. Then, too, Walter Scott was writing his novels, and whenever a new one appeared, it was brought from Boston and read aloud in the family circle. I recollect that when "Ivanhoe" came, I eagerly seized it, and became so absorbed in the story of the tournament that I hid under a bed, and refused to hear the call to study till I had seen the Black Knight and Ivanhoe triumphant in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. I still think that there are no novels like those, — so full of character, adventure, picturesque incident, and with such an atmosphere of sunshine and good health throughout. Under that magic pen history became living, and the past was present. *We* were the crusaders, *we* the out-

laws, *we* the hesitating heroes of the Waverley novels, who always seemed in an interesting dilemma, not quite able to decide between the two ways. Each Waverley novel was a new joy. And so Scott's poems were full of delight and cheer. Their Lyric flow, their manly tone, their generous sentiment lifted us into a blessed region of ideal beauty. I remember when I was at the Latin School, I spent my half holiday one Saturday reading "Marmion," for the first time. As the sun was setting I reached the end of the poem, and in the farewell verses read with astonishment these lines: —

> "To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
> Has cheated of thy hour of play,
> Light task and merry holiday!"

and it seemed as if Scott were close beside me, talking to me in person.

There was an old chestnut-tree in the pasture, in which I had arranged a seat, and there I often sat, surrounded by the thick shady branches, and read the most interesting books I could discover in my grandfather's library. As this consisted largely of books of theology, Latin and Greek classics, or learned works in Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, I found it difficult to suit myself. There was "Rasselas," which pretended to be a story, but was only a long string of moralizing. But among some numbers of "The Monthly Anthology" I found the translation, by Sir William Jones, of the Hindoo play "Sakoontala," and there was an old edition of Shakespeare in a number of duodecimo volumes. The tradition in the family was, that these volumes

came ashore when the English man-of-war Somerset was wrecked on Cape Cod. Some of the volumes were missing, but this on the whole was an advantage, for it gave a certain aspect of infinity to the author. For aught I knew there might be a hundred more plays of Shakespeare. And as we think more of the lost books of Tacitus than of those we possess, because the contents of these unread pages fill the imagination with conjectures, so the plays of Shakespeare which I did not have made an ideal penumbra of beauty round those I was reading. There was also a volume of "Elegant Extracts" in verse, by Vicesimus Knox, which contained very good reading. From that volume I learned something of Spenser and Dryden, Swift and Pope. I even found some amusement in "Bailey's English Dictionary," which often gave little historic and biographic anecdotes about the words, expatiating in a delightful way while illustrating their meaning. I learned from it a little of everything, and can still repeat the names and descriptions of the "Ten honorable Ordinaries" in Heraldry as I there learned them for my amusement. It also contained tables for making Latin hexameters by a mechanical process; and other like matters, which are far below the dignity of a modern dictionary.

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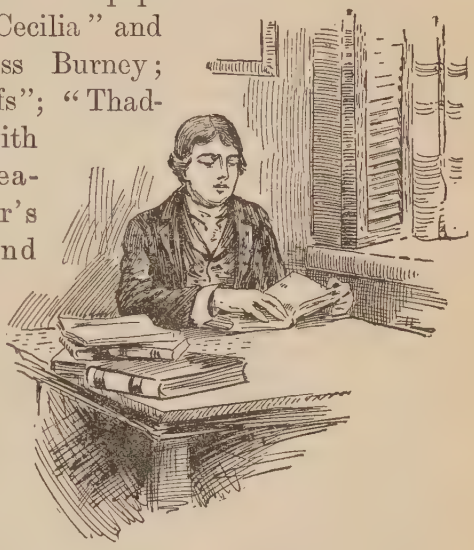
The English classics in Dr. Freeman's library were of the Queen Anne era. Thus I became quite familiar with the "Spectator" and "Guardian," and writers of that period. If we had not many books to read, we possessed some of the best. It did us no harm to read over again and again "Paradise Lost," Pope's "Essay

on Man," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels." The poems of Prior, Gay, and Peter Pindar were also in the Freeman library, in old editions. In my good Aunt Sally Curtis's rooms I found some of the novels popular in her time: "Cecilia" and "Evelina," by Miss Burney; "The Scottish Chiefs"; "Thaddeus of Warsaw"; with Thomson's "Seasons"; Falconer's "Shipwreck"; and Shenstone's poems.



I am glad that I early came to know and love Pope. I obtained his complete works as a prize when at the Latin School, and in the same way came into possession of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and the poems of Scott, Burns, and Cowper. I am indebted to my aunt Swan for one source of pleasure and culture. When I was a child, recovering from a long illness, she brought to the house for my amusement the large engravings from Hogarth, and a folio volume of engravings from the Orleans Gallery. . . . . .

The Boston Latin School was the first and only school I ever attended. All my early teaching, as I have said, I received at home; and when I entered the Latin School, at the age of ten, I had already acquired

a considerable amount of knowledge under that genial home instruction. Every difficult step had been made so easy for me that I enjoyed reading the pleasant stories of Ovid, and even the melodies of Horace; and algebra had been a game full of interesting problems, the solution of which gave a thrill of satisfaction. So that I might seem to be thoroughly prepared for the studies of the Latin School. But one thing I had not learned to do. I had not been taught to commit to memory the uninteresting and unintelligible rules, exceptions, notes, and remarks, of which the school grammar was full. It was the Latin School system, in those days, to have the first year wholly occupied in committing to memory the most abstract formulas of "Adams' Latin Grammar." There might be a dull kind of discipline in this, but, as I think, an injurious one. It was a discipline of the power of cramming the memory with indigestible facts and sounds. It taught us to make a strenuous effort to accomplish a disagreeable task. But is not life full enough of such tasks? Is there ever a day in which we do not have to do them? Why, then, take the time which might be occupied in learning something interesting and useful, in learning as a mere *tour de force* that which we should never use? It had a benumbing effect on the mind. It stupefied our faculties. It gave a distaste for study. Latin, Greek, and mathematics, taught in this way, inspired only dislike.

What is mental discipline? Every faculty of body and mind is best disciplined by exercise. Now, only that which we enjoy doing fully exercises our powers. We do disagreeable tasks by a strenuous effort, feebly;

we do agreeable ones without an effort, with energy. What greater exercise than playing chess? This tasks observation, memory, foresight, the power of combining means to an end, patient continued effort. If chess were drudgery, no one could ever do all this. But the pleasure which attends it tides us over all these difficult mental operations.

The joy which children take in play is an ingenious device by which Mother Nature communicates to them the first and most indispensable knowledge. The playroom and playground are her primary school. There, children intent on ball, top, kite, games of tag, puss in the corner, and so on, are really learning how to exercise their limbs, balance their bodies, quicken their perceptive organs, and learn obedience to the immutable laws of the physical world. While playing, they become acquainted with the nature of things, gravitation, motion in direct lines and curves, the laws of elasticity, action and reaction, equilibrium, friction, and the like. They also learn, by playing in company, how to command and obey, to give up their own wishes for the common good, and to unite with others for a common end. From this varied, delightful, and thorough system of education, we take them to a school, and teach them — what? the dull process of committing words to memory! And we think this is education!

Of course I do not mean that children should spend all their time in play, but I mean that we should study the method of nature, and make what we call work as interesting as play. It can be made even more interesting.

It was a well established tradition in our family that the boys should all go to the Boston Latin School. My father went to it. My grandfather Clarke went to it. My grandfather Freeman went to it. And all my brothers, as well as myself, went to it. And no doubt, notwithstanding its grievous defects in methods, it did us all great good to go there.

First, it taught social equality. There is no aristocracy in a public school but the natural leadership of superior ability. The public schools of England have saved the nation from that separation of class from class which has brought revolution to the kingdoms of the Continent. Public schools teach boys the true equality of human beings, not an equality of powers, of function, of position, of possession, but of human and social rights. The young son of an English nobleman finds he must get the son of a farmer to help him in his studies, finds himself surpassed in his classes by the son of a poor widow, finds himself on the playground obeying, as his chief, the bright-eyed, quick-footed plebeian, who is the natural captain of the little regiment. Thus he learns to subordinate position to faculty, outward rank to native power.

In my division in the Latin School there were sons of the wealthiest, and sons of the least wealthy citizens. They studied, recited, played together, and were thus educated to a true democracy. One of these boys, whose father was a man of limited means, became afterward an eminent engineer. Some forty years after we left the Latin School, I happened to meet a relative of his, and asked after my old classmate. "He is chief engineer," she answered, "to the Emperor of Brazil.

In his last letter he described a reception he had given at his villa to the Emperor and his court."

On entering the Latin School I was put into a division of ten or twelve boys in the lowest, or fifth class, and began to commit to memory the first pages of the Latin Grammar. How well I remember the first sentence: "Grammar is the art of speaking and writing correctly." Having thus defined it as an art, the book went on to teach it as though it were a science. Instead of practical rules and examples of correct and incorrect speech, it gave a minute philological analysis of the linguistic forms. How do children learn to speak their own language? By being taught the difference between a noun and pronoun, an adverb and conjunction? By analyzing language into moods and tenses, number and person? Not at all. They learn by imitation and repetition. They learn thus the use of the most essential words and forms, and only come gradually to the less essential. That is, they learn by practice and observation. They first acquire the phrases which are most necessary for common use, and these they retain because they have to use them so often. Their vocabulary extends itself gradually to an outer circle of less used terms; and so, by gradual expansion, they become familiar with all that they need to know.

If grammar is the art of speaking, writing, and reading a language correctly, it should follow this method of nature instead of that of the schools. Fortunately, the superstition of grammar is rapidly disappearing. Another superstition remains, however, — that of the dictionary. Sensible and practical teachers are now

generally aware that, in learning a language, all the knowledge of grammar needed at first is that of the declensions and conjugations and a few rules of syntax. Having acquired these, the pupil is to keep his grammar by his side as a book of reference, turning to it when a difficulty appears which he is unable otherwise to remove. He learns his grammar by practical application, and thus will remember it better. But how about the dictionary?

Great objection is made by teachers to the use of translations. But what mental discipline comes from turning over the pages of a dictionary? Does knowledge enter our minds through the ends of our fingers? Does the mere bodily exercise of thumbing the leaves tend to fix the word in the memory? The dictionary tells the boy the meaning of the term. The translation does exactly the same thing, only saving the time lost in searching for it. A tutor, sitting by his side, if wise, would do the same. The point in each case is to have him remember the meaning after he has been told it. That could be accomplished by his going over his exercise repeatedly, until he remembers it without referring to dictionary, translation, or tutor.

When I entered the Latin School I was put into a small class who were set to committing to memory "Adams' Latin Grammar." In this exercise I was very imperfect, and I immediately went to the foot of the class, and there remained. For it was the custom, and I think it a very good one, to excite the emulation of the boys by having each boy who made a mistake change places in the seat with any boy who was below him and could correct him. Thus it happened that the

position and rank of the pupil might change several times during a single recitation. At the beginning of each recitation the boys occupied the places they held at the close of the previous one. No record was kept of this rank, and no reward or honor was obtained by it. Thus there was no undue stimulus exercised, and yet enough to arouse the ambition of the scholars. The excitement subsided at the end of each recitation.

From the experimental class the pupils were transferred, according to their apparent merits, into different divisions of the fourth and fifth classes. Finally there remained only one boy beside myself who had not been thus transferred. He was John Osborne Sargent, who has since then become a distinguished man. He had been always at the head of the class, and I at the foot. To my intense surprise he and I were both transplanted to a higher position than any of the rest, namely, into the second division of the fourth class. That Sargent should thus be promoted seemed only just; but on what ground was I sent up with him? It seemed like pure favoritism. Or did Mr. Gould have prescience by which to discern the result? For no sooner was I thus promoted, and, instead of committing the grammar to memory, set to translating Cornelius Nepos, than I became one of the best two scholars in the class, my companion Sargent being the other. My previous instruction at home began to tell. It had taught me to use my faculties freely; it caused me to take pleasure in my studies. I took great pleasure in the music of Ovid, which followed Nepos; and when we came to Virgil, the lovely pastoral pictures in the Eclogues had a charm which still remains. The Æneid I never liked so well.

It was very easy reading, but seemed less original and more superficial. The "pious Æneas" I thought a cold-blooded humbug, and I think so still. Virgil's heroes seem hardly more than lay figures, or shells of men, with no substantial humanity within. What a poor creature is Æneas compared with the high-spirited, generous Hector! The episode of Æneas and Dido is far inferior to that of Ulysses and Calypso, from which it was copied, and even to the subsequent *replica* of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso.

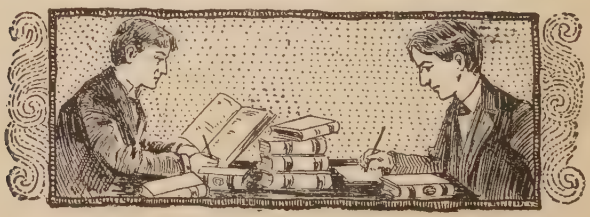
There was one book used in the Latin School when I was there in which the true method of instruction was fully realized. This was Warren Colburn's "First Lessons in Arithmetic." It exercised the mind, not the memory; it began with what was easy, and went on to what was difficult; it interested us by perpetual problems, which tasked but did not tax the mind. We had not to commit to memory unintelligible rules, but made rules for ourselves as we went on. We boys never played a game with more pleasure or more excitement than we had in seeing which would be the first to get the answer to a proposed question. But of course this admirable book was soon banished from the schools by the pedants, who thought that whatever was interesting must be bad. It combined the best training with the best instruction, enabling a boy or a girl to solve any mathematical question likely to arise in the business of life. But though it thus fully attained the end of arithmetic, it did not teach the students to call the processes by the old names, and so it was first mutilated, and then very generally discarded.

But I recollect this incident, which illustrates its value. One of the best teachers I ever knew, Francis E. Goddard, of Louisville, Ky., had a little boy committed to his care by his father, Mr. Garnet Duncan, of that city. The boy, who has since become somewhat famous as a politician, was walking with his teacher through the main street of Louisville, when they came to a store, in front of which two or three of the principal merchants of the city were engaged in animated discussion. "Here comes Mr. Goddard," said one of them; "let us ask him. We have a mathematical question which has arisen in the course of our business which we cannot answer." So he stated the difficulty, and asked Mr. Goddard to write down the problem, take it home, and when he had leisure see if he could solve it. Goddard turned to the little boy by his side and said, "Here, ——, do it in your head." And the boy gave the right answer on the spot. He had been thoroughly trained in Colburn's "First Lessons."[1]

One of the most curious literary deceptions occurred when I was at the Latin School. One of my class, whose father was a highly respectable citizen, but not very wealthy, suddenly appeared to have plenty of money. He would hire horses and take us to drive, and indulge in other expenditures. Years after he gave me the explanation. John Pierpont had just prepared his Reader for schools, called "The American First Class Book." It was published by William B.

[1] We leave this incident as recorded by Dr. Clarke, because the facts were as stated; but the explanation proves to lie in the exceptional endowment of the boy, who has retained through life the same power of immediate solution of intricate mathematical problems. — Ed.

Fowle, and had a great success. It was far superior in its selections to those of any other reading-book then extant. The author and publisher had found it very profitable. The boy to whom I refer wrote Mr. Fowle, in the character of a retired literary gentleman who did not wish his name to transpire, offering to prepare a companion volume to that of Mr. Pierpont, containing extracts suitable for declamation. Mr. Fowle answered the letter, saying he would like a specimen of the work, sufficiently copious to enable him to judge of its value. Thereupon my young friend associated a companion with himself, and together they wrote out extracts from speeches, plays, and poems, suitable for elocutionary purposes, and sufficient in quantity to make the first quarter of the volume. Mr. Fowle accepted it, and sent his check for, I think, at least a hundred dollars. They prepared and sent another quarter, and received another hundred dollars. By this time they grew a little careless, and the third quarter was so inferior that Mr. Fowle refused to pay for more, and finished the book himself. But the boys received between them two or three hundred dollars; and I presume that Mr. Fowle never knew who were the compilers of the volume.



SCHOOLROOM AND MEETING-HOUSE

(From A New England Girlhood.)

By LUCY LARCOM.

THERE were only two or three houses between ours and the main street, and then our lane came out directly opposite the finest house in town, a three-story edifice of brick, painted white, the "Colonel's" residence. There was a spacious garden behind it, from which we caught glimpses and perfumes of unknown flowers. Over its high walls hung boughs of splendid great yellow sweet apples, which, when they fell on the outside, we children considered as our perquisites. When I first read about the apples of the Hesperides, my idea of them was that they were like the Colonel's "pumpkin-sweetings."

Beyond the garden were wide green fields which reached eastward down to the beach. It was one of those large old estates which used to give to the very heart of our New England coast-towns a delightful breeziness and roominess.

A coach-and-pair was one of the appurtenances of this estate, with a coachman on the box; and when he

took the family out for an airing we small children thought it was a sort of Cinderella-spectacle, prepared expressly for us.

It was not, however, quite so interesting as the Boston stage-coach, that rolled regularly every day past the head of our lane into and out of its head-quarters, a big, unpainted stable close at hand. This stage-coach, in our minds, meant the city, — twenty miles off; an immeasurable distance to us then. Even our elders did not go there very often.

In those early days, towns used to give each other nicknames, like school-boys. Ours was called "Bean-town"; not because it was especially devoted to the cultivation of this leguminous edible, but probably because it adhered a long time to the Puritanic custom of saving Sunday-work by baking beans on Saturday evening, leaving them in the oven over night. After a while, as families left off heating their ovens, the bean-pots were taken by the village baker on Saturday afternoon, who returned them to each house early on Sunday morning, with the pan of brown bread that went with them. The jingling of the baker's bells made the matter a public one.

The towns through which our stage-coach passed sometimes called it the "bean-pot." The Jehu who drove it was something of a wag. Once, coming through Charlestown, while waiting in the street for a resident passenger, he was hailed by another resident who thought him obstructing the passage, with the shout, —

"Halloo there! Get your old bean-pot out of the way!"

"I will, when I have got my pork in," was the ready reply. What the sobriquet of Charlestown was, need not be explained.

We had a good opportunity to watch both coaches, as my father's shop was just at the head of the lane, and we went to school up-stairs in the same building. After he left off going to sea, — before my birth, — my father took a store for the sale of what used to be called "West India goods," and various other domestic commodities.

The school was kept by a neighbor whom everybody called "Aunt Hannah." It took in all the little ones about us, no matter how young they were, provided they could walk and talk, and were considered capable of learning their letters.

A ladder-like flight of stairs on the outside of the house led up to the schoolroom, and another flight, also outside, took us down into a bit of a garden, where grew tansy and spearmint and southernwood and wormwood, and, among other old-fashioned flowers, an abundance of many-tinted four-o'clocks, whose regular afternoon-opening, just at the close of school, was a daily wonder to us babies. From the schoolroom window we could watch the slow hands of the town clock, and get a peep at what was going on in the street, although there was seldom anybody in sight except the Colonel's gardener or coachman, going into or out of the driveway directly opposite. It was a very still street; the front windows of the houses were generally closed, and a few military-looking Lombardy poplars stood like sentinels on guard before them.

Another shop — a very small one — joined my fath-

er's, where three shoemakers, all of the same name — the name our lane went by — sat at their benches and plied their "waxed ends." One of them, an elderly man, tall and erect, used to come out regularly every day, and stand for a long time at the corner, motionless as a post, with his nose and chin pointing skyward, usually to the northeast. I watched his face with wonder, for it was said that "Uncle John" was "weather-wise," and knew all the secrets of the heavens.

Aunt Hannah's schoolroom and "our shop" are a blended memory to me. As I was only a baby when I began to go to school, I was often sent down-stairs for a half-hour's recreation not permitted to the older ones. I think I looked upon both school and shop entirely as places of entertainment for little children.

The front shop-window was especially interesting to us children, for there were in it a few glass jars containing sticks of striped barley-candy, and red and white peppermint-drops, and that delectable achievement of the ancient confectioner's art, the "Salem gibraltar." One of my first recollections of my father is connected with that window. He had taken me into the shop with him after dinner, — I was perhaps two years old, — and I was playing beside him on the counter when one of his old sea-comrades came in, whom we knew as "Captain Cross." The Captain tried to make friends with me, and, to seal the bond, asked my father to take down from its place of exhibition a strip of red peppermint dropped on white paper, in a style I particularly admired, which he twisted around my neck, saying, —

"Now I've bought you! Now you are my girl. Come, go home with me!"

His words sounded as if he meant them. I took it all in earnest, and ran, scared and screaming, to my father, dashing down the sugar-plums I wanted so much, and refusing even to bestow a glance upon my amused purchaser. My father pacified me by taking me on his shoulders and carrying me "pickaback" up and down the shop, and I clung to him in the happy consciousness that I belonged to him, and that he would not let anybody else have me; though I did not feel quite easy until Captain Cross disappeared. I suppose that this little incident has always remained in my memory because it then for the first time became a fact in my consciousness that my father really loved me as I loved him. He was not at all a demonstrative man, and any petting that he gave us children could not fail to make a permanent impression.

I think that must have been also the last special attention I received from him, for a little sister appeared soon after, whose coming was announced to me with the accompaniment of certain mysterious hints about my nose being out of joint. I examined that feature carefully in the looking-glass, but could not discover anything unusual about it. It was quite beyond me to imagine that our innocent little baby could have anything to do with the possible disfigurement of my face, but she did absorb the fondness of the whole family, myself included, and she became my father's playmate and darling, the very apple of his eye. I used sometimes to wish I were a baby too, so that he would notice me, but gradually I accepted the situation.

Aunt Hannah used her kitchen or her sitting-room for a schoolroom, as best suited her convenience. We were delighted observers of her culinary operations and other employments. If a baby's head nodded, a little bed was made for it on a soft "comforter" in the corner, where it had its nap out undisturbed. But this did not often happen; there were so many interesting things going on that we seldom became sleepy.

Aunt Hannah was very kind and motherly, but she kept us in fear of the ferule, which indicated to us a possibility of smarting palms. This ferule was shaped much like the stick with which she stirred her hasty pudding for dinner, — I thought it was the same, — and I found myself caught in a whirlwind of family laughter by reporting at home that "Aunt Hannah punished the scholars with the pudding-stick."

There was one colored boy in school, who did not sit on a bench, like the rest, but on a block of wood that looked like a backlog, turned endwise. Aunt Hannah often called him a "blockhead," and I supposed it was because he sat on that block. Sometimes, in his absence, a boy was made to sit in his place for punishment, for being a "blockhead" too, as I imagined. I hoped I should never be put there. Stupid little girls received a different treatment, — an occasional rap on the head with the teacher's thimble; accompanied with a half-whispered, impatient ejaculation, which sounded very much like "Numskull!" I think this was a rare occurrence, however, for she was a good-natured, much-enduring woman.

One of our greatest school pleasures was to watch Aunt Hannah spinning on her flax-wheel, wetting her

thumb and forefinger at her lips to twist the thread, keeping time, meanwhile, to some quaint old tune with her foot upon the treadle.

A verse of one of her hymns, which I never heard anybody else sing, resounds in the farthest corner of my memory yet: —

"Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this lowly vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?
And will not thy courage fail?"

Then a little pause, and the refrain of the answer broke in with a change, quick and jubilant, the treadle moving more rapidly, also: —

"No, I'm bound for the kingdom!
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

I began to go to school when I was about two years old, as other children about us did. The mothers of those large families had to resort to some means of keeping their little ones out of mischief, while they attended to their domestic duties. Not much more than that sort of temporary guardianship was expected of the good dame who had us in charge.

But I learned my letters in a few days, standing at Aunt Hannah's knee while she pointed them out in the spelling-book with a pin, skipping over the "a b abs" into words of one and two syllables, thence taking a flying leap into the New Testament, in which there is concurrent family testimony that I was reading at the age of two years and a half. Certain it is that a few

passages in the Bible, whenever I read them now, do not fail to bring before me a vision of Aunt Hannah's somewhat sternly smiling lips, with her spectacles just above them, far down on her nose, encouraging me to pronounce the hard words. I think she tried to choose for me the least difficult verses, or perhaps those of which she was herself especially fond. Those which I distinctly recall are the Beatitudes, the Twenty-third Psalm, parts of the first and fourteenth chapters of the Gospel of St. John, and the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

I liked to say over the "Blesséds," — the shortest ones best, — about the meek and the pure in heart; and the two "In the beginnings," both in Genesis and John. Every child's earliest and proudest Scriptural conquest in school was, almost as a matter of course, the first verse in the Bible.

But the passage which I learned first, and most delighted to repeat after Aunt Hannah, — I think it must have been her favorite too, — was, "Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions."

The Voice in the Book seemed so tender! Some-

body was speaking who had a heart, and who knew that even a little child's heart was sometimes troubled. And it was a Voice that called us somewhere; to the Father's house, with its many mansions, so sunshiny and so large.

It was a beautiful vision that came to me with the words, — I could see it best with my eyes shut, — a great, dim Door standing ajar, opening out of rosy morning mists, overhung with swaying vines and arching boughs that were full of birds; and from beyond the Door, the ripple of running waters, and the sound of many happy voices, and above them all the One Voice that was saying, "I go to prepare a place for you." The vision gave me a sense of freedom, fearless and infinite. What was there to be afraid of anywhere? Even we little children could see the open door of our Father's house. We were playing around its threshold now, and we need never wander out of sight of it. The feeling was a vague one, but it was like a remembrance. The spacious mansions were not far away. They were my home. I had known them, and should return to them again.

This dim half-memory, which perhaps comes to all children, I had felt when younger still, almost before I could walk. Sitting on the floor in a square of sunshine made by an open window, the leaf-shadows from great boughs outside dancing and wavering around me, I seemed to be talking to them and they to me in unknown tongues, that left within me an ecstasy yet unforgotten. Those shadows had brought a message to me from an unseen Somewhere, which my baby heart was to keep forever. The wonder of that mo-

ment often returns. Shadow-traceries of bough and leaf still seem to me like the hieroglyphics of a lost language.

The stars brought me the same feeling. I remember the surprise they were to me, seen for the first time. One evening, just before I was put to bed, I was taken in somebody's arms — my sister's, I think — outside the door, and lifted up under the dark, still, clear sky, splendid with stars, thicker and nearer earth than they have ever seemed since. All my little being shaped itself into a subdued, delighted "Oh!" And then the exultant thought flitted through the mind of the reluctant child, as she was carried in, "Why, *that* is the roof of the house I live in." After that I always went to sleep happier for the feeling that the stars were outside there in the dark, though I could not see them.

I did firmly believe that I came from some other country to this; I had a vague notion that we were all here on a journey, — that this was not the place where we really belonged. Some of the family have told me that before I could talk plainly, I used to run about humming the sentence —

> "My father and mother
> Shall come unto the land,"

sometimes varying it with, —

> "My brothers and sisters
> Shall come unto the land;"

Nobody knew where I had caught the words, but I chanted them so constantly that my brother wrote them down, with chalk, on the under side of a table,

where they remained for years. My thought about that other land may have been only a baby's dream; but the dream was very real to me. I used to talk, in sober earnest, about what happened "before I was a little girl, and came here to live"; and it did seem to me as if I remembered.

But I was hearty and robust, full of frolicsome health, and very fond of the matter-of-fact world I lived in. My sturdy little feet felt the solid earth beneath them. I grew with the sprouting grass, and enjoyed my life as the buds and birds seemed to enjoy theirs. It was only as if the bud and the bird and the dear warm earth knew, in the same dumb way that I did, that all their joy and sweetness came to them out of the sky.

These recollections, that so distinctly belong to the baby Myself, before she could speak her thoughts, though clear and vivid, are difficult to put into shape. But other grown-up children, in looking back, will doubtless see many a trailing cloud of glory, that lighted their unconscious infancy from within and from beyond.

I was quite as literal as I was visionary in my mental renderings of the New Testament, read at Aunt Hannah's knee. I was much taken with the sound of words, without any thought of their meaning — a habit not always outgrown with childhood. The "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," for instance, in the Epistle to the Corinthians, seemed to me things to be greatly desired. "Charity" was an abstract idea. I did not know what it meant. But "tinkling cymbals" one could make music with. I wished I could get hold of

them. It never occurred to me that the Apostle meant to speak of their melody slightingly.

At meeting, where I began to go also at two years of age, I made my own private interpretations of the Bible readings. They were absurd enough, but after getting laughed at a few times at home for making them public, I escaped mortification by forming a habit of great reserve as to my Sabbath-day thoughts.

When the minister read, "Cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground?" I thought he meant to say "cu-cumbereth." These vegetables grew on the ground, and I had heard that they were not very good for people to eat. I honestly supposed that the New Testament forbade the cultivation of cucumbers.

And "Galilee" I understood as a mispronunciation of "gallery." "Going up into Galilee" I interpreted into clattering up the uncarpeted stairs in the meeting-house porch, as the boys did, with their squeaking brogans, looking as restless as imprisoned monkeys after they had got into those conspicuous seats, where they behaved as if they thought nobody could see their pranks. I did not think it could be at all nice to "go up into Galilee."

I had an "Aunt Nancy," an uncle's wife, to whom I was sometimes sent for safe-keeping when house-cleaning or anything unusual was going on at home. She was a large-featured woman, with a very deep masculine voice, and she conducted family worship herself, kneeling at prayer, which was not the Orthodox custom.

She always began by saying, —

"Oh, Lord, Thou knowest that we are all grovelling worms of the dust." I thought she meant that we all

looked like wriggling red earth-worms, and tried to make out the resemblance in my mind, but could not. I unburdened my difficulty at home, telling the family that "Aunt Nancy got down on the floor, and said we were all *grubbellin'* worms," begging to know whether everybody did sometimes have to crawl about in the dust.

A little later, I was much puzzled as to whether I was a Jew or a Gentile. The Bible seemed to divide people into these two classes only. The Gentiles were not well spoken of: I did not want to be one of them. They talked about Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and the rest, away back to Adam, as if they were our forefathers (there was a time when I thought that Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel were our *four* fathers); and yet I was very sure that I was not a Jew. When I ventured to ask, I was told that we were all Christians or heathen now. That did not help me much, for I thought that only grown-up persons could be Christians, from which it followed that all children must be heathen. Must I think of myself as a heathen, then, until I shall be old enough to be a Christian? It was a shocking conclusion, but I could see no other answer to my question, and I felt ashamed to ask again.

My self-invented theory about the human race was that Adam and Eve were very tall people, taller than the tallest trees in the Garden of Eden, before they were sent out of it; but that they then began to dwindle; that their children had ever since been getting smaller and smaller, and that by and by the inhabitants of the world would be no bigger than babies. I was afraid I should stop growing while I was a child, and I used

to stand on the footstool in the pew, and try to stretch myself up to my mother's height, to imagine how it would seem to be a woman. I hoped I should be a tall one. I did not wish to be a diminishing specimen of the race; — an anxiety which proved to be entirely groundless.

The Sabbath mornings in those old times had a peculiar charm. They seemed so much cleaner than other mornings! The roads and the grassy footpaths seemed fresher, and the air itself purer and more wholesome than on week-days. Saturday afternoon and evening were regarded as part of the Sabbath (we were taught that it was heathenish to call the day Sunday); work and playthings were laid aside, and everybody, as well as everything, was subjected to a rigid renovation. Sabbath morning would not have seemed like itself without a clean house, a clean skin, and tidy and spotless clothing.

The Saturday's baking was a great event, the brick oven being heated to receive the flour bread, the flour-and-Indian, and the rye-and-Indian bread, the traditional pot of beans, the Indian pudding, and the pies; for no further cooking was to be done until Monday. We smaller girls thought it a great privilege to be allowed to watch the oven till the roof of it should be "white-hot," so that the coals could be shovelled out.

Then it was so still, both out of doors and within! We were not allowed to walk anywhere except in the yard or garden. I remember wondering whether it was never Sabbath-day over the fence, in the next field; whether the field was not a kind of heathen field, since we could only go into it on week-days. The wild flowers over there were perhaps Gentile blossoms. Only

the flowers in the garden were well-behaved Christians. It was Sabbath in the house, and possibly even on the doorstep; but not much farther. The town itself was so quiet that it scarcely seemed to breathe. The sound of wheels was seldom heard in the streets on that day; if we heard it, we expected some unusual explanation.

I liked to go to meeting, — not wholly oblivious to the fact that going there sometimes implied wearing a new bonnet and my best white dress and muslin "vandyke," of which adornments, if *very* new, I vainly supposed the whole congregation to be as admiringly aware as I was myself.

But my Sabbath-day enjoyment was not wholly without drawbacks. It was so hard, sometimes, to stand up through the "long prayer," and to sit still through the "ninthlies," and "tenthlies," and "finallys" of the sermon! It was impressed upon me that good children were never restless in meeting, and never laughed or smiled, however their big brothers tempted them with winks or grimaces. And I did not want to be good.

I was not tall enough to see very far over the top of the pew. I think there were only three persons that came within range of my eyes. One was a dark man with black curly hair brushed down in "bangs" over his eyebrows, who sat behind a green baize curtain near the outside door, peeping out at me, as I thought. I had an impression that he was the "tidy-man," though that personage had become mythical long before my day. He had a dragonish look, to me; and I tried never to meet his glance.

But I did sometimes gaze more earnestly than was

polite at a dear, demure little lady who sat in the corner of the pew next ours, her downcast eyes shaded by a green calash, and her hidden right hand gently swaying a long-handled Chinese fan. She was the deacon's wife, and I felt greatly interested in her movements and in the expression of her face, because I thought she represented the people they called "saints," who were, as I supposed, about the same as first cousins to the angels.

The third figure in sight was the minister. I did not think he ever saw me; he was talking to the older people, — usually telling them how wicked they were. He often said to them that there was not one good person among them; but I suppose he excepted himself. He seemed to me so very good that I was very much afraid of him. I was a little afraid of my father, but then he sometimes played with us children: and besides, my father was only a man. I thought the minister belonged to some different order of beings. Up there in the pulpit he seemed to me so far off — oh! a great deal farther off than God did. His distance made my reverence for him take the form of idolatry. The pulpit was his pedestal. If any one had told me that the minister ever did or thought anything that was wrong, I should have felt as if the foundations of the earth under me were shaken. I wondered if he ever did laugh. Perhaps it was wicked for a minister even to smile.

One day, when I was very little, I met the minister in the street; and he, probably recognizing me as the child of one of his parishioners, actually bowed to me! His bows were always ministerially profound, and I

was so overwhelmed with surprise and awe that I forgot to make the proper response of a "curtsy," but ran home as fast as I could go, to proclaim the wonder. It would not have astonished me any more, if one of the tall Lombardy poplars that stood along the sidewalk had laid itself down at my feet.

I do not remember anything that the preacher ever said, except some words which I thought sounded well, — such as "dispensations," "decrees," "ordinances," "covenants," — although I attached no meaning to them. He seemed to be trying to explain the Bible by putting it into long words. I did not understand them at all. It was from Aunt Hannah that I received my first real glimpses of the beautiful New Testament revelation. In her unconscious wisdom she chose for me passages and chapters that were like openings into heaven. They contained the great, deep truths which are simple because they are great. It was not explanations of those grand words that I required, or that anybody requires. In reading them we are all children together, and need only to be led to the banks of the river of God, which is full of water, that we may look down into its pellucid depths for ourselves.

Our minister was not unlike other ministers of the time, and his seeming distance from his congregation was doubtless owing to the deep reverence in which the ministerial office was universally held among our predecessors. My own graven-image worship of him was only a childish exaggeration of the general feeling of grown people around me. He seemed to us an inhabitant of a Sabbath-day sphere, while we belonged to the every-day world.

I distinctly remember the day of my christening, when I was between three and four years old. My parents did not make a public profession of their faith until after the birth of all their children, eight of whom — I being my father's ninth child and seventh daughter — were baptized at one time. My two half-sisters were then grown-up young women. My mother had told us that the minister would be speaking directly to us, and that we must pay close attention to what he said. I felt that it was an important event, and I wished to do exactly what the minister desired of me. I listened eagerly while he read the chapter and the hymn. The latter was one of my favorites: —

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands;"

and the chapter was the third of St. Matthew, containing the story of our Lord's baptism. I could not make out any special message for us, until he came to the words, "Whose fan is in his hand."

That must be it! I looked anxiously at my sisters, to see if they had brought their fans. It was warm weather, and I had taken a little one of my own to meeting. Believing that I was following a direct instruction, I clasped my fan to my bosom and held it there as we walked up the aisle, and during the ceremony, wondering why the others did not do so, too. The baby in my

mother's arms — Octavia, the eighth daughter — shocked me by crying a little, but I tried to behave the better on that account.

It all seemed very solemn and mysterious to me. I knew from my father's and mother's absorbed manner then, and when we returned from church, that it was something exceedingly important to them — something that they wished us neither to talk about nor to forget.

I never did forget it. There remained with me a sweet, haunting feeling of having come near the "gentle Shepherd" of the hymn, who was calling the lambs to his side. The chapter had ended with the echo of a voice from heaven, and with the glimpse of a descending Dove. And the water-drops on my forehead, were they not from that "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal," that made music through those lovely verses in the last chapter of the good Book?

I am glad that I have always remembered that day of family consecration. As I look back, it seems as if the horizons of heaven and earth met and were blended then. And who can tell whether the fragrance of that day's atmosphere may not enter into the freshness of some new childhood in the life which is to come?

MAISIE

(From The Light that Failed.)

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

So we settled it all when the storm was done,
As comf'y as comf'y could be;
And I was to wait in the barn, my dears,
Because I was only three,
And Teddy would run to the rainbow's foot,
Because he was five and a man;
And that's how it all began, my dears,
And that's how it all began.

— *Big Barn Stories.*

"WHAT do you think she'd do if she caught us? We oughtn't to have it, you know," said Maisie.

"Beat me, and lock you up in your bedroom," Dick answered, without hesitation. "Have you got the cartridges?"

"Yes; they're in my pocket, but they are joggling horribly. Do pin-fire cartridges go off of their own accord?"

"Don't know. Take the revolver, if you are afraid, and let me carry them."

"I'm *not* afraid." Maisie strode forward swiftly, a

hand in her pocket and her chin in the air. Dick followed with a small pin-fire revolver.

The children had discovered that their lives would be unendurable without pistol-practice. After much forethought and self-denial, Dick had saved seven shillings and sixpence, the price of a badly-constructed Belgian revolver. Maisie could only contribute half a crown to the syndicate for the purchase of a hundred cartridges. "You can save better than I can, Dick," she explained. "I like nice things to eat, and it doesn't matter to you. Besides, boys ought to do these things."

Dick grumbled a little at the arrangement, but went out and made the purchases, which the children were then on their way to test. Revolvers did not lie in the scheme of their daily life as decreed for them by the guardian who was incorrectly supposed to stand in the place of a mother to these two orphans. Dick had been under her care for six years, during which time she had made her profit of the allowances supposed to be expended on his clothes, and, partly through thoughtlessness, partly through a natural desire to pain — she was a widow of some years, anxious to marry again — had made his days burdensome on his young shoulders. Where he had looked for love, she gave him first aversion and then hate. Where he, growing older, had sought a little sympathy, she gave him ridicule. The many hours that she could spare from the ordering of her small house she devoted to what she called the home-training of Dick Helder. Her religion, manufactured in the main by her own intelligence and ardent study of the Scriptures, was an aid to

her in this matter. At such times as she herself was not personally displeased with Dick, she left him to understand that he had a heavy account to settle with his Creator; wherefore Dick learned to loathe his God as intensely as he loathed Mrs. Jennett; and this is not a wholesome frame of mind for the young. Since she chose to regard him as a hopeless liar, when dread of pain drove him to his first untruth, he naturally developed into a liar, but an economical and self-contained one, never throwing away the least unnecessary fib, and never hesitating at the blackest, if it were only plausible, that might make his life a little easier. The treatment taught him at least the power of living alone — a power that was of service to him when he went to a public school and the boys laughed at his clothes, which were poor in quality and much mended. In the holidays, he returned to the teaching of Mrs. Jennett, and, that the chain of discipline might not be weakened by association with the world, was generally beaten, on one count or another, before he had been twelve hours under her roof.

The autumn of one year brought him a companion in bondage, a long-haired, gray-eyed little atom, as self-contained as himself, who moved about the house silently, and for the first few weeks spoke only to the goat — that was her chiefest friend on earth and lived in the back-garden. Mrs. Jennett objected to the goat on the grounds that he was un-Christian — which he certainly was. "Then," said the atom, choosing her words very deliberately, "I shall write to my lawyer-peoples and tell them that you are a very bad woman. Amomma is mine, mine, mine!" Mrs. Jennett made

a movement to the hall, where certain umbrellas and canes stood in a rack. The atom understood as clearly as Dick what this meant. "I have been beaten before," she said, still in the same passionless voice; "I have been beaten worse than you can ever beat me. If you beat me, I shall write to my lawyer-peoples and tell them that you do not give me enough to eat. I am not afraid of you." Mrs. Jennett did not go into the hall, and the atom, after a pause, to assure herself that all danger of war was past, went out to weep bitterly on Amomma's neck.

Dick learned to know her as Maisie, and at first mistrusted her profoundly, for he feared that she might interfere with the small liberty of action left to him. She did not, however; and she volunteered no friendliness until Dick had taken the first steps. Long before the holidays were over, the stress of punishment shared in common drove the children together, if it were only to play into each other's hands as they prepared lies for Mrs. Jennett's use. When Dick returned to school, Maisie whispered: "Now, I shall be all alone to take care of myself; but," and she nodded her head bravely, "I can do it. You promised to send Amomma a grass collar. Send it soon." A week later she asked for that collar by return of post, and was not pleased when she learned that it took time to make. When at last Dick forwarded the gift she forgot to thank him for it.

Many holidays had come and gone since that day, and Dick had grown into a lanky hobbledehoy, more than ever conscious of his bad clothes. Not for a moment had Mrs. Jennett relaxed her tender care of him, but the average canings of a public school — Dick

fell under punishment about three times a month — filled him with contempt for her powers. "She doesn't hurt," he explained to Maisie, who urged him to rebellion; "and she is kinder to you after she has whacked me." Dick shambled through the days unkempt in body and savage in soul, as the smaller boys of the school learned to know, for when the spirit moved him he would hit them, cunningly and with science. The same spirit made him more than once try to tease Maisie, but the girl refused to be made unhappy. "We are both miserable as it is," said she. "What is the use of trying to make things worse? Let's find things to do, and forget things."

The pistol was the outcome of that search. It could only be used on the muddiest foreshore of the beach, far away from bathing-machines and pier-heads, below the grassy slopes of Fort Keeling. The tide ran out nearly two miles on that coast, and the many-colored mud-banks, touched by the sun, sent up a lamentable smell of dead weed. It was late in the afternoon when Dick and Maisie arrived on their ground, Amomma trotting patiently behind.

"Mf!" said Maisie, sniffing the air. "I wonder what makes the sea so smelly. I don't like it."

"You never like anything that isn't made just for you," said Dick, bluntly. "Give me the cartridges, and I'll try first shot. How far does one of these little revolvers carry?"

"Oh, half a mile," said Maisie, promptly. "At least it makes an awful noise. Be careful with the cartridges; I don't like those jagged stick-up things on the rim. Dick, do be careful."

"All right. I know how to load. I'll fire at the breakwater out there."

He fired, and Amomma ran away bleating. The bullet threw up a spurt of mud to the right of the weed-wreathed piles.

"Throws high and to the right. You try, Maisie. Mind, it's loaded all round."

Maisie took the pistol and stepped delicately to the verge of the mud, her hand firmly closed on the butt, her mouth and left eye screwed up. Dick sat down on a tuft of bank and laughed. Amomma returned very cautiously. He was accustomed to strange experiences in his afternoon walks, and, finding the cartridge-box unguarded, made investigations with his nose. Maisie fired, but could not see where the bullet went.

"I think it hit the post," she said, shading her eyes and looking out across the sailless sea.

"I know it has gone out to the Marazion Bell Buoy," said Dick, with a chuckle. "Fire low and to the left; then perhaps you'll get it. Oh, look at Amomma! — he's eating the cartridges!"

Maisie turned, the revolver in her hand, just in time to see Amomma scampering away from the pebbles Dick threw after him. Nothing is sacred to a billy-goat. Being well fed and the adored of his mistress, Amomma had naturally swallowed two loaded pin-fire cartridges. Maisie hurried up to assure herself that Dick had not miscounted the tale.

"Yes, he's eaten two."

"Horrid little beast! Then they'll joggle about inside him and blow up, and serve him right. . . . Oh, Dick! have I killed you?"

Revolvers are tricky things for young hands to deal with. Maisie could not explain how it had happened, but a veil of reeking smoke separated her from Dick, and she was quite certain that the pistol had gone off in his face. Then she heard him sputter, and dropped on her knees beside him, crying: "Dick, you aren't hurt, are you? I didn't mean it."

"Of course you didn't," said Dick, emerging from the smoke and wiping his cheek. "But you nearly blinded me. That powder stuff stings awfully." A neat little splash of gray lead on a stone showed where the bullet had gone. Maisie began to whimper.

"Don't," said Dick, jumping to his feet and shaking himself. "I'm not a bit hurt."

"No, but I might have killed you," protested Maisie, the corners of her mouth drooping. "What should I have done then?"

"Gone home and told Mrs. Jennett." Dick grinned at the thought; then, softening, "Please don't worry about it. Besides, we are wasting time. We've got to get back to tea. I'll take the revolver a bit."

Maisie would have wept on the least encouragement, but Dick's indifference, albeit his hand was shaking as he picked up the pistol, restrained her. She lay panting on the beach while Dick methodically bombarded the breakwater. "Got it at last!" he exclaimed, as a lock of weed flew from the wood.

"Let me try," said Maisie, imperiously. "I'm all right now."

They fired in turns till the rickety little revolver nearly shook itself to pieces; and Amomma the outcast — because he might blow up at any moment — browsed

in the background and wondered why stones were thrown at him. Then they found a balk of timber floating in a pool which was commanded by the seaward slope of Fort Keeling, and they sat down together before this new target.

"Next holidays," said Dick, as the now thoroughly fouled revolver kicked wildly in his hand, "we'll get another pistol — central fire — that will carry farther."

"There won't be any next holidays for me," said Maisie. "I'm going away."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. My lawyers have written to Mrs. Jennett, and I've got to be educated somewhere — in France, perhaps — I don't know where; but I shall be glad to go away."

"I sha'n't like it a bit. I suppose I shall be left. Look here, Maisie, is it really true you're going? Then these holidays will be the last I shall see anything of you; and I go back to school next week. I wish —"

The young blood turned his cheeks scarlet. Maisie was picking grass-tufts and throwing them down the slope at a yellow sea-poppy, nodding all by itself to the illimitable levels of mud-flats and the milk-white sea beyond.

"I wish," she said, after a pause, "that I could see you again sometime. You wish that, too?"

"Yes; but it would have been better if — if — you had — shot straight, over there — down by the breakwater."

Maisie looked with large eyes for a moment. And this was the boy who only ten days before had decorated Amomma's horns with cut-paper ham-frills and turned

him out, a bearded derision, among the public ways! Then she dropped her eyes; this was not the boy.

"Don't be stupid," she said, reprovingly; and with swift instinct attacked the side-issue. "How selfish you are! Just think what I should have felt if that horrid thing had killed you! I'm quite miserable enough already."

"Why? Because you're going away from Mrs. Jennett?"

"No."

"From me, then?"

No answer for a long time. Dick dared not look at her. He felt, though he did not know, all that the past four years had been to him; and this the more acutely, since he had no knowledge to put his feelings in words.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it is."

"Maisie, you must know. *I'm* not supposing."

"Let's go home," said Maisie, weakly.

But Dick was not minded to retreat.

"I can't say things," he pleaded, "and I'm awfully sorry for teasing you about Amomma the other day. It's all different now, Maisie, can't you see? And you

might have told me that you were going, instead of leaving me to find out."

"You didn't. I did tell. Oh, Dick, what's the use of worrying?"

"There isn't any; but we've been together years and years, and I didn't know how much I cared."

"I don't believe you ever did care."

"No, I didn't; but I do — I care awfully now. Maisie," he gulped — "Maisie, darling, say you care, too, please."

"I do; indeed I do; but it won't be any use."

"Why?"

"Because I am going away."

"Yes, but if you promise before you go. Only say — will you?" A second "darling" came to his lips more easily than the first. There were few endearments in Dick's home or school life; he had to find them by instinct. Dick took the little hand, blackened with the escaped gas of the revolver.

"I promise," she said, solemnly; "but if I care there is no need for promising."

"And you do care?" For the first time in the past few minutes their eyes met, and spoke for them who had no skill in speech. . . .

"Oh, Dick, don't! please don't! It was all right when we said good-morning; but now it's all different!" Amomma looked on from afar. He had seen his property quarrel frequently, but he had never seen kisses exchanged before. The yellow sea-poppy was wiser, and nodded its head approvingly. Considered as a kiss, that was a failure; but since it was the first, other than those demanded by duty, in all the world

that either had ever given or taken, it opened to them new worlds, and every one of them glorious, so that they were lifted above the consideration of any worlds at all, especially those in which tea is necessary, and sat still, holding each other's hands and saying not a word.

"You can't forget now," said Dick, at last. There was that on his cheek that stung more than gunpowder.

"I shouldn't have forgotten anyhow," said Maisie, and they looked at each other and saw that each was changed from the companion of an hour ago to a wonder and a mystery they could not understand. The sun began to set, and a night-wind thrashed along the bents of the foreshore.

"We shall be awfully late for tea," said Maisie. "Let's go home."

"Let's use the rest of the cartridges first," said Dick; and he helped Maisie down the slope of the fort to the sea — a descent she was quite capable of accomplishing at full speed. Equally gravely, Maisie took the grimy hand. Dick bent forward clumsily; Maisie drew her hand away, and Dick blushed.

"It's very pretty," he said.

"Pooh!" said Maisie, with a little laugh of gratified vanity. She stood close to Dick as he loaded the revolver for the last time and fired across the sea, with a vague notion at the back of his head that he was protecting Maisie from all the evils in the world. A puddle far across the mud caught the last rays of the sun and turned into a wrathful red disk. The light held Dick's attention for a moment, and as he raised

his revolver there fell upon him a renewed sense of the miraculous, in that he was standing by Maisie, who had promised to care for him for an indefinite length of time, till such date as — A gust of the growing wind drove the girl's long black hair across his face as she stood with her hand on his shoulder, calling Amomma "a little beast," and for a moment he was in the dark — a darkness that stung. The bullet went singing out to the empty sea.

"Spoilt my aim," said he, shaking his head. "There aren't any more cartridges. We shall have to run home." But they did not run; they walked very slowly, arm in arm. And it was a matter of indifference to them whether the neglected Amomma, with two pin-fire cartridges in his inside, blew up or trotted beside them; for they had come into a golden heritage, and were disposing of it with all the wisdom of all their years.

"And I shall be —" quoth Dick, valiantly. Then he checked himself. "I don't know what I shall be. I don't seem to be able to pass any exams., but I can make awful caricatures of the masters. Ho! ho!"

"Be an artist, then," said Maisie. "You're always laughing at my trying to draw; and it will do you good."

"I'll never laugh at anything you do," he answered. "I'll be an artist, and I'll do things."

"Artists always want money, don't they?"

"I've got a hundred and twenty pounds a year of my own. My guardians tell me I'm to have it when I come of age. That will be enough to begin with."

"Ah, I'm rich," said Maisie. "I've got three hun-

dred a year all my own when I'm twenty-one. That is why Mrs. Jennett is kinder to me than she is to you. I wish, though, that I had somebody that belonged to me — just a father or a mother."

"You belong to me," said Dick, "for ever and ever."

"I know I do. It's very nice." She squeezed his arm. The kindly darkness hid them both, and, emboldened because he could only just see the profile of Maisie's cheek with the long lashes veiling the gray eyes, Dick at the front door delivered himself of the words he had been boggling over for the last two hours."

"And I — love you, Maisie," he said, in a whisper that seemed to him to ring across the world — the world that he would to-morrow or the next day set out and conquer.

There was a scene, not, for the sake of discipline, to be reported, when Mrs. Jennett would have fallen upon him, first for disgraceful unpunctuality, and secondly for nearly killing himself with a forbidden weapon.

"I was playing with it, and it went off by itself," said Dick, when the powder-pocked cheek could no longer be hidden, "but if you think you're going to lick me you're wrong. You are never going to touch me again. Sit down and give me my tea. You can't cheat us out of that, anyhow."

Mrs. Jennett gasped and became livid. Maisie said nothing, but encouraged Dick with her eyes, and he behaved abominably all that evening. Mrs. Jennett prophesied an immediate judgment of Providence and a descent into Tophet later, but Dick walked in Paradise and would not hear. Only when he was going to

bed Mrs. Jennett recovered and asserted herself. He had bidden Maisie good-night with down-dropped eyes and from a distance.

"If you aren't a gentleman you might try to behave like one," said Mrs. Jennett, spitefully.

"You've been quarrelling with Maisie again."

This meant that the regulation good-night kiss had been omitted. Maisie, white to the lips, thrust her cheek forward with a fine air of indifference, and was duly pecked by Dick, who tramped out of the room red as fire. That night he dreamed a wild dream. He had won all the world and brought it to Maisie in a cartridge-box, but she turned it over with her foot, and, instead of saying "Thank you," cried:

"Where is the grass collar you promised for Ammoma? Oh, how selfish you are!"

DOROTHY DEANE'S TRIP TO THE CITY

(From Dorothy and Her Friends.)

By ELLEN OLNEY KIRK.

ONE pleasant morning just at the end of March, a little girl, dressed as if for a journey, was standing on the steps of a large pleasant house which faced a wide village street, looking much excited. Just behind her a small Skye terrier, in an attitude of extreme dejection, was watching her through the tangles of his hair. He knew that his mistress was going away. In front of the Rectory opposite a boy had climbed the gatepost in order to command the widest possible view, and a slim, straight girl, with spectacles and two little wisps of smoothly braided hair on her shoulders, was bending over the top of the gate, straining her powers of vision to see what was not to be seen. Nothing moved along the wide tranquil main street of High Elms except the butcher, serving his customers with chops and joints.

A lady had come to the door of the large house.

"Oh, mamma!" the little girl in the serge frock and

sailor hat cried, "I begin to be so afraid cousin Bevis has forgotten!"

"It is ten minutes to nine," said the lady, "and the train is due at 8.53."

"I see a white horse!" shouted the girl with the spectacles.

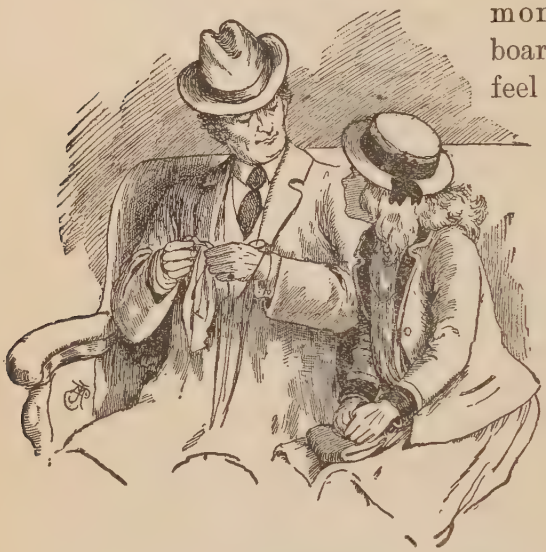
"Yes, it's Truett!" shrieked the boy on the post.

For one of the many excellent things about living in a village is that one knows not only one's neighbors, with their ins and outs, their ways and doings, their every-day clothes, their Sunday clothes, but also their cats, dogs, horses, and men servants. And this was surely the Bevises' white horse, driven by the Bevises' man, Truett. The prospect of a journey to town and a wonderful day there seeing the sights, which had for some moments been obscured by doubts, cleared up on the instant. The little girl gave one more last embrace to her mother, kissed Toby the terrier on the top of his head, ran down the steps, and was caught up in a twinkling by Truett, and with a wave of the hand to the rectory children, was borne triumphantly on in the direction of the station, towards which the train was also sweeping round the curve. For one minute it did seem as if all the haste they could make was of no use, for the locomotive, with its long pennant of steam, went so much faster. Here again came in the advantage of living in a village where everybody knows you and your white horse.

"Hold on!" cried Dr. Goodlove to the conductor. "There's Mr. Bevis."

And the engine, puffing and snorting in its eagerness to be on its way, waited for a fraction of a moment.

Somebody caught up the little girl and put her on board the train; somebody else helped the gentleman up; the inside people changed seats in order to give the two a chance to sit together, and there at last they actually were. Oh, really, it had been so exciting! for to have the train wait for one, then start off the moment one had boarded it, made one feel so very important.



"Here we are," said Mr. Bevis, who was a man of fifty or more, with a very high forehead with a few wisps of very fine hair coming down in the middle; very large and very blue eyes, which could be seen at this moment, for he had taken off his glasses and was polishing them; and a largish mouth, with very thin lips, which had a good deal of expression in them. "Here we are, Dorothea," he said again, smiling down at his little companion. "They say a miss is as good as a mile. Why couldn't we say a mile is as good as a miss?"

"I don't see that it would mean anything," replied the little girl.

"Perhaps it wouldn't," said Mr. Bevis. "I have

heard that a proverb is the wisdom of many and the wit of one. You evidently think I haven't the necessary wit."

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that," cried the little girl, quite distressed.

"Well, what I meant was," Mr. Bevis proceeded, putting on his glasses, "that so long as we didn't get left it's no matter."

"Yes, all is well that ends well," said the little girl. "That is what you mean."

"Ah, it's you who have the wit," said Mr. Bevis. Off came his glasses again, and had to be polished and repolished. His eyes were so bright it seemed really a pity to cover them up. His whole face was very bright, yet at the same time it had a dreamy sort of look. He had a way of putting his head a little on one side and thinking; at such times even his nose seemed to be thinking. But at the same time his eyes and nose and mouth had an air of his thinking so much about one thing he couldn't take time to think about other things.

"You see, Dorothea," he now began to explain, "I got belated. Dressing one's self is so extremely difficult. Don't you think so, Dorothea?"

"I generally have some one to help me," said the little girl.

"Of course you have," said Mr. Bevis, with an air of indignation. "Thus you can be always ready, always well dressed. And I have to do it all by myself. There are so many different things, how is one to tell which comes first and which last? Things ought to be numbered. Then when one has decided how they go on, one suddenly thinks to one's self, 'There, I haven't

got a clean collar.' So one rushes to the drawer, and the drawer sticks, — actually refuses to open; then when one braces one's self and tugs hard, out it comes with a bang and almost knocks one over and upsets all the ornaments and smashes things generally. Then when one tries to put on the thing, what does one do but drop one's stud? It's no use looking for it: every stud becomes invisible the moment it drops, so one hunts up another, and that's too big. The collar button-hole won't go on to it. One has to find another stud, or hunt up a pair of scissors and cut a slit. Oh, it's so very hard to dress one's self!"

"Yes, indeed, cousin Bevis," said the little girl, with commiseration.

"And, after all, that's only the beginning," pursued cousin Bevis. "For the important question is whether to put on a thick coat and waistcoat and dispense with an overcoat, or put on a thinner suit and take your overcoat. You can't get at the newspaper to find out about the weather probabilities without ringing all the bells in the house or calling till you are hoarse. So how is one to know?"

"It is dreadful," said the little girl.

"Then when one does finally manage to make up one's mind — wrong, of course, — and is dressed and goes down to breakfast, of course it's late, and there is only time to eat some simple little thing. Then comes the question, is it to be porridge, a bit of toast, an egg, or a chop? Which is best to travel on? Which is most nourishing? How, I beg to know, Dorothea, am I to be able to choose the right thing all in a moment?"

"Which did you choose, cousin Bevis?" inquired the little girl, with much interest.

"I had no time to choose," replied Mr. Bevis mournfully. "How could I tell without going into the library and reading up a book on dietetics? So I ate them all, — bolted them right down and two cups of strong coffee besides."

"Well, I'm so glad," said the little girl cheerfully, "that you did have time to eat a good breakfast."

"I didn't really have time," insisted Mr. Bevis, "for just as I had got into the carriage it occurred to me that I had on my reading glasses. Now reading glasses are all very well if you can afford to hold everything up to the tip of your nose, but if you wish to make out an acquaintance across the street they're useless. So I had to stop and shout at the top of my lungs to somebody to bring my other glasses. I thought shouting would gain time. The cook heard me and dropped the bread pan and spoilt her dough; the maid in the dining-room dropped the tray full of glass and china; sister Rachel knocked down the flower stand where she was watering her plants. I finally got my glasses, but I can assure you, Dorothea, that going on a journey is a very serious and costly matter. Nevertheless, here we are, and, as you say, 'all is well that ends well.'"

Strange to relate, however, the troubles of that day had only begun. At this moment in came the conductor, saying, "Tickets, please." Mr. Bevis began to fumble in his pockets, —not for his tickets, because, as we have seen, he had had no time to buy any; but for his pocketbook. First he felt in the right-hand breast

pocket of his waistcoat, then in the left. Next he searched all through the inside pockets of his coat, and finally all through the outside pockets, his little companion watching his motions with intense interest, as one expression after another chased itself across his face. At first he was patient, then impatient; presently a curious feeling of surprise asserted itself; lastly he was incredulous. "Bless my soul!" he said, at first thoughtfully, then more energetically, "Bless my soul!" Could it be that he had no money in any of his pockets? He dived into his trousers pockets and brought out a knife, a key, and a small snap purse, the latter of which he opened and looked into it ruefully.

"Dorothea," he now remarked, "I must have left my wallet in the waistcoat pocket of my thin clothes. I have just forty-five cents."

The little girl had already made a movement to open the little bag buckled at her waist. She was about to tell Mr. Bevis that she had twenty-five cents, when he turned round to Dr. Goodlove, who was sitting behind him reading the newspaper.

"Doctor," he said, "I couldn't quite make up my mind what it was best to wear, and I must have left my money in the pocket of my other suit."

Now Dr. Goodlove, a big strong-looking man with a twinkle in his eye, being everybody's doctor at High Elms, and knowing everybody's constitutions and ailments and idiosyncrasies, couldn't easily be surprised at Mr. Bevis forgetting anything. So he handed out a five-dollar bill to the conductor to pay the fares, and then said to Mr. Bevis: —

"I suppose you may want a few pennies to spend besides?"

"I really am in a very delicate position," said Mr. Bevis; "I asked this young lady to go to town with me; I was going to give her all sorts of treats, and now" —

"I should think so," said the doctor; "a very delicate position indeed."

"I never was in such a position in my life before," Mr. Bevis went on. "Generally I have little or nothing to do with young ladies. I fancy they're expensive."

"Young ladies are frightfully expensive," said Dr. Goodlove. "I ought to know, for I have four of them. And then, besides, there is Mrs. Goodlove; she was once a young lady, and she has always been the most expensive of them all."

Mr. Bevis made a gesture of despair.

The little girl felt quite uncomfortable.

"Oh, cousin Bevis," she now ventured to say with much earnestness, putting her hand on Mr. Bevis's arm, "I'm not a bit of a young lady. Mamma always says she doesn't want me to be a young lady for years and years to come,— indeed, never."

"Now, don't be letting him off in that easy way, Dorothea," said the doctor. "He promised you a treat, and he must treat you well. What are you intending to do, Bevis?"

"We did talk about a ride in a hansom cab," said Mr. Bevis confidentially. Dorothea has never been in a hansom cab."

"Hansom cabs cost a great deal of money," said Dr. Goodlove severely.

"Of course I must give her a good luncheon," proceeded Mr. Bevis.

"Luncheon!" exclaimed Dr. Goodlove, with an air of luncheon's being distinctly too much. "If it's a question of luncheon, — why not a frugal bun?"

"But, doctor," pleaded Mr. Bevis, "taking a young lady out, and for the first time! Then, too, not a dreary old father of a family like you, but a handsome, rollicking, and well-to-do young bachelor like me; of course, I wish to offer her something delicious, comforting, nourishing."

"That sounds very expensive."

"Just a bit of shad, Bermuda potatoes, and early peas, a few croquettes, a nice little patty, and salad."

Dr. Goodlove took out a roll of bills and thrust it upon Mr. Bevis.

"Take all I've got," he said. "You are in for it."

Mr. Bevis chose two of the bank notes and gave the rest back.

"We'll try to scramble along on this, won't we, Dorothea?" he said. "Of course we shall like some sweets, some ice-cream, and strawberries."

"Oh, cousin Bevis!" murmured the little girl, who really had not known which way to look while this conversation was going on. It was so very embarrassing. She felt all the time that she ought to say that it was no matter about shad and peas. Shad and peas in March were too expensive, as the doctor said. She could easily have gone without Bermuda potatoes; for potatoes have an every-day, homely look whether they come across seas or are raised in one's own garden. It

might have given her a pang to forego the croquettes! Still, under the circumstances perhaps a bun would be nearer the mark, although buns are a trifle choky. However, it was not for her to interrupt her betters; and when it came to the mention of ice-cream and strawberries, nobody could expect such heroism as that she should refuse ice-cream and early strawberries, so she simply faltered: —

"Oh, cousin Bevis!" and let her eyes and cheeks and lips do the rest.

"Why, Dorothea," said Mr. Bevis, "it seems as if you like ice-cream and strawberries."

"*Like* them!" the little girl repeated. "I just simply *adore* them."

"Do you, indeed?" said Mr. Bevis. "Now that is singular. You know, I presume, that they are absolutely unwholesome? I invariably say to myself before I take the first spoonful, 'This will probably be the death of me.' Then it's so nice when I take the second I don't care. A man was born to die."

"But you don't really die after eating ice-cream and strawberries?" the little girl inquired anxiously.

"Not yet," said Mr. Bevis. "However, the time will come."

At this point some acquaintance on the train asked Mr. Bevis whether he had got any seed into the ground yet. Mr. Bevis replied that he had planted potatoes, sweet peas, and garden peas the day before. Then they went on talking about gardens and keeping bees, and for the remainder of the journey the little girl amused herself by looking out of the window, getting glimpses of the wide sound, of creeks and bays, of woods where

the snow still lay in patches. Then came the city suburb, and finally the tunnel, and presently as they neared the Grand Central station all the men began to double up their newspapers, put on their overcoats, and assume quite a different look, as if now they had something serious to do.

"Well, Dorothea," said Mr. Bevis, turning back to his companion, "how have you liked it so far?"

"Oh, it's beautiful," replied the little girl.

"Let me see," said Mr. Bevis; "what was it we were going to do first?"

"You said it would be best to go straight down to the aquarium," the little girl answered modestly.

"And then what next?"

"Up to the park to the museum, and to see the animals," she said, with sparkling eyes.

"Now, Dorothea," struck in Dr. Goodlove, leaning down for a moment as he passed along the aisle, "mind that you make your cousin Bevis give you spring shad and peas and croquettes and all the luxuries. Don't let him defraud you."

"Oh, I'll trust cousin Bevis," cried the little girl.

"Then after that luncheon," said Mr. Bevis, who enjoyed the doctor's jokes, "we will have the ride in the hansom, and then take the 4.04 train home."

This was very pleasant. These two did not hurry. Even when the cars really stopped they waited until the rush was over, then hand in hand made their way along the platform to the street, where the little girl was startled by having men and boys rush at her with the most terrific looks, shouting at the top of their voices, "Carriage, carriage!" "Cab, cab!" "Bag-

gage express, baggage express!" "Hansom, hansom, hansom!"

She wondered how anybody knew that she and Mr. Bevis wanted a hansom. She tried to say "Not until afternoon, please," but nobody paid the least attention, but went on yelling louder than ever. It was a relief to enter the waiting-room.

"Now, my dear little Dorothea," said Mr. Bevis, "if you will sit down in that quiet little corner and promise not to stir hand nor foot until you see me again, I'll just run over to my bookseller and leave him an order for a book on bees that Davis was telling me I ought to have. I would take you with me, but it will save time if I run over by myself. I'll be back in a jiffy. You promise me not to stir?"

The little girl promised. She had no wish to move hand or foot. So many people were hurrying past her to take the trains at the open gates, it was very amusing to sit there and use her eyes. Such different kinds of people: some perfectly equipped with bags, umbrellas, tickets in hand, at the right gate for their particular train; others without tickets and wrong altogether; some easy, jaunty; others overburdened with parcels, anxious, ill at ease; some of the women twisting themselves around tugging at their pockets to find their tickets, but getting lost in the folds of their dresses. One of these came up to our little girl and asked her help, whereupon our little girl herself became quite excited in hunting up the lost pocket, then felt very triumphant when she stumbled upon it, and fishing down to the very depths of it brought up the ticket. Then bells began to sound, and everybody was all at

once in the most desperate hurry, — people who had stopped to send telegrams, to buy papers and magazines, to get their parcels from the package room; all were hurrying and scurrying and tumbling over each other, all looking so red and anxious and cross one would not have got in their way if one could have helped it.

"Cousin Bevis and I are not the only ones who are late," the little girl said to herself with glee. Then just as the last gate was closing it opened, and a man, frantically gesturing, was seen dashing through and making his way to the train, which was on the point of starting.

Then for a little the place was quiet, only to be invaded by a crowd of people from the incoming trains.

In fact, there was so much to look at, to listen to, to be amused by, the little girl had quite forgotten who she was and where she was and why she was there, until suddenly a bell sounded again, and looking up she saw that it was almost eleven o'clock. Mr. Bevis had been gone a whole hour. When he had said a "jiffy," not knowing what a jiffy was, she had supposed it was something that went so fast you hardly noticed it. Evidently a jiffy lasted at least sixty minutes. However, it was so interesting to look at the new set of people now arriving for the eleven o'clock train, she soon forgot about Mr. Bevis and everybody else. There were grand people arriving in carriages, with servants in livery; there were little girls like herself, with nurses and governesses; people came in cabs, with trunks and bags; people emerged from street cars. From all directions they swarmed in, bought tickets, made inquiries, looked up trains on time tables, sent

telegrams, bought newspapers, magazines, and books, rushed around looking for people whom they expected to meet and generally didn't find; fumbled in bags and pockets for tickets, and applied for admission at the wrong gate. It really might have seemed as if the crowd that had set off by the ten o'clock expresses and locals had simply turned back in order to start by the eleven o'clock. Just so many people were late again; just so many overladen men and women, with furious red faces, arrived just as the gates were about to be closed. Then once more all was quiet for a moment, and the little girl, drawing a breath of relief, had time to think who she was, where she was, and why she was there. Where was cousin Bevis? It was now quarter past eleven.

She sat up straighter, and her eyes travelled all over the place. As she looked in vain for her cousin Bevis, she was conscious of a pair of eyes watching her. They belonged to a little girl not far from her own size, who was wedged in between a door and the end of a row of seats. No sooner had their glances fairly met than this watcher seemed to vanish. The next three quarters of an hour halted and crept along. Time no longer flew. There was getting to be a sort of mo-

notony about the ebb and flow of the tide of people. Not one of them seemed to be conscious that he or she was doing exactly what others had been doing all the morning. Still, although the incomers and outgoers were all so much alike, they did help to pass the time; and again she looked at the clock; it was a quarter past the hour, — now a quarter past noon. *Where was cousin Bevis?* She looked around again for him, and as before did not see cousin Bevis, but did see that droll little girl watching her as a cat watches a mouse.

Other people had looked at her, but these eyes were fixed upon her in a different way; the gaze seemed to burn. Our little girl was conscious, too, that the owner of the eyes was edging nearer to her, — not openly, but in a way as if it were desirable not to attract attention. Once the eyes vanished behind a door, then they reappeared at a different angle, and it could be seen that they belonged to a keen little face no bigger than a teacup, which was lighted up, not only by these big eyes, which seemed to blaze, but by a wide mouth, with thin scarlet lips, which, parting, showed small, white, even teeth, that seemed to laugh of themselves. Until now our little traveller had seen nothing but the eyes and mouth, but now seizing a favorable moment the figure belonging to them skipped nimbly across the intervening space and seated herself next to our little heroine. Then they looked at each other for a long moment in silence, our little girl thinking that the other was the very oddest she had ever come across. The newcomer had not only those bright eyes and lips, but an inquisitive nose, which helped to give her an air of acute, ready intelligence. Her dress was really sur-

prising. From the hat on her head to the shoes on her feet not one article of her attire seemed to suggest that it had been intended to fit the wearer. The hat had, in its day, been very fine, but its day had passed, and there was something in the color of the crimson velvet and in the droop of the two ostrich feathers which composed the trimming fearful to behold. It needed all the pertness of the little face beneath it to redeem it from being woeful in its bedraggled state. For a frock she wore something that suggested a riding habit of velveteen of no particular color, although slits in it opened here and there to show something red underneath. Then the shoes! the shoes were unspeakable!

After they had looked at each other for a long minute, the stranger volunteered:—

"My name is Jinny. What's your'n?"

"I am Dorothy Deane," replied our little girl.

"What's you a-settin' here all alone for?"

"I am waiting for a gentleman."

"Yer've ben waitin' here ever since ten o'clock," said Jinny, "I seen yer. Yer was here when I fust looked."

"The gentleman went to buy a book," said Dorothy, with a little quaver in her voice.

"Dressed up to kill, ain't yer! Gloves on yer hands,

all so fine!" remarked Jinny, looking at the gloves with such an indescribable glance that they seemed to burn. Dorothy took them off and put them in her bag. She herself was not fond of wearing gloves.

"P'r'aps he's dropped yer," Jinny now suggested briskly.

"Oh no!" cried Dorothy.

"People does, yer know, when they wants ter git rid of children," explained Jinny, out of her large experience. "They puts 'em in bundles and drops 'em down airies; they leaves 'em on doorsteps. Many a one has been found in an ash heap."

Dorothy, however, showed no alarm.

"He will be back soon," she observed placidly.

"I'll bet 'most anything," said Jinny with spirit, "that he don't never mean to come back."

"He forgets sometimes," said Dorothy. "Perhaps he has forgotten."

"Is he yer father?"

"No, not my father; he's my father's cousin."

"Lots o' folks, hain't yer? Mother, too?"

"Oh yes."

"Live high, I suppose?"

"Live high!" Dorothy repeated, a little bewildered by the phrase.

"Like fightin' cocks," explained Jinny. "Plenty to eat an' drink."

"Oh yes," said Dorothy, "that is, I generally have enough to eat and drink."

"I allus thought," said Jinny, with an air of intense amusement, "I allus thought I'd be in high company yit."

Dorothy, not feeling quite sure what to say, made no answer to this remark.

"I say," whispered Jinny, plucking at Dorothy's frock, "come out an' let's have some fun."

"No, I thank you," said Dorothy. "I must wait here."

"I'll show yer things. Ever ben to the park to see the wild beasts?" Jinny inquired, still plucking at the frock.

"Not yet," said Dorothy, that little break coming into her voice again. "Cousin Bevis told me to stay just here."

"Do yer allus do as yer bid?"

"Why, of course."

Jinny fairly rocked herself in her enjoyment of this confession.

"Oh, my! she allus does just what she's bid. Ain't she a good one?"

The tears came to Dorothy's eyes, but she contrived not to let them overflow.

"Yer don't know what good times is," said Jinny.

"Oh yes, I do. I have real good times," insisted Dorothy.

Jinny looked at her from head to foot, with that keen, inquisitive smile.

"I seen 'em before with their nusses in the parks," she now soliloquized. "I seen 'em in kerridges and a-goin' to church an' Sunday-school; I seen 'em at the settlemint where they shows us picturs, an' I says to myself, allus says to myself, 'Pore things, you don't have no fun.'"

"Do you have fun?" Dorothy now asked.

"Fun? I don't never hev anything else."

"I'm glad," said Dorothy. She did not wish to say that she feared Jinny had known bad times, but she had been a little afraid that was the case. "What do you do when you have fun?" she now questioned timidly.

"All sorts of things," replied Jinny comprehensively. Then as if feeling it necessary to prove her case she went on: —

"Did *yer* ever sell papers? Did yer ever go screaming 'long the streets calling, 'Extry! Great murder over at Hoboken!' or somewhere?"

Dorothy shuddered and shrank back.

"Did yer ever dance an' sing an' hev lots o' coppers flung at yer?"

Dorothy shook her head.

"Come 'long with me an' I'll show yer things," Jinny now said, with a fine air of patronage.

"No, thank you," Dorothy replied with decision. "I shall stay right here till cousin Bevis comes."

"An' when he told yer he was comin' back straight off! He don't do what he said he would! Come out, I say. It's so awful dull a-sittin' cooped up here."

"I promised cousin Bevis. Besides mamma would not like it," said Dorothy, firm as a rock.

"'Mamma' — all so fine," said Jinny, raising her eyes to the ceiling. "Oh, lor'! I am in high company." Then looking back at Dorothy, "Got anything to eat in that there bag o' your'n?"

"No," murmured Dorothy regretfully.

"Haven't yer hed nothin' to eat?"

"No."

"Oh, lor'! Don't you feel hungry?"

"Well, — just a little," Dorothy faltered, thinking of that luncheon cousin Bevis had promised.

"How're yer goin' to get anything to eat?" demanded Jinny.

"I don't know."

"Got any money to buy things?"

"I have got a little money," said Dorothy, with some natural pride.

Jinny's whole face took on a look of the keenest interest.

"Got money!" she exclaimed. "Yer got money! An' yer a-settin' starvin' here?"

"I hain't got a very great deal," said Dorothy.

"An' yer afraid to spend it, I s'pose, pore thing. She thinks her mamma and papa an' all the grand relations wouldn't like it."

To this taunt Dorothy made no reply.

"A-settin' here starvin'," cried Jinny, "when there's bananas, when there's ollanges an' apples in sight!"

It did sound very tempting, but Dorothy shook her head.

"I don't believe I've got enough to buy those things," she said rather drearily.

"Ef I hed jest ten cents in my pocket," Jinny began, when Dorothy interrupted her, saying: —

"Oh! I've got more than that, — I have got twenty-five. But if cousin Bevis should happen to come" —

"Oh, he won't come! He knows he's a-leavin' you here famishin'."

"He didn't mean to," Dorothy insisted.

"The illigance o' thim bananas!" said Jinny, closing

her eyes the better to behold the ecstatic vision of the fruit stall. "An' thin the ollanges. An' jest half a block off is a place where you buy cakes with cocoanut inside and frosting out. Oh, they'ud jest melt in yer mouth!" . . .

"Do you mean," inquired Dorothy, "that if I gave you the money to spend for me, you could get the things and bring them here?"

"As aisy as anything," said Jinny, her whole face flooded with the idea.

"Of course," Dorothy explained, as she put her hand on the clasp of her bag, "I should want you to have half of everything."

Odd to relate, at this generous proposal Jinny's face fell. It was as if something disturbed her conscience. However, as Dorothy took out a little chamois-skin purse and extracted from it the brand-new quarter of a dollar which was her week's allowance, Jinny's features lighted up again. Her eyes seemed to give out a flash at the sight of the money. She turned, gave a furtive glance round to see if they were observed, then uttering in a husky voice the words: —

"Oh the meal I'll be bringin' yer in five minutes," — she clutched at the piece of silver, made a dart at the door, and Dorothy caught a glimpse of her running past the window at the top of her speed.

"She doesn't mean to keep me waiting long," Dorothy said to herself, with a little smile, thinking of the bananas, the oranges, the cakes, and the packages of ice-cream which was to top off the luncheon.

SIR THOMAS MORE

The following selection from the journal supposed to have been kept by Margaret, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, gives a pretty picture of what was once the happiest household in England. Sir Thomas was a rare figure in those evil days of King Henry VIII., a gentle, simple, kindly man in spite of his great learning and the honors heaped upon him, he tried as hard to keep away from court life as most men to win entrance thereto, and was never as happy as in his country home at Chelsea, with his wife and daughters, whom it was his great joy to teach. In the days of his greatest popularity it was not often that he could slip away from court to this quiet haven. For he was the King's favorite counsellor, and Henry, who in spite of his many faults loved wisdom and witty conversation, grudgingly spared him to his family. But in those happy holidays at Chelsea, free from the heavy duties of state, the good man dreamed his dreams and wrote them into books, shared the games and frolics of his children as few fathers in those strict, stern days thought of doing, and entertained the most noted men of Europe who flocked to visit him by showing them his little gardens, and the pets of which he was as fond as were his children. Such a visit from her father's dear friend Erasmus, the wisest and most famous scholar of his day, is described in the following pages. The lass Margaret was afterwards to become the wife of Will Roper, the lad whom she rather coyly mentions in this journal.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE

(From the Household of Sir Thomas More.)

By ANNE MANNING.

Chelsea, *June* 18.

ON asking Mr. Gunnel to what use I sd put this faire *libellus*, he did suggest my making it a kinde of family register, wherein to note ye more important of our domestic passages, whether of joy or griefe — my father's journies and absences — the visits of learned men, theire notable sayings, etc. "You are smart at the pen, Mistress Margaret," he was pleased to say; "and I would humblie advise your journalling in ye same fearless manner in the which you framed that letter which soe well pleased the Bishop of Exeter, that he sent you a Portugal piece. 'Twill be well to write it in English, which 'tis expedient for you not altogether to negleckt, even for the more honorable Latin." Methinks I am close upon womanhood. . . . "Humble advice," quotha! to me, that hath so oft humblie sued for his pardon, and sometimes in vain!

'Tis well to make trial of Gunellus his "humble" advice: albeit our daylie course is so methodicall that

'twill afford scant subject for ye pen. — *Vitam continet una dies.*

As I traced ye last word, methoughte I heard ye well-known tones of Erasmus his pleasant voyce; and, looking forthe of my latice, did indeede beholde, the dear little man coming up from ye river side with my father, who, because of ye heat, had given his cloak to a tall stripling behind him to bear. I flew up-stairs, to advertise mother, who was half in and half out of her grogram gown, and who stayed me to clasp her Owches; so that, by the Time I had followed her down Stairs, we founde 'em alreadie in the Hall.

So soon as I had kissed their Hands, and obtayned their Blessings, the tall Lad stept forthe, and who should he be but *William Roper*, returned from my Father's Errand over-seas! He hath grown hugelie, and looks mannish; but his Manners are worsened insteade of bettered by forayn Travell; for, insteade of his old Franknesse, he hung upon Hand till *Father* bade him come forward; and then, as he went his Rounds, kissing one after another, stopt short when he came to me, twice made as though he would have saluted me, and

then held back, making me looke so stupid, that I could have boxed his Ears for his Payns: 'speciallie as *Father* burst out a-laughing, and cried, "The third Time's lucky!"

After Supper, we tooke deare *Erasmus* entirely over the House, in a Kind of family Procession, e'en from the Buttery and Scalding-house to our own deare *Academia*, with its cool green Curtain flapping in the Evening Breeze, and blowing aside, as though on Purpose to give a glimpse of the cleare-shining *Thames! Erasmus* noted and admired the stone Jar, placed by *Mercy Giggs* on the Table, full of blue and yellow Irises, scarlet Tiger-Lilies, Dog-Roses, Honeysuckles, Moonwort, and Herb-Trinity; and alsoe our various Desks, each in its own little Retirement, — mine own, in speciall, so pleasantly situate! He protested, with everie Semblance of Sincerity, he had never seene so pretty an Academy. I should think not, indeede! *Bess*, *Daisy*, and I, are of Opinion, that there is not likelie to be such another in the World. He glanced, too, at the Books on our Desks: *Bessy's* being *Livy; Daisy's Sallust;* and mine, St. *Augustine*, with *Father's* Marks where I was to read, and where desist. He tolde *Erasmus*, laying his hand fondlie on my Head, "Here is one who knows what is implied in the Word Trust." Dear *Father*, well I may! He added, "There was no Law against laughing in *his Academia*, for that his Girls knew how to be merry and wise."

From the House to the New Building, the Chapel and Gallery, and thence to visitt all the dumb Kinde, from the great horned Owls to *Cecy's* pet Dormice. *Erasmus* was amused at some of theire Names, but doubted

"Stopped Short When He Came to Me."

whether *Duns Scotus* and the *Venerable Bede* would have thoughte themselves complimented in being made Name-fathers to a couple of Owls; though he admitted that *Argus* and *Juno* were goode Cognomens for Peacocks. *Will Roper* hath brought *Mother* a pretty little forayn Animal, called a Marmot, but she said she had noe Time for such-like Playthings, and bade him give it to his little Wife. Methinks I, being neare sixteen, and he close upon twenty, we are too old for those childish Names now: nor am I much flattered at a Present not intended for me; however, I shall be kind to the little Creature, and, perhaps, grow fond of it, as 'tis both harmlesse and diverting.

To return, howbeit, to *Erasmus*. *Cecy*, who had hold of his Gown, and had alreadie, through his familiar Kindnesse and her own childish Heedlessness, somewhat transgrest Bounds, began now in her Mirthe to fabricate a Dialogue she pretended to have over-hearde, between *Argus* and *Juno* as they stoode pearcht on a stone Parapet. *Erasmus* was entertayned with her Garrulitie for a While, but at length gentlie checkt her, with "Love the Truth, little Mayd, love the Truth; or, if thou liest, let it be with a Circumstance," a Qualification which made *Mother* stare and *Father* laugh. Sayth *Erasmus*, "There is no harm in a Fabella, Apologus, or Parabola, so long as its Character be distinctlie recognised for such, but contrariwise, much Goode; and the same hath been sanctioned, not only by the wiser Heads of *Greece* and *Rome*, but by our deare Lord Himself. Therefore, *Cecilie*, whom I love exceedinglie, be not abasht, Child, at my Reproof, for thy Dialogue between the two Peacocks was innocent no less than

ingenious, till thou wouldst have insisted that they, in sooth, sayd Something like what thou didst invent. Therein thou didst Violence to the Truth, which St. *Paul* hath typified by a Girdle, to be worn next the Heart, and that not only confineth within due Limits, but addeth Strength. So now be Friends: wert thou more than eleven, and I no Priest, thou shouldst be my little Wife, and darn my Hose, and make me sweet Marchpane, such as thou and I love. But, oh! this pretty *Chelsea!* What Daisies! what Buttercups! what joviall Swarms of Gnats! The country all about is as nice and flat as *Rotterdam.*"

June 20th.

This Morn, hinting to *Bess* that she was lacing herselfe too straitlie, she brisklie replyed, "One woulde think 'twere as great Meritt to have a thick Waiste as to be one of the earlie Christians!"

These humorous Retorts are ever at her tongue's End; and albeit, as *Jacky* one Day angrilie remarked, when she had beene teasing him, "*Bess*, thy Witt is stupidnesse;" yet, for one who talks soe much at Random, no one can be more keene when she chooseth. *Father* sayd of her, half fondly, half apologeticallie, to *Erasmus*, "Her Witt hath a fine Subtletie that eludes you almoste before you have Time to recognize it for what it really is." To which *Erasmus* readilie assented, adding, that it had the rare Meritt of playing less on Persons than Things, and never on bodilie Defects.

Hum! — I wonder if they ever sayd as much in Favor of me. I know, indeede, *Erasmus* calls me a forward Girl. Alas! that may be taken in two Senses.

Grievous Work, overnighte, with the churning. Nought would persuade *Gillian* but that the creame was bewitched by *Gammer Gurney*, who was dissatisfyde laste *Friday* with her Dole, and hobbled away mumping and cursing. At alle Events, the Butter woulde not come; but *Mother* was resolute not to have soe much good creame wasted, soe sent for *Bess* and me, *Daisy*, and *Mercy Giggs*, and insisted on our churning in turn till the Butter came, if we sate up alle night for't. 'Twas a hard Saying, and mighte have hampered her like as *Jephtha* his rash Vow. Howbeit, soe soone as she had left us, we turned it into a Frolick and sang *Chevy Chase* from End to End, to beguile Time: ne'erthelesse, the Butter woulde not come; soe then we grew sober, and, at the Instance of sweete *Mercy*, chaunted the 119th Psalme; and by the time we had attained to "*Lucerna Pedibus*," I hearde the Buttermilk separating and splashing in righte earneste. 'Twas neare midnighte, however, and *Daisy* had fallen asleep on the Dresser. *Gillian* will ne'er be convinced but that our *Latin* brake the spell.

HOW HOPE EARNED HER FIDDLE

(From Hope Benham.)

By NORA PERRY.

HOPE loved music, and she loved the music of a violin beyond any other kind. One day when she was in Boston, she saw the dearest little violin in a shop window. What possessed her I don't know, for she knew she hadn't a penny in the world; but she went in and asked the price of it with the easiest air imaginable.

"Twenty-five dollars," the shopkeeper told her.

"Oh!" and Hope drew in her breath. Twenty-five dollars! It might as well have been twenty-five thousand dollars, for all the possibility of her possessing it.

"Don't — don't they have cheaper ones?" she asked timidly.

"They have things they *call* violins for ten, fifteen, twenty dollars, but they'd crack your ears. If you're going to learn to play, this is a good little fiddle for you to begin with, for it's true and sweet;" and the shopkeeper lifted it up and drew the bow across the

strings, in a melodious, rippling strain that went to Hope's heart.

The man thought that she was going to take lessons; and she could, if she only had an instrument, for Mr. Kolb, an old German neighbor of theirs, who had once been the first violin in a famous orchestra, had said to her more than once when she had listened to his playing with delight: "Some day your fader will puy you a little violin, and I will teach you for notting, Mädchen; you have such true lofe for music."

But twenty-five dollars! Oh, no! it could never be! and Hope went out of the shop with her plans laid low.

A few minutes later, as she was walking to the station, she heard a boy's voice, crying, "Ten cents a bunch! ten cents a bunch!"

She looked up, and saw that he held some very meagre little nosegays of arbutus, — meagre, that is, as to the arbutus, but made sizable by the border of stiff arbor-vitæ. Then, all at once, the thought flashed into her mind, Why shouldn't she turn flower-seller? She knew where the arbutus grew thick, thick; and why, why — There was no putting the rest of her thoughts into words; but right there on the street she gave a little jump, and hummed the rippling strain she had just heard drawn from the good little fiddle.

"Twenty-five dollars!" What was that now with "Ten cents a bunch! ten cents a bunch!" ringing in her ears with such alluring possibilities?

Mr. Benham at first would not hear to the flower-selling plan; but when he saw that Hope's heart was set upon that "good little fiddle," when he heard her say to her mother, "If father can't buy the fiddle for

me, it seems to me he might let me try to buy it for myself," he began to relent; and when the mother and he had a talk, and the mother said, "Of course you can't afford to buy it, John, for we are a little behind now, with your and my winter suits, and the new range to pay for yet; but as I really think it will be a good thing for Hope to learn to play the violin, I don't see why it wouldn't be a good thing for her to earn it herself," he relented still more, and when the mother said further, in answer to his objections to having Hope hanging round in public places, as a little peddler, "John, you can trust Hope; she is a sensible child," he relented entirely; and the next week after, Hope entered upon her business as a flower-seller.

The success of that first day was a surprise to her father, and he warned her not to expect anything like it on the succeeding days, telling her that the weather would very likely turn chilly and rainy, that fewer people might be going and coming from town, and that even these might not stop to buy flowers. He did not want to discourage her; he simply wanted to prepare her for disappointment. But Hope was not doomed to disappointment in this direction. The succeeding days proved both pleasant and profitable; especially profitable were Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when so many ladies went in to the matinée performances. Yet with all this success, this pleasantness of weather, and steady in-

crease in her sales, there was something very *un*pleasant for Hope to bear, — something that she had not in the least looked for, because she had never before met with anything like it.

It was on Wednesday that a little party of girls came hurrying into the Brookside station, as if they had not a minute to lose, when one of them exclaimed: "Why, our train has gone; look at that!" pointing to the indicator. "The next train goes at 1.40. We shall have only twenty minutes to get from the Boston station to the Museum."

"Time enough," answered Mary Dering; "we always go too early. But there's our little girl. We shall have ample opportunity now to buy all the flowers we want. Dolly," to her younger sister, who was marching up and down the platform with a friend of her own age. "Dolly, don't you want to buy some flowers?"

"Flowers? Oh, yes!" and Dolly came racing up, calling out in a loud whisper, as she joined the group, "Say, Mary, is that your wonderful flower-girl?"

"Hush, Dolly; don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't whisper so loudly; she can hear you."

Dolly laughed. "What if she does? I didn't say anything that wasn't nice."

The group of girls pressed around Hope, and bought lavishly of her stock. Dolly and her friend Lily Styles were the latest of the buyers, for coming up last they were on the outside of the group. As they stood alone with Hope, they picked and pecked first at one bouquet, and then another. This was fuller, and that was

bigger, and still another was prettier and pinker. At last they made a choice, and Hope breathed a sigh of relief at the thought that now her exacting purchasers would leave her to herself. But Dolly Dering had no notion of leaving Hope to herself. No sooner was the purchase concluded than Miss Dolly, lifting her big black eyes with a curious gaze to Hope's face, asked abruptly, —

"Do you like to sell flowers on the street?"

Hope flushed hotly. "I don't sell flowers on the street."

"Well, in a station, then. I should think that was just the same as on the street; it's out-of-doors in a public place."

Hope made no further reply. She would have moved away if she could have done so easily, but the two girls stood directly in front of her, completely shutting her into her corner. Perhaps, however, they would go away if she busied herself with her flowers, and she began to re-arrange and spray them with water. But Dolly, at sight of this operation, began with fresh interest, "Oh! is that the way you keep 'em fresh? How nice! let me try it, do!" and before Hope could say "yes" or "no," she had seized the sprayer out of her hands. Her first effort, instead of benefiting the flowers, sent a sharp little sprinkle directly against Hope's light cloth jacket. Hope started back with an exclamation of dismay.

"Oh, it won't hurt it!" cried Dolly. Then, as she saw Hope rubbing the wet place with her handkerchief, she asked, "Will your mother punish you if she finds the jacket spotted?"

"Punish me?" exclaimed Hope, looking up at the questioner.

"Yes, punish you; whip you, perhaps."

"My mother — whip me?" ejaculated Hope, staring at Dolly, as if she thought her out of her mind.

"Yes, whip you; I didn't know —"

"Would *your* mother whip *you* if you got spots on *your* jacket?" inquired Hope, in a sharp, indignant voice.

"*My* mother? No."

"Then why should you think *my* mother would whip *me?*"

Dolly was not a very sensitive young person, but she could not blurt out exactly what was in her mind, — that she thought all poor people, working-people, whipped their children when they offended them in any way. Her ideas of poor people were very vague, and gathered partly from the talk of her elders about the North End poor that the Associated Charities assisted. In this talk a word now and then concerning the careless way in which these people beat their children for the slightest offence impressed her more than anything. Then Bridget Kelly, who had been Dolly's nurse, had often related stories of her own childish naughtiness, for her — Dolly's — benefit, and she had almost invariably wound up these stories with the remark, "And didn't my mother beat me well for being such a bad girl!"

Dolly had put this and that together, and came to the conclusion that poor people were all alike, — a good deal as her sister had included all mechanical workers together. But if Miss Dolly couldn't blurt

out all that was in her mind, she had very little tact of concealment, and when she replied to Hope's question something about people's being different, and that she knew that some people beat their children for doing things they didn't like them to do, she unwittingly made things quite clear enough to Hope, with her fine, keen intelligence, so clear that she comprehended at once the whole state of the case. What would have happened when this moment of comprehension suddenly came to Hope, what she would have said if there had been time to say anything, it is needless to conjecture, for there wasn't an instant of time for a word, as at that very moment, pouf, pouf, pouf, the train steamed into the station, and Dolly Dering and her friend Lily ran scampering down the platform.

Hope looked after them, with eyes blinded by hot, angry tears. The last few minutes had been a revelation to her of the thoughtless misunderstandings of the world. To think that she — Hope Benham — would be ranked with that vast ignorant class of "poor people" who "lived anyhow," all because she was selling flowers in a public place! "They might have known better, if they had any sense; they might have known at a glance!" And with this indignant thought, Hope went into the ladies' waiting-room, and surveyed herself in the mirror that hung there. What did she see? A bright-faced girl, clean and fresh, with neatly braided hair; clothed in a little fawn-colored jacket, a brown dress, with a pretty plain brown felt hat upon her head. To be sure, she wore no gloves; but her hands were nicely kept, the nails well cut and rosily clean. To mix her up with poor people who

"lived anyhow"! Perhaps they fancied, those girls, that the fawn-colored jacket and the brown dress and the hat were given to her, — gifts of charity! Yes, that was what they fancied, of course. They had talked her over. "Is that your wonderful flower-girl?" she had overheard the younger girl say to the older. She had been called this because she was dressed decently, because she behaved herself decently. They couldn't understand — these rich people — how any one who sold flowers, who sold anything — *on the street* — yes, that was what they called it — could be decent. Oh, it was they who were ignorant, — these rich people! They didn't know anything about other people's lives, — other people who were not rich like themselves.

Hope's little purse was full of shining silver pieces as she went back to Riverview, but her heart was fuller of bitterness.

"You look tired, Hope," said her mother, anxiously, as Hope walked into the house. But Hope declared that she was not in the least tired, that it was only the tiresomeness of some of her customers, — fussy folk, who picked and pecked and asked questions. Not a word more did she say. She was not going to worry her mother, hurt her feelings as hers had been hurt with the foolish, ignorant talk of those foolish, ignorant, rich girls, — not she! So she comforted herself by counting up her silver pieces, and reckoning how much nearer she was to the "good little fiddle." She tried to keep the little fiddle and the sweet strain the shopkeeper had drawn from it, continually in her mind, as she stood in the station again that night on the ar-

rival of the 5.30 train. The good little fiddle, with the sweet strain, should be the shield against tormenting questioners and questions. But she was not to be tormented that night by any one.

Dolly Dering did not even look at her, as she skipped by. Dolly was too eager to secure a place beside her father on the front seat of the carriage, as they drove home, to see or think about anything else. Even Mary Dering did not find time, as she went by, to cast an interested glance toward that "wonderful flower-girl." There were plenty of purchasers, however, without the little matinée group, — ladies and gentlemen just returning from shopping or business, — plenty of purchasers; and Hope went home with only the sweet sense of success stirring at her heart, —a success unalloyed by any new bitterness. She had not needed a shield against tormentors. Thursday and Friday were equally pleasant and fairly profitable. Saturday would, of course, be the best day of all, and bring her sales up to almost if not quite the desired amount. But she dreaded Saturday, for she was quite sure that "that girl" would be at the station, and she could not help keeping a nervous look-out from the moment she took her stand in her chosen corner. The 12.35, the 1, and the 1.15 trains, however, went in, and Dolly was not to be seen. If she was not on the 1.40 train, there was little danger, Hope thought, that she would be there at all, for the 1.40 was the last early afternoon train. The next was 3.30, and Hope would be back at Riverview by that time, preparing another stock of flowers for her 5.30 sale. Just before the 1.40 steamed in, Hope heard a gay chatter of voices. There she was! But no; a

glance at the party sufficed to show that Dolly Dering was not one of the party, and Hope drew a deep breath of relief. The week would end without further annoyance, and with *such* a heap of bright silver pieces.

Forgetful of everything disagreeable, Hope stood in her corner for the last time, softly humming the sweet little strain she had heard from the good little fiddle. She was earlier than usual, — ten, fifteen minutes earlier. "Tum, tum, ti tum," she was softly humming, when —

"Do you stay here all day?" asked a clear, confident voice. She turned her head, and there stood that girl, — Dolly Dering.

"No," answered Hope, politely, to this question, but with a coldness and distance of manner that was meant to check all further questioning. But Dolly Dering wasn't easily checked.

"My sister says that you live in Riverview, and that you get your flowers in Riverview woods," was her next questioning remark.

"Yes."

"What other kinds of flowers are you going to sell when these arbutus are gone?"

"I'm not going to sell any."

"Why not?"

"Because I — I don't want to."

"I should think you would. You must make a lot of money."

No answer.

"To be sure, I don't suppose you'd make so much with garden flowers, but there are ever so many kinds of wild flowers coming on by and by, aren't there?"

"I suppose so."

"Perhaps you go to school, do you?"

"Yes."

"Oh! and this is vacation week at the public schools; that's why you can be here. I see. What you earn must be a great help, isn't it?"

Hope's patience and dignity were giving way. She looked up with a fiery glance.

"A great help in what?" she asked.

"Why, why, in your home, you know, — in buying bread and things, — you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean," burst forth Hope. "You mean that you think because I am selling flowers here in the station that I belong to poor people, who live anyhow, — poor, ignorant people, who are helped by the missions and the unions, — poor, ignorant people like those at the North End."

Dolly Dering stared with all her might at the flushed, excited face before her.

"Why — why — you *are* poor, aren't you, or you wouldn't be selling things like this?" she blunderingly asked.

Hope, in her turn, stared back at Dolly. Then in a vehement, exasperated tone, she said, —

"I didn't think anybody *could* be so ignorant as you are."

"I! ignorant! well!" exclaimed Dolly, in astonishment and rising resentment.

"Yes, ignorant," went on Hope, recklessly, "or you'd know more about the difference in people. You'd *see* the difference. You'd see that I didn't belong to the kind of poor folks who live anyway and anyhow.

My father is John Benham, an engineer on this road, and we have a nice home, and plenty to eat and drink and to wear, — and books and magazines and papers," she added, with a sudden instinct that these were the most convincing proofs of the comfort and respectability of her home.

"What do you sell flowers on the street for, then, if you are as nice as all that?" cried Dolly, now thoroughly aroused by Hope's words and manner.

"Because I wanted to buy something for myself that my father couldn't afford to buy. Don't you ever want anything that your father doesn't feel as if he could buy for you just when you wanted him to?"

"Well, if I did, I shouldn't be let to go out on the street and peddle flowers to earn the money," replied Dolly, with what she meant to be withering emphasis.

"And I shouldn't be *allowed* to say 'let to go,' like ignorant North Enders," retorted Hope, with still more withering emphasis.

Dolly reddened with mortification and anger; then she said haughtily, "I don't happen to know as much as you seem to, how ignorant North Enders talk."

"No; I told you that you were ignorant, and didn't know the difference between people."

"How dare you talk like this to me! You are the most impudent girl I ever saw," cried Dolly, passionately.

"Impudent! How did *you* dare to speak to me as you did, — to ask me questions? You didn't know me; you never saw me before. You wouldn't have dared to speak to a girl that you thought was like yourself. But you thought you could speak to *me*.

You needn't be polite to a girl who was selling things on the street."

Hope stopped breathless. Her lips were dry; her heart was beating in hard, quick throbs. As for Dolly she was for the moment silenced, for Hope had divined the exact state of her mind. Other things, too, had silenced Dolly for the moment, and these were the evidences of respectability that Hope had enumerated. She was also faced by these evidences in Hope's speech and manner, as those fiery but not vulgar words were poured forth from the dry, tremulous lips; and the effect had been confusing and disturbing to those fixed ideas about working-people that had taken root in her — Dolly's — mind. She was not a bad girl at heart, was this Dolly. She was like a great many people without keen perception or sensibility, and thoughtless from this very lack. The youngest of a prosperous family, she had been petted and pampered until her natural wilfulness and high spirits had made her heedless and over-confident. She had not meant to insult Hope. She had meant simply to satisfy her curiosity; and she thought that it was a perfectly proper thing to satisfy this curiosity about a poor girl who sold flowers on the street, by asking this girl plain questions, such as she had heard her mother ask the poor people who came to get work or to beg. But Hope's plain answers had at first astonished, then angered, then enlightened her.

In the little breathless pause that followed Hope's last words, the two girls regarded each other with a strange mixture of feeling. Hope's feeling was that of relief tinctured with triumph, for she saw that she

had made an impression upon "that ignorant girl." Dolly, humiliated but not humbled, had a queer struggle with her temper and her sense of justice. She had been made to see that she was partly, if not wholly, in the wrong, and that she had wounded Hope to the quick. In another minute she would have blunderingly made some admission of this, — have said to Hope that she was sorry if she had hurt her feelings, or something to that effect, — if Hope herself had not suddenly remarked in a tone of cold dislike, —

"If you are waiting to ask any more questions, I might as well tell you it's of no use. I sha'n't answer any more; so if you'll please to go away from this corner and stop staring at me, I shall be much obliged to you."

Scarlet with anger, all her better impulses scattered to the winds, Dolly flashed out, —

"You're an ugly, impudent, hateful thing, and I don't care if I *have* hurt your feelings, so there!"

It happened that John Benham had exchanged his hours of work for that day with a fellow engineer on the 5.30 train that came out from Boston. Dolly, watching the train as it came to a stop at the Brookside station, saw something that interested her greatly. It was an

exchange of glances between that "ugly, impudent, hateful thing" and the engineer, as he stood in his cab.

"So that is her father, is it, — that smutty workman! She'd better set herself up and talk about her nice home!" was Dolly's inward comment out of the wrath that was raging within her.

"What is the matter with Dolly?" asked Mr. Dering, fifteen minutes later, as Dolly, red and pouting, and with a fierce little frown wrinkling her forehead, sat in unusual silence behind him on the front seat of the carriage. Matter? and Dolly, finding her tongue, poured forth the story of her grievance. With all her faults, Dolly was not deceitful or untruthful; and the story she told was remarkably exact, neither glossing over her own words, nor her humiliating defeat through Hope's cleverness of speech.

Mr. Dering seemed to find the whole story very amusing, and at the end of it laughingly remarked: "I don't think you had the best of it, Dolly."

Her mother, from the back seat, was mortified and shocked that Dolly should have been so vulgar as to quarrel on the street.

"But Dolly began it by asking such questions," spoke up Mary Dering. "Dolly is such a rattler. I'm sure that flower-girl would never have spoken to her first."

Then Mrs. Dering wanted to know what Mary knew about "that flower-girl," and Mary described Hope as she had seen her.

"She said her father was an engineer on this road, did she?" asked Mr. Dering, turning to Dolly.

"Yes, papa."

"It must be John Benham. He is one of the best

engineers on this road," — Mr. Dering was one of the Directors of the road, — "yes, it must be Benham. I should think he might have just such a child as that."

"Why, papa?" asked Mary Dering, leaning forward.

"Well, because he's a proud sort of fellow, rather short of speech; doesn't give or take any familiar words. But he's an excellent engineer, excellent, and is full of intelligent ideas. He saved the road from quite a loss last year by a suggestion of his. He's always been tinkering, I've been told, on one or another of these ideas, — has quite an inventive faculty, I believe; and some of these days I suppose he hopes, as so many of these fellows do, to make a fortune out of some invention. Hey, what do you say to that, Dolly?" turning from this graver talk, and pulling one of Dolly's black locks. "What do you say to your impudent little girl turning into a millionaire's daughter one of these days?"

"I'd say 'Ten cents a bunch' to her!" cried Dolly, vindictively.

Mr. Dering flung back his head, and laughed.

"Do you *really* think he may make a fortune in that way?" asked Mary, interestedly.

"Well, no; really I don't, Mary," her father replied. "Such things don't happen very frequently. Most skilled mechanics, like Benham, make inventive experiments in their peculiar line, but it's only one in a thousand who is a genius at that sort of thing, and produces anything remarkable or valuable enough to bring them a fortune. Benham is a clever, industrious fellow, but he isn't a genius; so we won't make a hero for a story out of him, my dear." And Mr. Dering

nodded with a smile at Mary, — a smile that brought a blush to Mary's cheek, for she knew that papa was making fun of what he called her sentimentality.

Almost at the very moment that Mr. Dering was asking Dolly what was the matter, John Benham, speeding along in his cab, was mentally asking the same question in regard to Hope; for, as he caught that glimpse of her as the train stopped, he saw at once that something was amiss. There was a strained, excited look about her eyes, and a hot, uncomfortable color in her cheeks. Had any one been troubling her? His own color rose at the thought. Why had he allowed her to take such a position? But, thank Heaven, this was the last night. Two hours after this he put the question to Hope in words. What was the matter?

Hope had not meant to tell. She would be brave and keep her annoyance to herself. But the suddenness of the question broke down her defences, and she burst into tears.

"My dear, my dear, what is it? Who is it that has been troubling you? There, there!" taking her up in his arms, "have your cry out, then tell father all about it."

Hope was to the full as honest and truthful as Dolly, and her story was as exact; but she did not, for she could not, do full justice to Dolly, from the fact that she had not caught the faintest idea of that good impulse that she herself had nipped in the bud; and without this impulse Dolly's share in the story looked pretty black, and John Benham, as he listened to it, did not laugh, as Mr. Dering had done. It was not amusing to him to hear how his sweet little daughter

had been hurt by all that impertinent questioning. He saw better than Hope that the impertinence was not malice, and that the ignorance it proceeded from was old ignorance that comes from the selfishness that is born of long-continued prosperity. In trying to convey something of this to Hope, and to show her that she must not let her mind get poisoned by dwelling too much upon the matter, he said, —

"Try to put it out of your mind by thinking of something else."

Hope lifted her head, and a faint smile irradiated her face.

"I'll push it out with the good little fiddle," she answered.

"That's my brave little woman!"

That very night Hope carried her resolve into action by going over to see Mr. Kolb to arrange for the purchase of the violin. She had told him at the first, of the shop where she had seen the instrument that had taken her fancy, and of her flower-selling plan to buy it.

"Yes, yes; it was a very good shop," he had told her, and the plan was a very good plan, and some day he would go with her to look at the little fiddle.

He was quite astonished, however, when, on Saturday night, she ran in to tell him that her plan had succeeded so well that she wanted him to go with her on Monday afternoon to buy the little fiddle.

"What! you haf all the money?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes; I earned all but two dollars, and that my father gave me."

The old German threw out his hands with a gesture

of surprise. "Ach! you little American mädchen," he cried, "you do anything!"

But when, on Monday afternoon, the two set out on their errand, Hope began to have a misgiving. Perhaps she had made a mistake. Perhaps, after all, it wasn't a good little fiddle, and she looked anxiously at Mr. Kolb when he entered the shop with her, and took the instrument in his hands, for Mr. Kolb would know all about it. And Mr. Kolb *did* know all about it. He knew at the first sight of it; and when he lifted the bow and drew it across the strings, his eyes were smiling with approbation.

"A good fiddle! ach! it is a peautiful little fiddle!" he exclaimed, as he ceased playing. Then he complimented Hope by saying: "You haf the musical eye, Mädchen, to put your heart on this little fiddle, and we shall haf so good a time, you and I, learning to play it."

That night, just after supper, Hope took her first lesson. As she tucked the little fiddle under her chin, and drew the bow uncertainly and awkwardly across the strings, her heart beat, and her eyes filled with joyous tears. The little fiddle for the time quite pushed Dolly Dering and everything connected with her out of her mind.

GLORY McWHIRK

(From Faith Gartney's Girlhood.)

By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

There's beauty waiting to be born,
And harmony that makes no sound;
And bear we ever, unawares,
A glory that hath not been crowned.

ETER McWHIRK was picked up dead from the gravelled drive of a gentleman's place, where he had been trimming the high trees that shaded it. An unsound limb, — a heedless movement, — and Peter went straight down, thirty feet, and out of life. Out of life, where he had a trim, comfortable young wife, — one happy little child, for whom skies were as blue, and grass as green, and buttercups as golden as for the little heiress of Elm Hill, who was riding over the lawn in her basket-wagon, when Peter met his death there, — the hope, also, of another that was to come.

Rosa McWhirk and her baby of a day old were buried the week after, together; and then there was noth-

ing left for Glory and her helpless grandmother but the poorhouse as a present refuge; and to the one death, that ends all, and to the other a life of rough and unremitting work to look to for by and by.

When Glory came into this world where wants begin with the first breath, and go on thickening around us, and pressing upon us until the last one is supplied to us, — a grave, — she wanted, first of all, a name.

"Sure what'll I call the baby?" said the proud young mother to the ladies from the white corner house, where she had served four faithful years of her maidenhood, and who came down at once with comforts and congratulations. "They've sint for the praist, an' I've niver bethought of a name. I made so certain 't would be a boy!"

"What a funny bit of a thing it is!" cried the younger of the two visitors, turning back the bedclothes a little from the tiny, red, puckered face, with short, sandy-colored hair standing up about the temples like a fuzz-ball.

"I'd call her Glory. There's a halo round her head like the saints in the pictures."

"Sure that's jist like yersilf, Miss Mattie!" exclaimed Rosa, with a faint, merry little laugh. "An' quare enough, I knew a lady once't of the very name, in the ould country. Miss Gloriana O'Dowd she was; an' the beauty o' County Kerry. My Lady Kinawley, she came to be. 'Deed, but I'd like to do it, for the ould times, an' for you thinkin' of it! I'll ask Peter, anyhow!"

And so Glory got her name; and Mattie Hyde, who gave her that, gave her many another thing that was

no less a giving to the mother, also, before she was two years old. Then Mrs. Hyde and the young lady, having first let the corner house, went away to Europe to stay for years; and when a box of tokens from the far, foreign lands came back to Stonebury a while after, there was a grand shawl for Rosa, and a pretty braided frock for the baby, and a rosary that Glory keeps to this hour, that had been blessed by the Pope. That was the last. Mattie and her mother sailed out upon the Mediterranean one day from the bright coast of France for a far eastern port, to see the Holy Land. God's Holy Land they did see, though they never touched those Syrian shores, or climbed the hills about Jerusalem.

Glory remembered — for the most part dimly, for some special points distinctly — her child-life of three years in Stonebury poorhouse. How her grandmother and an old countrywoman from the same county "at home" sat knitting and crooning together in a sunny corner of the common room in winter, or out under the stoop in summer; how she rolled down the green bank behind the house; and, when she grew big enough to be trusted with a knife, was sent out to dig dandelions in the spring, and how an older girl went with her round the village, and sold them from house to house. How, at last, her old grandmother died, and was buried; and how a woman of the village, who had used to buy her dandelions, found a place for her with a relative of her own, in the ten-mile distant city, who took Glory to "bring up," — "seeing," as she said, "there was nobody belonging to her to interfere."

Was there a day, after that, that did not leave its

searing impress upon heart and memory, of the life that was given, in its every young pulse and breath, to sordid toil for others, and to which it seemed nobody on earth owed aught of care or service in return?

Clothed and fed, to be sure, she was; that is, she neither starved nor went naked; but she was barely covered and nourished as she must be — as any beast of burden must be — to do its owner's work.

It was a close little house — one of those houses where they have fried dinners so often that the smell never gets out — in Budd Street, a street of a single side, wedged in between the back yards of more pretentious mansions that stood on fair parallel avenues sloping down from a hilltop to the waterside, that Mrs. Grubbling lived in.

Here Glory McWhirk, from eight years old to nearly fifteen, scoured knives and brasses, tended door-bell, set tables, washed dishes, and minded the baby; whom, at her peril, she must "keep pacified," — *i.e.*, amused and content, while its mother was otherwise busy. For her, poor child, — baby that she still, almost, was herself, — who amused, or contented her? There are human beings with whom amusement and content have nothing to do. What will you? The world must go on.

Glory curled the baby's hair and made him "look pretty." Mrs. Grubbling cut her little handmaid's short to save trouble; so that the very determined yellow locks which, under more favoring circumstances of place and fortune, might have been trained into lovely golden curls like the child's who lived in the tall house opposite the Grubblings' door, and who came, sometimes, to the long back-parlor windows, and un-

consciously shone into poor, unknown Glory's life, who watched for her as for a vision, — these locks, I say, stood up continually in their restless reaching after the fairer destiny that had been meant for them, in the old fuzz-ball fashion; and Glory grew more and more to justify her name.

Do you think she didn't know what beauty was, — this child who never had a new or pretty garment, but who wore frocks "fadged up" out of old, faded breadths of her mistress's dresses, and bonnets with brims cut off and topknots taken down, and coarse shoes, and stockings cut out of the legs of those whereof Mrs. Grubbling had worn out the extremities? Do you think she didn't feel the difference, and that it wasn't this that made her shuffle along so with her toes in, when she sped along the streets upon her manifold errands, and met gentle-people's children laughing and dancing and skipping their hoops upon the sidewalks?

I tell you the soul shapes to itself a life, whether the outer life conform to it or not. What else is imagination given for?

Did you ever think how strange it is that among the

millions of human experiences — out of all the numberless combinations of circumstance and incident that make the different lives of men and women — now unfolding their shifting webs upon this earth, you yourself, and that without voluntary choice, have just one, perhaps but a very dull and meagre one, allotted you? With all the divine capacity you find in yourself to enter into and comprehend a life quite other than and foreign to the daily reality of your own, and to feel how it would be to you if it might become tangible and actual, did you ever question why it is that you are kept out of it, and of all else save the one small and insufficient history? The very consciousness of such capacity answers you why.

"No man lives to himself."

Out of all lives, actual and possible, each one of us appropriates continually into his own. This is a world of hints only, out of which every soul seizes to itself what it needs.

This girl, uncherished, repressed in every natural longing to be and to have, took in all the more of what was possible; for God had given her this glorious insight, this imagination, wherewith we fill up life's scanty outline, and grasp at all that might be, or that elsewhere is. In her, as in us all, it was often — nay, daily — a discontent; yet a noble discontent, and curbed with a grand, unconscious patience. She scoured her knives; she shuffled along the streets on hasty errands; she went up and down the house in her small menial duties; she put on and off her coarse, repulsive clothing; she uttered herself in her common, ignorant forms of speech; she showed only as a poor, low, little Irish

girl with red hair and staring, wondering eyes, and awkward movements, and a frightened fashion of getting into everybody's way; and yet, behind all this, there was another life that went on in a hidden beauty that you and I cannot fathom, save only as God gives the like, inwardly, to ourselves.

There are persons who have an "impediment of speech," so that the thoughts that shape themselves in the brain are smothered there, and can never be born in fitting utterance. There are many who have an impediment of life. A something wanting — withheld — that hinders the inner existence from flowering out into visible fact and deed. Flowers it not somewhere? Is there not building somewhere, all the while, that which God hath reserved for them from the foundation of the world?

When Glory's mistress cut her hair there were always tears and rebellion. It was her one eager, passionate longing, in those childish days, that these locks of hers should be let to grow. She thought she could bear almost anything else, if only this stiff, unseemly crop might lengthen out into waves and ringlets that should toss in the wind like the carefully kempt tresses of children she met in the streets. She

imagined it would be a complete and utter happiness just once to feel it falling in its wealth about her shoulders or dropping against her cheeks; and to be able to look at it with her eyes, and twist her fingers in it at the ends. And so, when it got to be its longest, and began to make itself troublesome about her forehead, and to peep below her shabby bonnet in her neck, she had a brief season of wonderful enjoyment in it. Then she could "make believe" it had really grown out; and the comfort she took in "going through the motions," — pretending to tuck behind her ears what scarcely touched their tips, and tossing her head continually, to throw back imaginary masses of curls, was truly indescribable, and such as I could not begin to make you understand.

"Half-witted monkey!" Mrs. Grubbling would ejaculate, contemptuously, seeing, with what she conceived marvellous penetration, the half of her little servant's thought, and so pronouncing from her own half wit. Then the great shears came out, and the instinct of grace and beauty in the child was pitilessly outraged, and her soul mutilated, as it were, in every clip of the inexorable shears.

Glory lived half her life in that back parlor of the Pembertons. The little golden-haired vision went and came; it sat by its mother's side in the firelight, before the curtains were drawn down; it had a party, now and then, of other little radiances like unto itself; and Glory, "tending baby" in Mrs. Grubbling's fusty chamber, watched their games through the long, large-paned windows, and reproduced them next day, when the chores were done, and she and baby could go

up-stairs and "have a party;" bidding thereto, on his solemn promise of good behavior, "Bubby," otherwise Master Herbert Clarence Grubbling; ranging, also, six chairs, to represent or to accommodate invisible "company."

And, for me, I can't help thinking there may have been company there.

She was always glad — poor Glory — when the springtime came. The water running in the gutters; the blades of grass and tufts of chickweed that grew under the walls; the soft, damp air that betokened the mollifying season, — these touched her with a delight, and gave her a sense of joy and beauty that might have been no deeper or keener if it had come to her through the ministries of great rivers, and green meadows, and all the wide breeze and blue of the circling sky.

She took Bubby and Baby down to the Common, of a May Day, to see the processions and the paper-crowned queens; and stood there in her stained and drabbled dress, with the big year-and-a-half-old baby in her arms, and so quite at the mercy of Master Herbert Clarence, who defiantly skipped off down the avenues, and almost out of her sight, — she looking after him in helpless dismay, lest he should get a splash or a tumble, or be altogether lost; and then what would the mistress say? Standing there so, — the troops of children in their holiday trim passing close beside her, — her young heart turned bitter for a moment, as it sometimes would; and her one utterance of all that swelled her martyr-soul broke forth, —

"Laws a me! Sech lots of good times in the world, and I ain't in 'em!"

And then she meekly turned off homeward, lugging the baby in her arms, — who peremptorily declined her enticing suggestion when they passed the Common gates, that he should get down and "go patty, patty, on the sidewalk;" Master Herbert, who had in the midst of his most reckless escapades kept one eye carefully upon her movements, racing after her, vociferating that he would "go right and tell his ma how Glory ran away from him."

Yet, that afternoon, when Mrs. Grubbling went out shopping, and left her to her own devices with the children, how jubilantly she trained the battered chairs in line, and put herself at the head, with Bubby's scarlet tippet wreathed about her upstart locks, and made a May Day!

I say, she had the soul and essence of the very life she seemed to miss.

There were shabby children's books about the Grubbling domicile, that had been the older child's — Cornelia's — and had descended to Master Herbert, while yet his only pastime in them was to scrawl them full of pencil-marks, and tear them into tatters. These, one by one, Glory rescued, and hid away, and fed upon, piecemeal, in secret. She could read, at least, — this poor, denied unfortunate. Peter McWhirk had taught his child her letters in happy, humble Sundays and holidays long ago; and Mrs. Grubbling had begun by sending her to a primary school for a while, irregularly, when she could be spared; and when she hadn't just torn her frock, or worn out her shoes, or it didn't rain, or she hadn't been sent of an errand and come back too late, — which reasons, with a multitude of others, con-

stantly recurring, reduced the schooldays in the year to a number whose smallness Mrs. Grubbling would have indignantly disputed, had it been calculated and set before her; she being one of those not uncommon persons who regard a duty continually evaded as one continually performed, it being necessarily just as much on their minds; till, at last, Herbert had a winter's illness, and in summer, it wasn't worth while, and the winter after, baby came, so that of course she couldn't be spared at all; and it seemed little likely now that she ever again would be. But she kept her spelling-book, and read over and over what she knew, and groped her way slowly into more, till she promoted herself from that to "Mother Goose,"—from "Mother Goose" to "Fables for the Nursery," — and now, her ever fresh and unfailing feast was the "Child's Own Book of Fairy Tales," and an odd volume of the "Parent's Assistant." She picked out, slowly, the gist of these, with a lame and uncertain interpretation. She lived for weeks with Beauty and the Beast, — with Cinderella, — with the good girl who worked for the witch, and shook her feather-bed every morning; till at last, given leave to go home and see her mother, the gold and silver shower came down about her, departing at the back door. Perhaps she should get her pay, sometime, and go home and see her mother.

Meanwhile, she identified herself with — lost herself utterly in — these imaginary lives. She was, for the time, Cinderella; she was Beauty; she was, above all, the Fair One with Golden Locks; she was Simple Susan going to be May Queen; she dwelt in the old Castle of Rossmore, with the Irish Orphans. The

little Grubbling house in Budd Street was peopled all through, in every corner, with her fancies. Don't tell me she had nothing but her niggardly outside living there.

And the wonder began to come up in her mind, as it did in Faith Gartney's, whether and when "something might happen" to her.

PARSON POLLY

(From Polly Oliver's Problems.)

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

"I'M afraid I make it harder, Polly, and you and your mother must be frank with me, and turn me out of the Garden of Eden the first moment I become a nuisance. Will you promise?"

"You are a help to us, Edgar; we told you so the other night. We couldn't have Yung Lee unless you lived with us, and I couldn't earn any money if I had to do all the housework."

"I'd like to be a help, but I'm so helpless!"

"We are all poor together just now, and that makes it easier."

"I am worse than poor!" Edgar declared.

"What can be worse than being poor?" asked Polly, with a sigh drawn from the depths of her boots.

"To be in debt," said Edgar, who had not the slightest intention of making this remark when he opened his lips.

Now the Olivers had only the merest notion of

Edgar's college troubles; they knew simply what the Nobles had told them, that he was in danger of falling behind his class. This, they judged, was a contingency no longer to be feared; as various remarks dropped by the students who visited the house, and sundry bits of information contributed by Edgar himself, in sudden bursts of high spirits, convinced them that he was regaining his old rank, and certainly his old ambition.

"To be in debt," repeated Edgar doggedly, "and to see no possible way out of it. Polly, I'm in a peck of trouble! I've lost money, and I'm at my wits' end to get straight again!"

"Lost money? How much? Do you mean that you lost your pocket-book?"

"No, no; not in that way."

"You mean that you spent it," said Polly. "You mean you overdrew your allowance."

"Of course I did. Good gracious, Polly! there are other ways of losing money than by dropping it in the road. I believe girls don't know anything more about the world than the geography tells them, — that it's a round globe like a ball or an orange!"

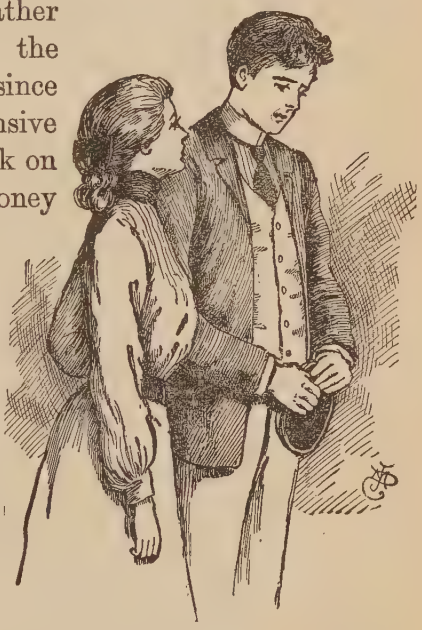
"Don't be impolite. The less they know about the old world the better they get on, I dare say. Your colossal fund of worldly knowledge doesn't seem to make you very happy, just now. How could you lose your money, I ask? You're nothing but a student, and you are not in any business, are you?"

"Yes, I am in business, and pretty bad business it is, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I've been winding myself up into a

hard knot, the last six months, and the more I try to disentangle myself, the worse the thing gets. My allowance isn't half enough; nobody but a miser could live on it. I've been unlucky, too. I bought a dog, and some one poisoned him before I could sell him; then I lamed a horse from the livery-stable, and had to pay damages; and so it went. The fellows all kept lending me money, rather than let me stay out of the little club suppers, and since I've shut down on expensive gayeties they've gone back on me, and all want their money at once; so does the livery-stable keeper, and the owner of the dog, and a dozen other individuals; in fact, the debtors' prison yawns before me."



"Upon my word, I'm ashamed of you!" said Polly, with considerable heat. "To waste money in that way, when you knew perfectly well you couldn't afford it, was — well, it was downright dishonest, that's what it was! To hear you talk about dogs, and lame horses, and club suppers, anybody would suppose you were a sporting man! Pray, what else do they do in that charming college set of yours?"

"I might have known you would take that tone, but I didn't, somehow. I told you just because I thought

you were the one girl in a thousand who would understand and advise a fellow when he knows he's made a fool of himself and acted like a cur! I didn't suppose you would call hard names, and be so unsympathizing, after all we have gone through together!"

"I'm not! — I didn't! — I won't do it again!" said Polly incoherently, as she took a straight chair, planted her elbows on the table, and leaned her chin in her two palms. "Now let's talk about it; tell me everything quickly. How much is it?"

"Nearly two hundred dollars! Don't shudder so provokingly, Polly; that's a mere bagatelle for a college man, but I know it's a good deal for me,— a good deal more than I know how to get, at all events."

"Where is the debtors' prison?" asked Polly in an awestruck whisper.

"Oh, there isn't any such thing nowadays! I was only chaffing; but of course, the men to whom I am in debt can apply to father, and get me in a regular mess. I've pawned my watch to stave one of them off. You see, Polly, I would rather die than do it; nevertheless, I would write and tell father everything, and ask him for the money, but circumstances conspire just at this time to make it impossible. You know he bought that great ranch in Ventura county with Albert Harding of New York. Harding has died insolvent, and father has to make certain payments or lose control of a valuable property. It's going to make him a rich man some time, but for a year or two we shall have to count every penny. Of course the fruit crop this season has been the worst in ten years, and of course there has been a frost this winter, the only severe

one within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, — that's the way it always is, — and there I am! I suppose you despise me, Polly?"

"Yes, I do!" (hotly) — "No, I don't altogether, and I'm not good enough myself to be able to despise people. Besides, you are not a despisable boy. You were born manly and generous and true-hearted, and these hateful things that you have been doing are not a part of your nature a bit; but I'm ashamed of you for yielding to bad impulses when you have so many good ones, and — oh dear! — I do that very same thing myself, now that I stop to think about it. But how could you, *you*, Edgar Noble, take that evil-eyed, fat-nosed, common Tony Selling for a friend? I wonder at you!"

"He isn't so bad in some ways. I owe him eighty dollars of that money, and he says he'll give me six months to pay it."

"I'm glad he has some small virtues," Polly replied witheringly. "Now, what can we do, Edgar? Let us think. What can, what *can* we do?" and she leaned forward reflectively, clasping her knee with her hands and wrinkling her brow with intense thought.

That little "we" fell on Edgar's loneliness of spirit consolingly; for it adds a new pang to self-distrust when righteous people withdraw from one in utter disdain, even if they are "only girls" who know little of a boy's temptations.

"If you can save something each month out of your allowance, Edgar," said Polly, finally, with a brighter look, "I can spare fifty or even seventy-five dollars of our money, and you may pay it back as you can. We

are not likely to need it for several months, and your father and mother ought not to be troubled with this matter, now that it's over and done with."

The blood rushed to Edgar's face as he replied stiffly, "I may be selfish and recklessly extravagant, but I don't borrow money from girls. If you wanted to add the last touch to my shame, you've done it. Don't you suppose I have eyes, Polly Oliver? Don't you suppose I've hated myself ever since I came under this roof, when I have seen the way you worked and planned and plotted and saved and denied yourself? Don't you suppose I've looked at you twenty times a day, and said to myself, 'You miserable, selfish puppy, getting yourself and everybody who cares for you into trouble, just look at that girl and be ashamed of yourself down to the ground!' And now you offer to lend me money! Oh, Polly, I wouldn't have believed it of you!"

Polly felt convicted of sin, although she was not very clear as to the reason. She blushed as she said hastily, "Your mother has been a very good friend to us, Edgar; why shouldn't we help you a little, just for once? Now, let us go in to see mamma and talk it all over together!"

"If you pity me, Polly, don't tell her; I could not bear to have that saint upon earth worried over my troubles; it was mean enough to add a feather's weight to yours."

"Well, we won't do it, then," said Polly, with maternal kindness in her tone. "Do stop pacing up and down like a caged panther. We'll find some other way out of the trouble; but boys are such an anxiety! Do you think, Edgar, that you have reformed?"

"Bless your soul! I've kept within my allowance for two or three months. As Susan Nipper says, 'I may be a camel, but I'm not a dromedary!' When I found out where I was, I stopped; I had to stop, and I knew it. I'm all right now, thanks to — several things. In fact, I've acquired a kind of appetite for behaving myself now, and if the rascally debts were only out of the way, I should be the happiest fellow in the universe."

"You cannot apply to your father, so there is only one thing to do, — that is, to earn the money."

"But how, when I'm in the class-room three-fourths of the day?"

"I don't know," said Polly hopelessly. "I can tell you what to do, but not how to do it; I'm nothing but a miserable girl."

"I must stay in college, and I must dig and make up for lost time; so most of my evenings will be occupied."

"You must put all your 'musts' together," said Polly decisively, "and then build a bridge over them, or tunnel through them, or span them with an arch. We'll keep thinking about it, and I'm sure something will turn up; I'm not discouraged a bit. You see, Edgar," and Polly's face flushed with feeling as she drew patterns on the tablecloth with her tortoise-shell hairpin, — "you see, of course, the good fairies are not going to leave you in the lurch when you've turned your back on the ugly temptations, and are doing your very best. And now that we've talked it all over, Edgar, I'm not ashamed of you! Mamma and I have been so proud of your successes the last month. She believes in you!"

"Of course," said Edgar dolefully; "because she knows only the best."

"But I know the best and the worst too, and I believe in you!" . . .

Edgar rose with a lighter heart in his breast than he had felt there for many a week. "Good-night, Parson Polly," he said rather formally, for he was too greatly touched to be able to command his tones; "add your prayers to your sermons, and perhaps you'll bring the black sheep safely into the fold."

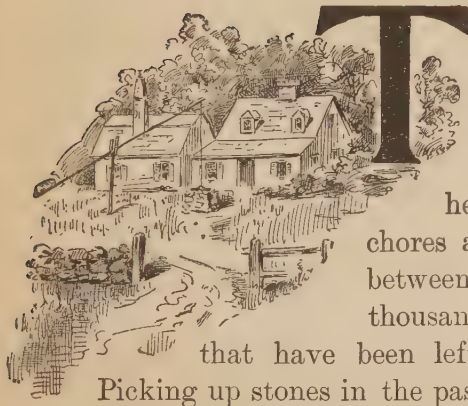
The quick tears rushed to Polly's eyes; for Edgar's stiff manner sat curiously on him, and she feared she had annoyed him by too much advice. "Oh, Edgar," she said, with a quivering lip, "I didn't mean to pose or to preach! You know how full of faults I am, and if I were a boy I should be worse! I was only trying to help a little, even if I am younger and a girl! . . . Edgar dear, I am so proud to think you told me your troubles; don't turn away from me, or I shall think you are sorry you trusted me!" and Polly laid a persuasive, disarming hand on the lad's shoulder.

Suddenly Edgar's heart throbbed with a new feeling. He saw as in a vision the purity, fidelity, and tender yearning of a true woman's nature shining through a girl's eyes. In that moment he wished as never before to be manly and worthy. He seemed all at once to understand his mother, his sister, all women better, and with a quick impulsive gesture which he would not have understood a month before, he bent his head over astonished Polly's hand, kissed it reverently, then opened the door and went to his room without a word.

FUN OUT OF SCHOOL

(From Being A Boy.)

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



THE boy farmer does not appreciate school vacations as highly as his city cousin. When school keeps he has only to "do chores and go to school," but between terms there are a thousand things on the farm that have been left for the boy to do. Picking up stones in the pastures and piling them in heaps used to be one of them. Some lots appeared to grow stones, or else the sun every year drew them to the surface, as it coaxes the round cantelopes out of the soft garden soil; it is certain that there were fields that always gave the boys this sort of fall work. And very lively work it was on frosty mornings for the barefooted boys, who were continually turning up the larger stones in order to stand for a moment in the warm place that had been covered from the frost. A boy can stand on one leg as well as a Holland stork;

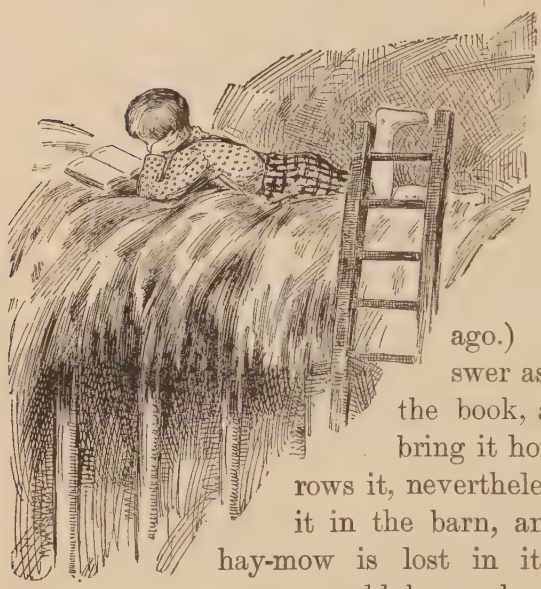
and the boy who found a warm spot for the sole of his foot was likely to stand in it until the words, "Come, stir your stumps," broke in discordantly upon his meditations. For the boy is very much given to meditations. If he had his own way he would do nothing in a hurry; he likes to stop and think about things, and enjoy his work as he goes along. He picks up potatoes as if each one was a lump of gold just turned out of the dirt, and requiring careful examination.

Although the country boy feels a little joy when school breaks up (as he does when anything breaks up, or any change takes place), since he is released from the discipline and restraint of it, yet the school is his opening into the world, — his romance. Its opportunities for enjoyment are numberless. He does not exactly know what he is set at books for; he takes spelling rather as an exercise for his lungs, standing up and shouting out the words with entire recklessness of consequences; he grapples doggedly with arithmetic and geography as something that must be cleared out of his way before recess, but not at all with the zest with which he would dig a woodchuck out of his hole. But recess! Was ever any enjoyment so keen as that with which a boy rushes out of the schoolhouse door for the ten minutes of recess? He is like to burst with animal spirits; he runs like a deer; he can nearly fly; and he throws himself into play with entire self-forgetfulness, and an energy that would overturn the world if his strength were proportioned to it. For ten minutes the world is absolutely his; the weights are taken off, restraints are loosed, and he is his own master for that brief time, — as he never again will be if he lives to be

as old as the king of Thule, and nobody knows how old he was. And there is the nooning, a solid hour, in which vast projects can be carried out which have been slyly matured during the school-hours; expeditions are undertaken, wars are begun between the Indians on one side and the settlers on the other, the military company is drilled (without uniforms or arms), or games are carried on which involve miles of running, and an expenditure of wind sufficient to spell the spelling-book through at the highest pitch.

Friendships are formed, too, which are fervent if not enduring, and enmities contracted which are frequently "taken out" on the spot, after a rough fashion boys have of settling as they go along; cases of long credit, either in words or trade, are not frequent with boys; boot on jack-knives must be paid on the nail; and it is considered much more honorable to out with a personal grievance at once, even if the explanation is made with the fists, than to pretend fair, and then take a sneaking revenge on some concealed opportunity. The country boy at the district school is introduced into a wider world than he knew at home, in many ways. Some big boy brings to school a copy of the "Arabian Nights," a dog-eared copy, with cover, title-page, and the last leaves missing, which is passed around, and slyly read under the desk, and perhaps comes to the little boy whose parents disapprove of novel-reading, and have no work of fiction in the house except a pious fraud called "Six Months in a Convent," and the latest comic almanac. The boy's eyes dilate as he steals some of the treasures out of the wondrous pages, and he longs to lose himself in the land of enchantment open before

him. He tells at home that he has seen the most wonderful book that ever was, and a big boy has promised to lend it to him. "Is it a true book, John?" asks the grandmother; "because if it isn't true, it is the worst thing that a boy can read." (This happened years ago.) John cannot answer as to the truth of the book, and so does not bring it home; but he borrows it, nevertheless, and conceals it in the barn, and lying in the hay-mow is lost in its enchantments many an odd hour when he is supposed to be doing chores. There were no chores in the "Arabian Nights"; the boy there had but to rub the ring and summon a genius, who would feed the calves and pick up chips and bring in wood in a minute. It was through this emblazoned portal that the boy walked into the world of books, which he soon found was larger than his own, and filled with people he longed to know.



The winter season is not all sliding down hill for the farmer-boy, by any means; yet he contrives to get as much fun out of it as from any part of the year. There is a difference in boys, some are always jolly and

some go scowling always through life as if they had a stone-bruise on each heel. I like a jolly boy.

I used to know one who came round every morning to sell molasses candy, offering two sticks for a cent apiece; it was worth fifty cents a day to see his cheery face. That boy rose in the world. He is now the owner of a large town at the West. To be sure, there are no houses in it except his own; but there is a map of it and roads and streets are laid out on it, with dwellings and churches and academies and a college and an opera-house, and you could scarcely tell it from Springfield or Hartford, on paper. He and all his family have the fever and ague, and shake worse than the people at Lebanon; but they do not mind it, it makes them lively, in fact. Ed May is just as jolly as he used to be. He calls his town Mayopolis, and expects to be mayor of it; his wife, however, calls the town Maybe.

The farmer-boy likes to have winter come for one thing, because it freezes up the ground so that he can't dig in it; and it is covered with snow so that there is no picking up stones, nor driving the cows to pasture. He would have a very easy time if it were not for the getting up before daylight to build the fires and do the "chores." Nature intended the long winter nights for the farmer-boy to sleep; but in my day he was expected to open his sleepy eyes when the cock crew, get out of the warm bed and light a candle, struggle into his cold pantaloons, and pull on boots in which the thermometer would have gone down to zero, rake open the coals on the hearth and start the morning fire, and then go to the barn to "fodder." The frost was thick on the

kitchen windows, the snow was drifted against the door, and the journey to the barn, in the pale light of dawn, over the creaking snow, was like an exile's trip to Siberia. The boy was not half awake when he stumbled into the cold barn, and was greeted by the lowing and bleating and neighing of cattle waiting for their breakfast. How their breath steamed up from the mangers, and hung in frosty spears from their noses. Through the great lofts above the hay, where the swallows nested, the winter wind whistled, and the snow sifted. Those old barns were well ventilated.

I used to spend much valuable time in planning a barn that should be tight and warm, with a fire in it if necessary in order to keep the temperature somewhere near the freezing-point. I couldn't see how the cattle could live in a place where a lively boy, full of young blood, would freeze to death in a short time if he did not swing his arms and slap his hands, and jump about like a goat. I thought I would have a sort of perpetual manger that should shake down the hay when it was wanted, and a self-acting machine that should cut up the turnips and pass them into the mangers, and water always flowing for the cattle and horses to drink. With these simple arrangements I could lie in bed, and know that the "chores" were doing themselves. It would also be necessary, in order that I should not be disturbed, that the crow should be taken out of the roosters, but I could think of no process to do it. It seems to me that the hen-breeders, if they know as much as they say they do, might raise a breed of crowless roosters, for the benefit of boys, quiet neighborhoods, and sleepy families.

The Country Boy at the District School.

There was another notion that I had about kindling the kitchen fire, that I never carried out. It was to have a spring at the head of my bed, connecting with a wire, which should run to a torpedo which I would plant over night in the ashes of the fireplace. By touching the spring I could explode the torpedo, which would scatter the ashes and cover the live coals, and at the same time shake down the sticks of wood which were standing by the side of the ashes in the chimney, and the fire would kindle itself. This ingenious plan was frowned on by the whole family, who said they did not want to be waked up every morning by an explosion. And yet they expected me to wake up without an explosion. A boy's plans for making life agreeable are hardly ever heeded.

I never knew a boy farmer who was not eager to go to the district school in the winter. There is such a chance for learning, that he must be a dull boy who does not come out in the spring a fair skater, an accurate snowballer, and an accomplished slider-down-hill, with or without a board, on his seat, on his stomach, or on his feet. Take a moderate hill, with a foot-slide down it worn to icy smoothness, and a "go-round" of boys on it, and there is nothing like it for whittling away boot-leather. The boy is the shoemaker's friend. An active lad can wear down a pair of cowhide soles in a week so that the ice will scrape his toes. Sledding or coasting is also slow fun compared to the "bare back" sliding down a steep hill over a hard, glistening crust. It is not only dangerous, but it is destructive to jacket and pantaloons to a degree to make a tailor laugh. If any other animal wore out his skin as fast as a school-

boy wears out his clothes in winter, it would need a new one once a month. In a country district-school patches were not by any means a sign of poverty, but of the boy's courage and adventurous disposition. Our elders used to threaten to dress us in leather and put sheet-iron seats in our trousers. The boy *said* that he wore out his trousers on the hard seats in the schoolhouse ciphering hard sums. For that extraordinary statement he received two castigations, one at home, that was mild, and one from the schoolmaster, who was careful to lay the rod upon the boy's sliding-place, punishing him as he jocosely called it on a sliding scale, according to the thinness of his pantaloons.

What I liked best at school, however, was the study of history, early history, the Indian wars. We studied it mostly at noontime, and we had it illustrated as the children nowadays have "object-lessons,"— though our object was not so much to have lessons as it was to revive real history.

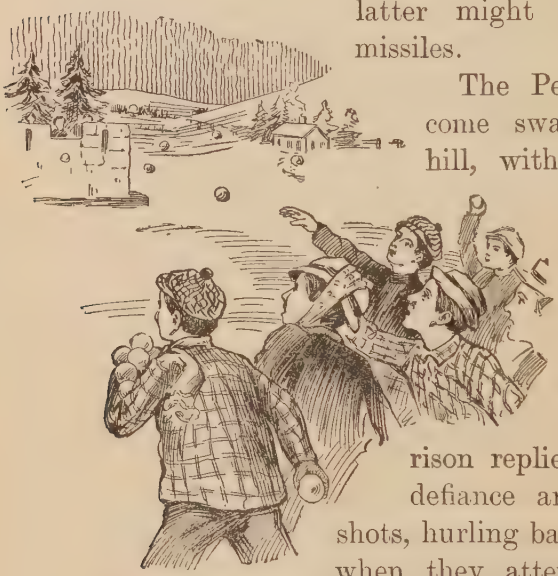
Back of the schoolhouse rose a round hill, upon which tradition said had stood in colonial times a block-house, built by the settlers for defence against the Indians. For the Indians had the idea that the whites were not settled enough, and used to come nights to settle them with a tomahawk. It was called Fort Hill. It was very steep on each side, and the river ran close by. It was a charming place in summer, where one could find laurel, and checkerberries, and sassafras roots, and sit in the cool breeze, looking at the mountains across the river, and listening to the murmur of the Deerfield. The Methodists built a meeting-house there afterwards, but the hill was so slippery in winter

that the aged could not climb it, and the wind raged so fiercely that it blew nearly all the young Methodists away (many of whom were afterwards heard of in the West), and finally the meeting-house itself came down into the valley, and grew a steeple, and enjoyed itself ever afterwards. It used to be a notion in New England that a meeting-house ought to stand as near heaven as possible.

The boys at our school divided themselves into two parties; one was the Early Settlers and the other the Pequots, the latter the most numerous. The Early Settlers built a snow fort on the hill, and a strong fortress it was, constructed of snowballs, rolled up to a vast size (larger than the Cyclopian blocks of stone which form the ancient Etruscan walls in Italy), piled one upon another, and the whole cemented by pouring on water which froze and made the walls solid. The Pequots helped the whites build it. It had a covered way under the snow, through which only could it be entered, and it had bastions and towers and openings to fire from, and a great many other things for which there are no names in military books. And it had a glacis and a ditch outside.

When it was completed, the Early Settlers, leaving the women in the schoolhouse, a prey to the Indians, used to retire into it, and await the attack of the Pequots. There was only a handful of the garrison, while the Indians were many, and also barbarous. It was agreed that they should be barbarous. And it was in this light that the great question was settled whether a boy might snowball with balls that he had soaked over night in water and let freeze. They were as hard

as cobble-stones, and if a boy should be hit in the head by one of them he could not tell whether he was a Pequot or an Early Settler. It was considered as unfair to use these ice-balls in an open fight as it is to use poisoned ammunition in real war. But as the whites were protected by the fort, and the Indians were treacherous by nature, it was decided that the latter might use the hard missiles.



The Pequots used to come swarming up the hill, with hideous war-whoops, attacking the fort on all sides with great noise and a shower of balls. The garrison replied with yells of defiance and well-directed shots, hurling back the invaders when they attempted to scale the walls. The Settlers had the advantage of position, but they were sometimes overpowered by numbers, and would often have had to surrender but for the ringing of the school-bell. The Pequots were in great fear of the school-bell.

I do not remember that the whites ever hauled down their flag and surrendered voluntarily; but once or twice the fort was carried by storm and the garrison were massacred to a boy, and thrown out of the fortress,

having been first scalped. To take a boy's cap was to scalp him, and after that he was dead, if he played fair. There were a great many hard hits given and taken, but always cheerfully, for it was in the cause of our early history. The history of Greece and Rome was stuff compared to this. And we had many boys in our school who could imitate the Indian war-whoop enough better than they could scan *arma, virumque cano.*

NOTES

ALDRICH, T. B. American poet and novelist, born, 1836. He became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1887. "The Story of a Bad Boy" is one of his most popular books. He has also written "Daisy's Necklace," "Marjory Daw," "Prudence Palfrey," "The "Queen of Sheba," and many other stories. Among his poems is the famous "Baby Bell."

BEDE, CUTHBERT, was the pen-name employed by an English clergyman, born 1827; died, 1890. He wrote "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green," and a sequel, and several other stories which are now forgotten. None of them ever equalled the first named in popularity.

BLACK, WILLIAM, an English novelist, born, 1841; died, 1898. "A Daughter of Heth" is one of his most famous books. He also wrote "In Silk Attire," "A Princess of Thule," "Three Feathers," "Madcap Violet," "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings," and two books for boys, "The Four MacNichols" and "An Adventure in Thule."

BLACKMORE, R. D., an English novelist, born, 1825; died, 1890. "Lorna Doone" is written in exquisite English, and is the story which made his fame. He was a lawyer, and had a passion for gardening. His other best known stories are "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," "Cripps the Carrier," and "Christowell." He also wrote some poetry.

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE, English novelist, born in Yorkshire, Eng., 1816; died, 1855. Was one of three sisters, all of them literary in their tastes. She wrote "The Professor," "Jane Eyre," "Villette," which was her favorite work, and "Shirley." She herself is the heroine of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette." She married, in 1854, a clergyman who had been her father's curate.

CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN, a famous New England theologian, born, 1810; died, 1888.

COOLIDGE, SUSAN (Miss Sarah C. Woolsey), born in Cleveland, 1845; since 1871 has contributed poems and prose sketches to newspapers and magazines. Among her books are "The New Year Bargain," "What Katy Did," "The Barberry Bush," "For Summer Afternoons," "In the High Valley." Her books for girls are exceedingly popular.

DICKENS, CHARLES, born, 1812; died, 1870. As a boy he had a very hard life, and much of the story of "David Copperfield" is autobiographical. He became a reporter, and began to write about 1833. His chief books are "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak-House," "Dombey and Son," "Little Dorrit," "Our Mutual Friend."

ELIOT, GEORGE, the pen-name of a famous English novelist, born, 1819; died, 1880. She was Mary Ann Evans, and was first married to G. H. Lewes, and afterwards, in the year of her death, to J. W. Cross. Her "Adam Bede" is perhaps her most famous book; but "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Felix Holt" are all popular. "She also wrote "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda," and translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus."

HUGHES, THOMAS, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," was born in 1823. He was educated at Rugby, under the famous Dr. Arnold. He published a sequel in "Tom Brown at Oxford." He was an earnest worker for social reforms, and did much for the instruction and elevation of the working-classes. In 1880 he assisted in founding a settlement in the United States, and published an account of it in a book entitled "Rugby Tennessee."

KIRK, E. W. O., born in Connecticut, 1842. She is the author of "Through Winding Ways," "Story of Margaret Kent," "Queen Money," "Sons and Daughters," "Love in Idleness," "A Midsummer Madness," "A Demon in Love," "A Revolutionary Love Story," and "Dorothy Deane."

LARCOM, LUCY, born, 1824; died, 1893. In early life worked in the factories at Lowell, Mass. She wrote a great deal of verse, and her best known stories are "Ships in the Mist," "The Sunbeam," "Similitudes," "Leila among the Mountains," "The Unseen Friend," "As It is in Heaven," and "A New England Girlhood," which is practically an autobiography.

MANNING, ANNE, an English author, born, 1812. She wrote "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," "Deborah's Diary," "The Ladies of Bever Hollow," "The Old Chelsea Bun House," "Chronicles of Merrie England," and about twenty other tales and stories, most of them picturing past life in England, besides "The Household of Sir Thomas More."

PERRY, NORA, born, 1832; died, 1896; a poet and littérateur of Boston, Mass. In addition to her poems she wrote the following stories, which are much appreciated by the girls, for whom they were written: "A Rosebud Garden of Girls," "A Flock of Girls and Their Friends," "A Flock of Girls and Boys," "Another Flock of Girls," "Three Little Daughters of the Revolution," and "Hope Benham."

ROSEGGER, P. Born in Austria in 1851; began life as a forest peasant, was then apprenticed to a tailor for four years. Then went as a charity scholar to a commercial school for four years. He has written over forty books, and for twenty-three years has edited "Der Heimgarten." The "Forest Schoolmaster" is his best known work.

THACKERAY, W. M., one of England's most famous novelists, born, 1811; died, 1862. He wrote "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," among others, and was the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. "The Rose and the Ring" was the only book he wrote specially for children.

TOLSTOÏ, L. N., a famous Russian poet, novelist, social reformer, and religious mystic. He fought in the Crimean War, but is now retired from the army. He has written many books on social questions.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN T., born, 1827; was brought up on a farm; began to teach school when seventeen. Began to write for the press in 1847, and has since published many books which have had great success,—"Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," "Coupon Bonds," "Jack Hazard Series," and others too numerous to mention, all popular with the young folk.

WHITNEY, MRS. A. D. T., born in Boston, Mass., 1824. Author of "Mother Goose for Grown Folk," "Boys at Chequasset," "The Gayworthys," "Leslie Goldthwaite," "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "Patience Strong," "We Girls," "Real Folks," "The Other Girls," "Sights and Insights," "Odd or Even," "Bird Talk," "White Memories," etc.

WIGGIN, K. D. (Mrs. G. C. Riggs), born in Philadelphia; actively interested in free kindergartens. Is the author of "Timothy's Quest," "Marm Lisa," "A Cathedral Courtship," "Penelope's English Experiences," "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Penelope's Progress," "Children's Rights," "The Republic of Childhood," etc., and "Polly Oliver's Problems."

STORIES OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Child Life and Girlhood of Remarkable Women
W. H. D. Adams

An Old Fashioned Girl
Little Women
Louisa M. Alcott

Foxwood Boys at School
Elizabeth P. Allen

Betty Alden
Jane G. Austin

Lives of Girls who Became Famous
Sarah K. Bolton

Historic Girls
Elbidge S. Brooks

The Patriotic Schoolmaster
Hezekiah Butterworth

Boys of Grand Pré School
James De Mille

David Copperfield
Nicholas Nickleby
Charles Dickens

Changing Base
William Everett

From Six to Sixteen
Juliana H. Ewing

Jack Hall
Robert Grant

To Girls
Heloise E. Hersey

A Boy's Town
W. D. Howells

Tom Brown at Oxford
Thomas Hughes

Esther's Fortune
Lucy C. Lillie

Tom Paulding
Brander Matthews

A Flock of Girls
Nora Perry

Twixt School and College
William Gordon Stables

Jack Hazard Series
Little Master
John T. Trowbridge

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Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

Boys at Doctor Murray's
Daniel Wise

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